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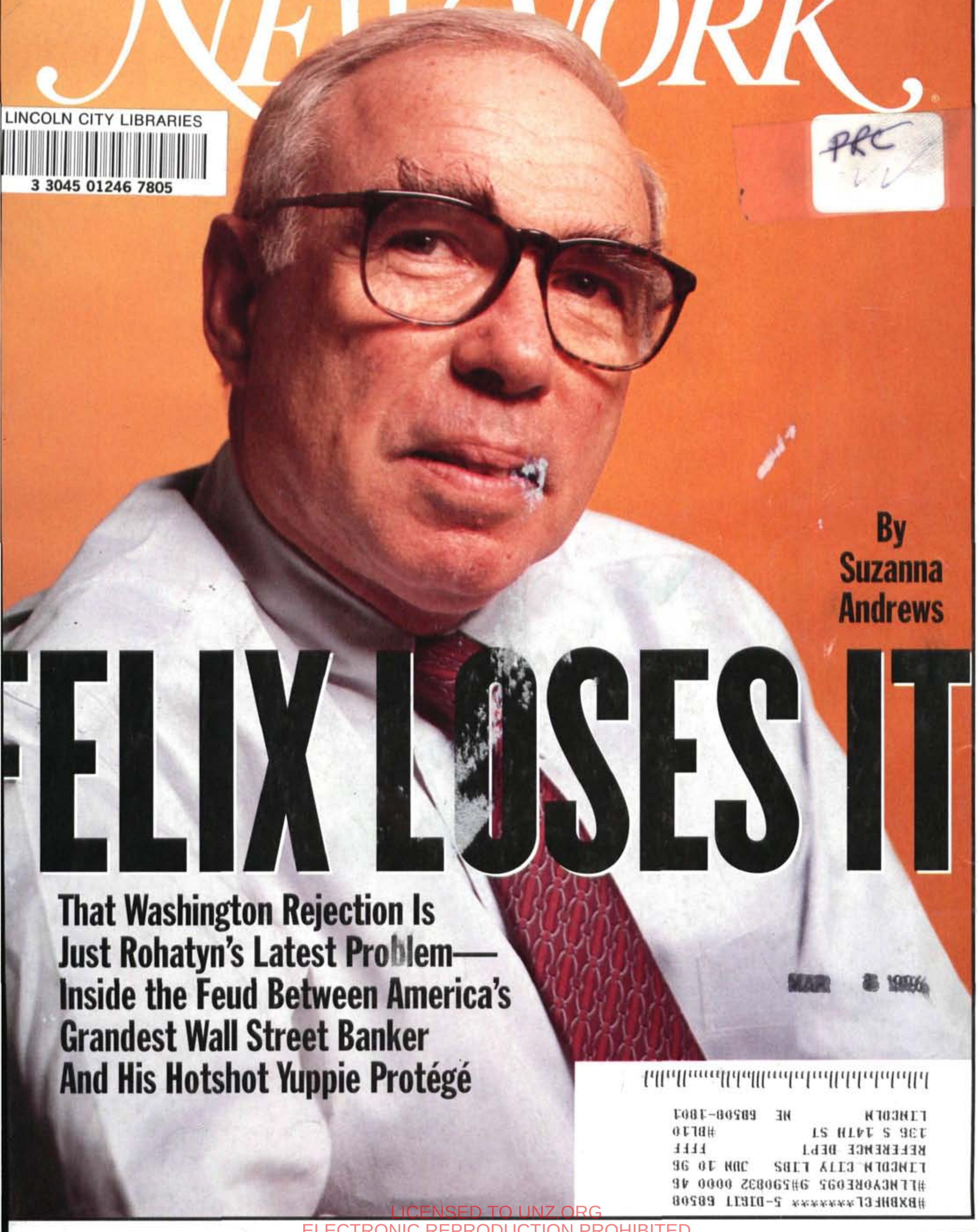

By
Suzanna
Andrews

FELIX LOSES IT

That Washington Rejection Is Just Rohatyn's Latest Problem—Inside the Feud Between America's Grandest Wall Street Banker And His Hotshot Yuppie Protégé

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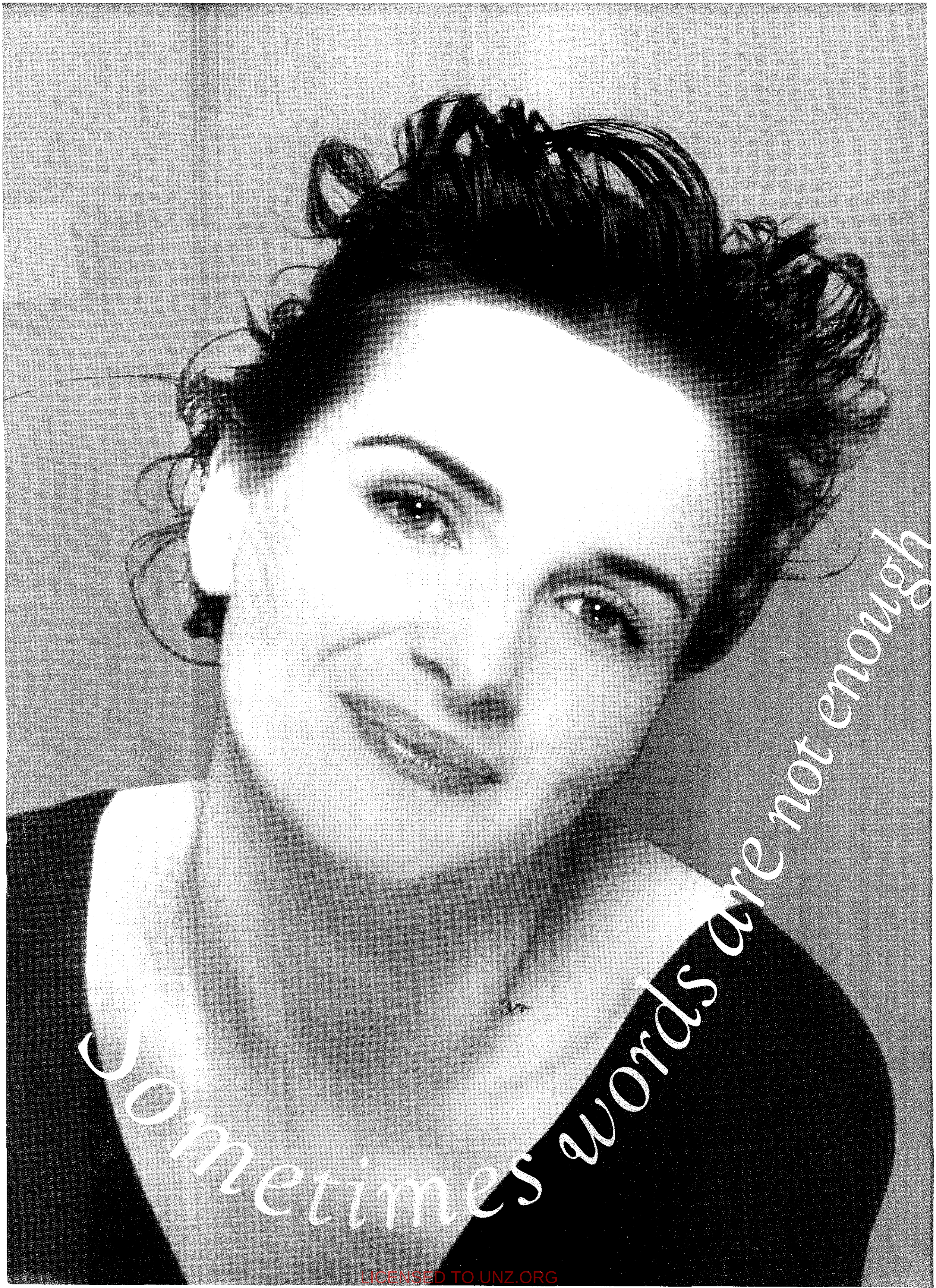
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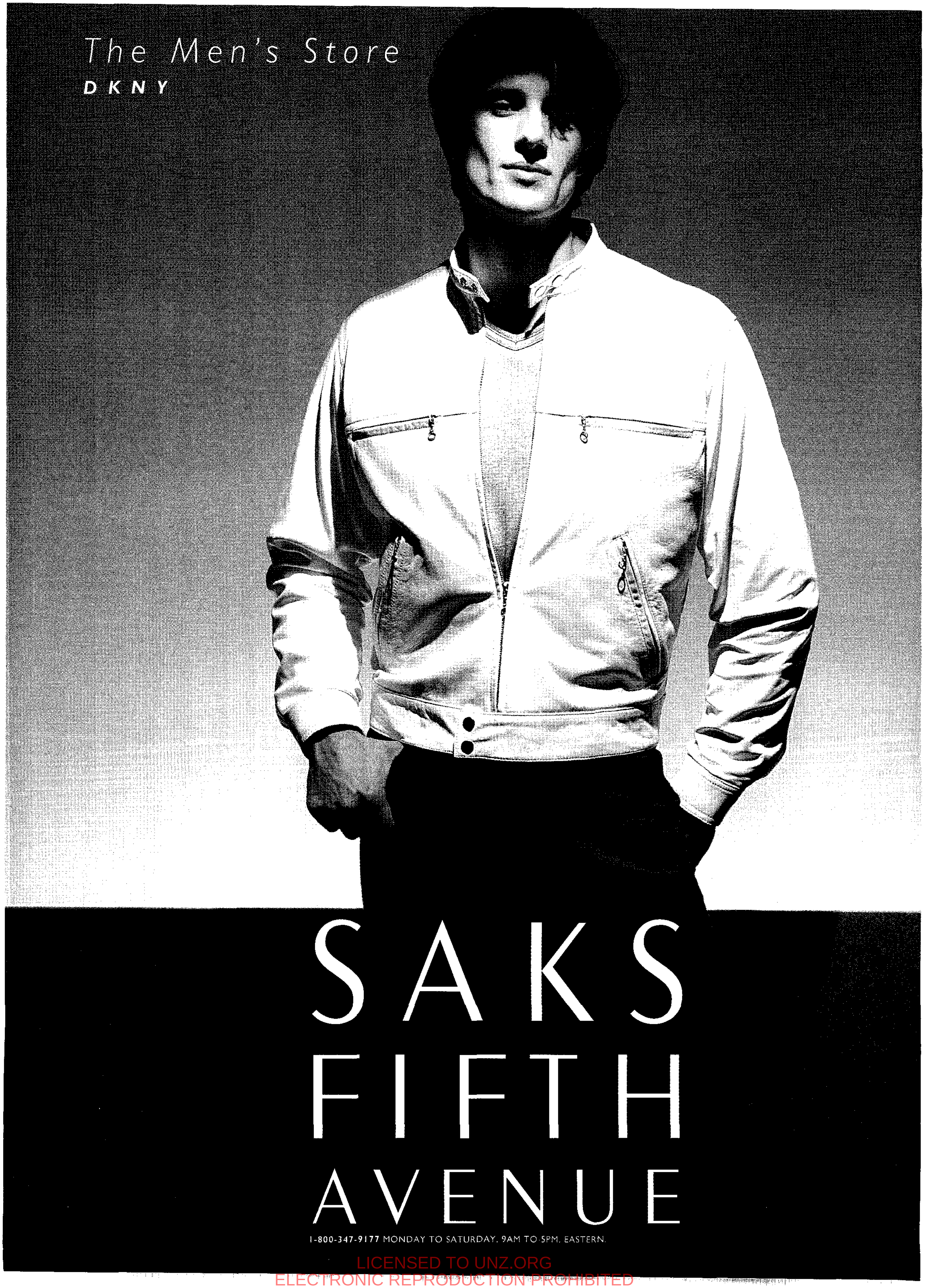

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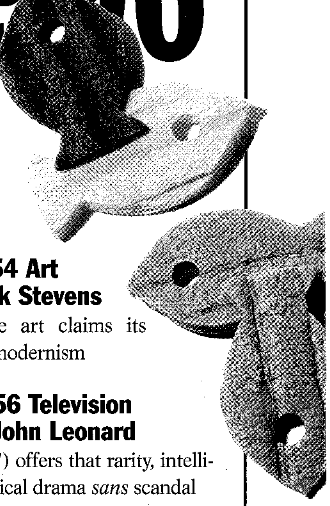

"Steve is so monomaniacal. . . . He should do public service, but he doesn't care about anything, not music, not art, not politics. He just wants to get ahead."

Felix Rohatyn, page 26

26 The Autumn of the Patriarch

By Suzanna Andrews

Felix Rohatyn—gifted banker, artful press handler, seventies New York savior, eminent limousine-liberal pundit—last month lost his bid to be vice-chairman of the Fed and now is locked in a bitter generational war with his younger partner Steve Rattner, who is in many ways a yuppie version of himself. An exclusive, behind-the scenes account.

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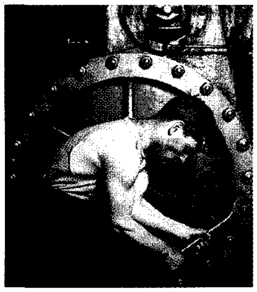
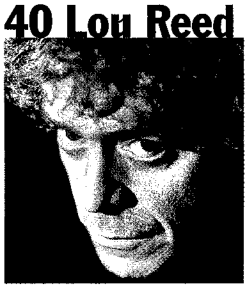
By James J. Cramer



As Pat Buchanan and the Republicans "mount up and ride to the sound of the guns," they're aiming them at Wall Street. Wrong target: In the era of the Beardstown Ladies and the Magellan Fund, the Street can become a pathway to economic security for everybody. That's why our author, a young hyper-capitalist, is also a Democrat.

40 Lou Reed *Is* the Man

Q&A With Chris Norris



Happily ensconced in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, madly in love with another famous-hipster musician, and still wearing black, the rock legend takes some time to enjoy the good life. A chat with New York's coolest 54-year-old, on the release of his new record, *Set the Twilight Reeling.*

44 Seeds of Discord

By Carol Prisant

After years of splendid isolation at the West Side piers, as well as tussles with unions and inclement weather, the New York Flower Show—the prissy province of Phippses, Whitneys, and Guests, all of them more than a little reminiscent of Helen Hokinson's old *New Yorker* cartoons—was on the brink of disappearing for good. Will its new location (the Coliseum) and breathlessly perky theme ("Broadway in Bloom—A Salute to New York Theater") be enough to make everything come up roses again?

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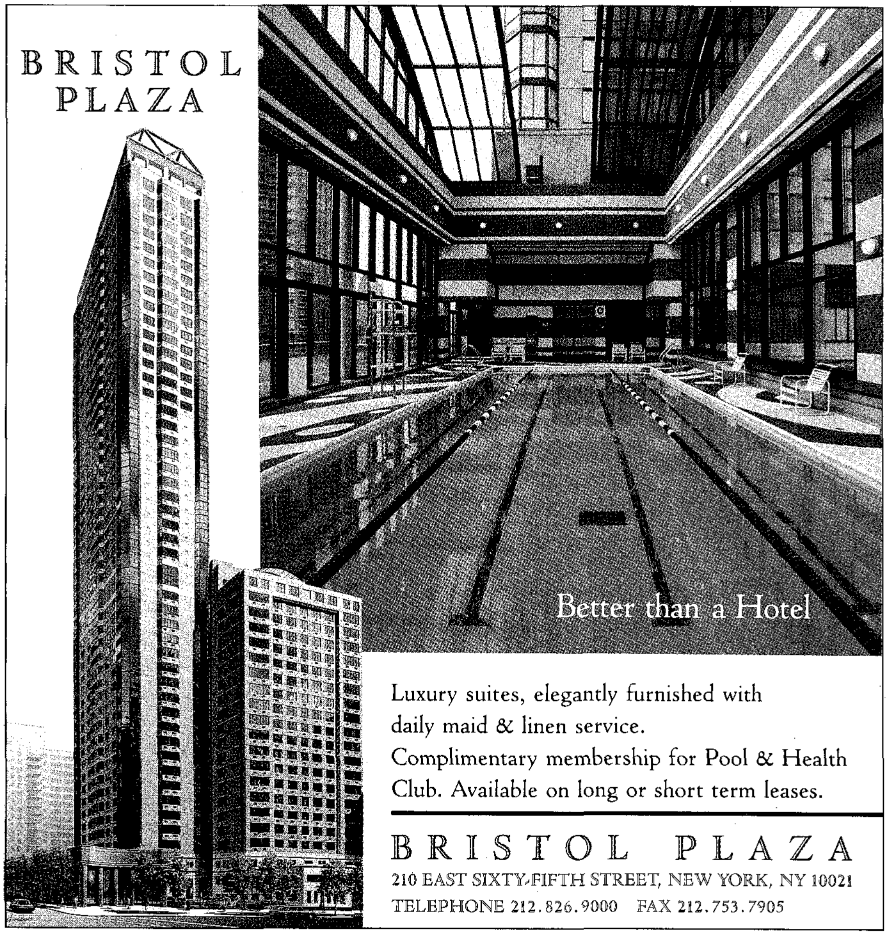

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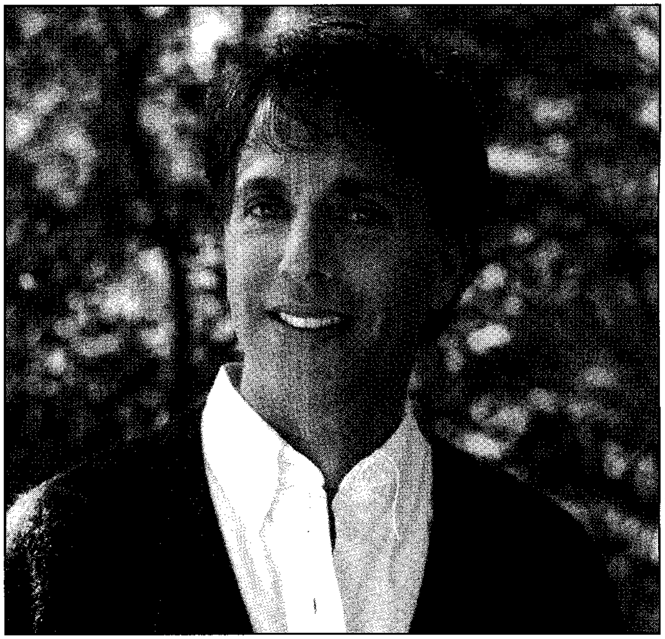

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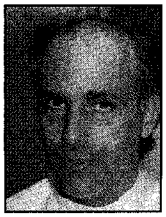

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Class Action

Kudos for the photos of New York's crumbling schools; comments from an insider of outsider art; criticizing the critics' cranial capacity.

IT'S SICKENING TO SEE THE PHYSICAL DEcay of many of the city's schools ["All Fall Down," by Michael Tomasky and Tomas Muscionico, February 12], the same-era structures where my Brooklyn-born parents and so many others acquired the education that helped lift them out of the Depression. It's even more nauseating when you juxtapose these dilapidated facilities with the new multi-million-dollar Stuyvesant High School. Obviously, a student's spending years under these ramshackle conditions is considered a lesser tragedy than the risk of a Stuyvesant graduate's being relegated to a state university.

Vincent J. Paterno
WESTFIELD, N.J.

NEW YORK CARES COULDN'T AGREE MORE with the words and photographs that so hauntingly demonstrate the desperate conditions in some of our city's public schools. We know how important the issue is to New Yorkers because on a single day last year, in cooperation with the Board of Education, we led more than 7,000 volunteers into the public schools for a clean-up effort that reached some of the neediest schools in our city. This one-day volunteer blitz included Bushwick High School in Brooklyn, one of the five schools featured in the article.

We know that cleaning up playgrounds, painting murals, reorganizing libraries, and planting gardens doesn't solve the underlying structural problems facing our schools. But it does vividly demonstrate that New Yorkers are ready to take up the challenge. We are willing to roll up our sleeves and do what it takes to get the job done.

Kathleen Behrens
Executive Director, New York Cares
MANHATTAN

Ancient History

MY DEEPEST APPRECIATION TO THE *New York* staff member who conceived the luncheon-table discussion between John Fairchild and John Simon ["Grumpy Old Men," by Maer Roshan, February 5]. What a delightful dialogue they evoked! Erudition, wit, charm—all ensconced in becoming modesty. How rare to find that in this age of super-hyperbole based on scant talent. As a born-and-bred New Yorker, I enjoyed their sly nuances, although I'm sure I missed some.

Kenneth W. Steffan
MENDHAM, N.J.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

THE MOST INTERESTING ASPECT OF "GRUMPY Old Men" was the accompanying photograph. In an earlier review, Mr. Simon made the outrageous and obviously subjective statement that a great percentage of operagoers is homosexual. Upon viewing the photograph of Mr. Simon, one might, equally subjectively, infer that he is eminently qualified to make such a judgment.

Marvin Warren
MANHATTAN

GREAT TRUTHS CAN EMERGE FROM CONVERsations with little men. Maer Roshan's lunch chat with Fairchild and Simon yielded some lovelies: "Power" is oft pooh-poohed by those who don't possess it; "society" is vandalized by those denied access to it; and last, and most relevant to Mr. Simon, "tradition" is most rigorously defended by those radically insecure about their place within it.

Offensiveness and cruelty are not merely stylistic choices in criticism designed to maintain elite standards; they are contaminants of that criticism. What saddens me more than the consistent bitterness of Mr. Simon's reviews are his attempts to convince himself (and us) that he truly loves the theater.

Jono Mainelli
MANHATTAN

John Simon responds: How ungracious some folks are about receiving tributes: Anyone can see that making gays the mainstay of opera is a compliment. As for making judgments, my way is almost certainly not Mr. Warren's. Now for Mr. Mainelli: See the crap I see week in and week out, and then tell me what besides mad love could keep me going.

Outside In

AS A RESULT OF, OR PERHAPS DESPITE, Larissa MacFarquhar's incisive article "But Is It Art?" [January 29], we experienced the most successful and rewarding Outsider Fair since its inception. I'd like to thank her for being the catalyst for the ongoing overwhelming support for, and continued interest in, Morton Bartlett's work. I am also grateful to her for spelling my name correctly.

Ms. MacFarquhar has a keen and refreshingly perceptive approach to the field. What a shame that the constant noisy grinding of her personal ax and the incessant polishing of her own agenda obscured the beauty and joy for her.

Marion Harris
SIMSBURY, CONN.

Book Worm

WALTER KIRN'S OVERENTHUSIASTIC REVIEW of David Foster Wallace's unreadable 1,000-page novel shows the ideology of the bell curve taken to its logical extreme ["Books: Long Hot Novel," February 12]. Novelists no longer make an effort to reach readers. They do not try to create a universal art. Novels are instead written by superbrains with 200 I.Q.'s to be read by superbrain reviewers with 190 I.Q.'s. They communicate in a language only they can understand, full of convoluted sentences layered with allusions and triple meanings, interspersed with references to other inscrutable texts. The book becomes an indecipherable puzzle, an unsolvable maze. The ordinary reader has a headache, and gives up at page 12.

I just worry that another such hyperdeveloped book may be too much of a strain even for Kirn's hyperdeveloped cranium. His brain will explode.

Karl Wenclas
DETROIT, MICH.

Corrections A caption in the March 4 "The Scene" column misidentified James Hoge as his brother, Warren Hoge.

A February 26 "Intelligencer" item reported that Anne McNally recently became a *Vogue* contributing editor; in fact, she has been with *Vogue* for several years and may begin contributing to *Vanity Fair*.

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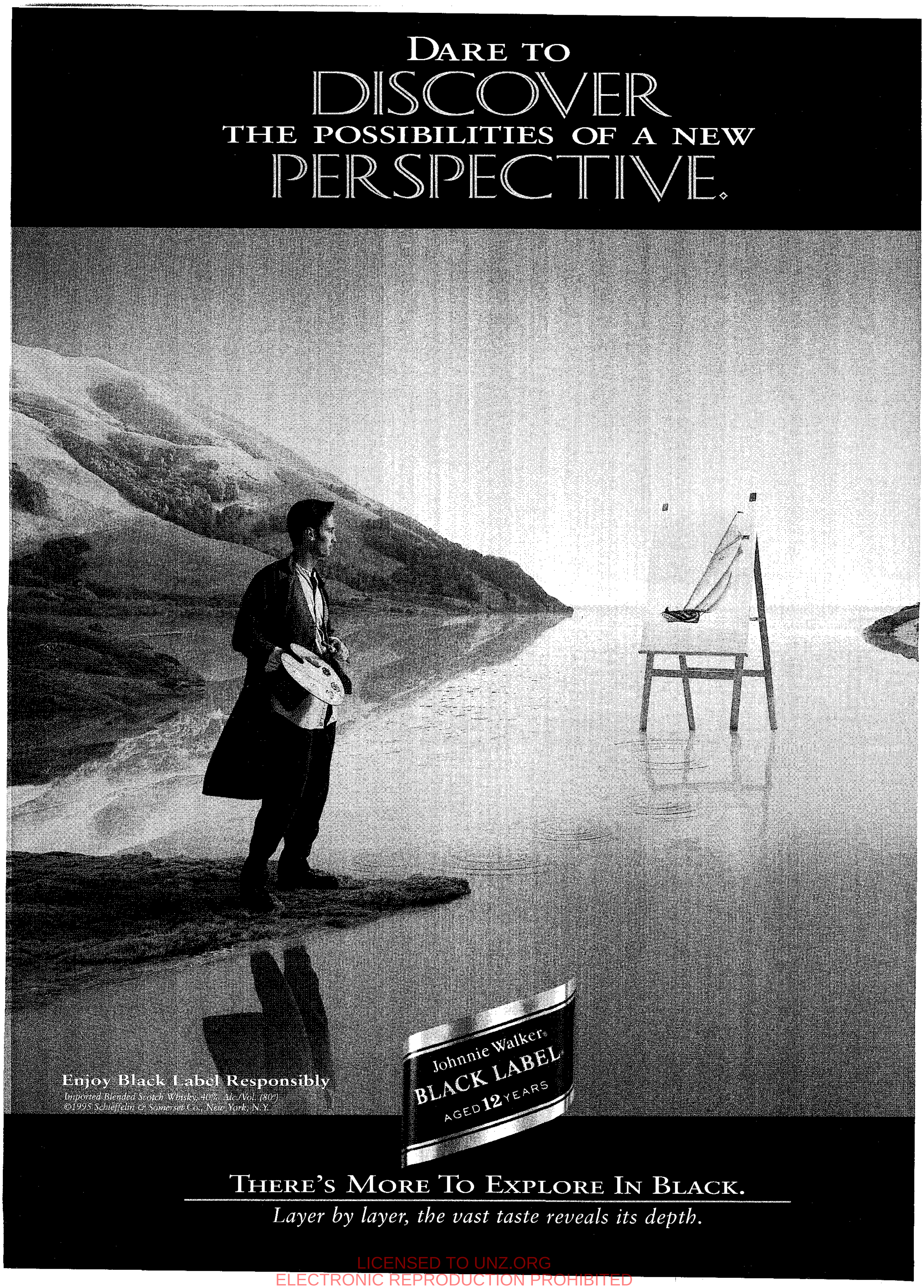
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BY BETH LANDMAN AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

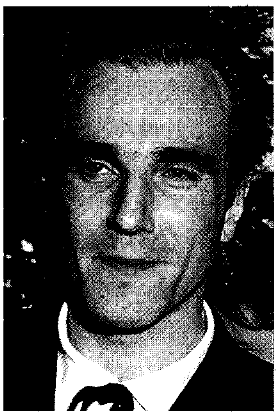
YOU'RE A MEAN ONE, MR. TRUMP

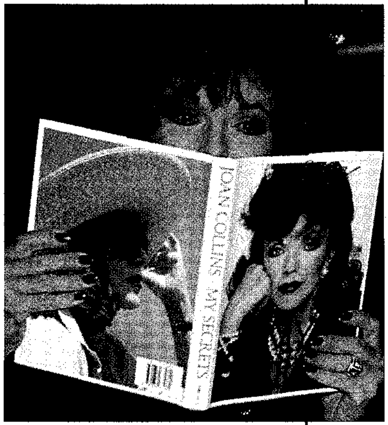
Donald Trump just can't stop getting into nasty little brawls. His latest victim? Palm Beach *Daily News* society editor **Shannon Donnelly.** When the wag dared to ask in her column, "Who on earth beat Donald Trump with the Stupid Stick?"—commenting on his failure to confer with town officials before announcing plans for a new marina—Trump whipped up a typically gentlemanly response. "I have been called many things, but 'stupid' was never one of them" began the letter, which ended up branding Donnelly a ". . . crude, fat and obnoxious slob. . . ." (Asked if her weight had anything to do with her writing ability, Trump testily replied: "*I* think it does.") But the developer wasn't to have the last laugh. Horrified by the malevolent missive, *News* president Tom Giuffrida dashed off a note of his own. "I was disappointed by your apparent misreading of her column and felt it necessary to correct your misconception," he wrote. "You have been called stupid *many, many* times."

Trump: Mail bonding

DANIEL DAY-LEWIS: DEADBEAT DAD?

Fatherhood is one role **Daniel Day-Lewis** apparently hasn't mastered. **Gabriel Kane Adjani,** the actor's 10-month-old son by **Isabelle Adjani,** has become a pawn in the nasty split between his parents, who met six years ago and carried on intermittently until her pregnancy. Adjani's friends complain that the Oscar–winning Day-Lewis is all left feet when it comes to seeing Gabriel and ponying up child support. Day-Lewis's friends tell a different story, saying that Adjani is distraught over the breakup and insisting that the actor has seen his young son "many, many, many times." Day-Lewis *did* make it to the hospital in New York for the boy's birth (although he was romancing Julia Roberts at the time). Now with Adjani coming to New York to promote her new movie *Diabolique,* friends report that she'll try to arrange another family reunion. The peripatetic actor has been living in town for at least six weeks—a long-term commitment for him—and has a new girlfriend as well. He's getting some very personal training from an Equinox fitness instructor whom he squired to *Beautiful Girls* in Chelsea last week. Not that the movie mattered: The workout buddies skipped out after an hour of smooching in the dark.


Daniel Day-Lewis: Sins of the father



Joan Collins: A new outlet?

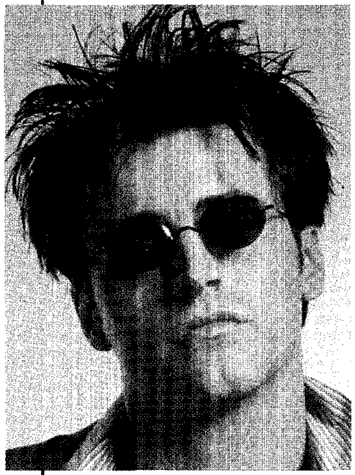
THE NEW YORKER'S RANDOM SPOILS

Perhaps hoping to transform *The New Yorker*'s recent flirtation with **Roseanne** into an ongoing plunge into the colorfully downmarket, *New Yorker* fiction editor **Bill Buford** is toying with the possibility of publishing the work of a certain novelist named **Joan Collins.** Yes, *that* Joan Collins, and yes, *that* work. Intrigued by the thrashing the manuscript took during the recent trial, Buford got a copy through the courthouse—and, unlike just about everyone else who's ever admitted reading it, *loved* it. "It's a good old-fashioned story of sex and desire and betrayal," he says. "I was tempted. I was attracted to it. I thought it might be a piece of fiction that might be of interest to our readers—on the assumption that at least some percentage of those readers had the same warped, slightly perverse sensibility that perhaps could characterize myself." Buford, a self-styled anti-snob, has yet to make any official inquiries into the property's availability. "I was attracted to it for the prospect that publishing it might be fun," he says. "But I haven't definitively decided." As for the pattern that some readers might perceive should such a story run so soon after the magazine's is-it-or-isn't-it-Roseanne's special women's issue, Buford had little to say: "That really wouldn't be an inference I could make."

IS D'AMATO REALLY ON THE DOLE?

Where is Al? **Bob Dole**'s fixer ("The City Politic," page 22) and hitherto most enthusiastic supporter, **Al D'Amato,** has been keeping an uncharacteristically low profile in Dole's New York campaign. Why? It seems D'Amato's negatives are so high in his home state that the Dole people don't *want* him on the campaign trail, sources say. One poll in January reported that 65.2 percent of New Yorkers considered D'Amato's performance "fair" or "poor," while only 28.9 percent gave him a favorable rating. Of course, it may be Senator Al, sniffing the electoral wind, who doesn't want to be too closely tied to Dole. Though D'Amato was expected at the big Dole rally on March 2 at Long Island–MacArthur Airport, sources say he has tried to duck joint photo ops with the cranky candidate. "Senator D'Amato has certainly been busy for us in New Hampshire, and I'm sure as our attention turns to New York, you will be sure to see Senator D'Amato again," promises Dole spokeswoman Christina Martin. D'Amato's office did not return calls.

hotographs: top left, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; top right, Barry King/Gamma-Liaison; center right, Capital Pictures/LGI.



Matt Le Blanc:
Monkey business

MATT LE BLANC'S FLIGHT OF FANCY

Matt Le Blanc certainly didn't win any new friends on American Airlines last week. No sooner had the overexposed *Friends* star—en route to an appearance on *Conan O'Brien*—boarded his flight than "he started barking out for Jack [Daniel's]-and-Coke, like some kind of frat boy," gripes a fellow traveler. Especially amusing, says the source, was the actor's *Lucy*-like inability to work his sky phone. First, Le Blanc futilely tried yanking the recalcitrant phone from its cradle. Then he started "shouting, clapping, and being rowdy," according to the eyewitness, who was relieved when the dumb-playing actor stopped monkeying around and finally fell into a deep trance half an hour after takeoff. As it happens, Le Blanc brought a friend along on the trip: his publicist, **Nancy Kane,** who not surprisingly offers a different perspective. Kane says that as soon as she and her charge got to LAX, they were set upon by a pack of video-camera-wielding paparazzi. An American Airlines agent, Kane says, offered him a drink before takeoff to make up for the fracas. "Matt had a total of half a Jack-and-Coke," Kane insists, although she *does* admit that the star had a few problems with a tricky phone. It could be that Le Blanc is having problems adjusting to human company. His latest role had him co-starring opposite a chimp in the upcoming baseball flick *Ed.*

RAY'S FAMOUS ORIGINAL SECRET?

Ray Kerrison, the New York *Post*'s reactionary horse-racing columnist–cum–political pundit, a *Democrat*? Seems so. According to the New York City Board of Elections voting rolls, the Australian native first registered as a Democrat in September 1993, listing the old *Post* offices on South Street as his address. Is it just a prank by a naughty colleague? Or did Kerrison—who's on vacation and unreachable—sign up as a Democrat to have some say in a controversial mayoral primary? **Eric Breindel,** editorial-page director of the *Post,* says he'd be surprised if Kerrison turned out to be a closet Democrat. "It certainly would be news to me. He's *not* the type."

BRIDE IN BLACK; VISION *QUEST*

There was no traditional white dress and train for designer **Nicole Miller** when she got married in a secret ceremony last Thursday. Instead, the queen of colorful prints slipped into a simple black sheath and was off to City Hall, where a handful of intimates watched as Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** wed her to boyfriend **Kim Taipale.** Mayoral mouthpiece **Cristyne Lategano** swathed herself in a Nicole Miller scarf for the occasion, and gallery owner **Mary Boone** scrambled for the bouquet. The couple is expecting a son, Palmer Taipale, in March.

KITTY'S *QUEST:* Upper East Side types can relax; the new *Quest* is not, repeat *not,* going to ask **Michael Musto** to guest-edit its most-eligible-bachelors roundup. **Heather Cohane**'s society glossy—recently swallowed by upscale Meigher Communications (publishers of *Saveur* and *Garden Design*)—is about to release its first issue under new editor **Brooks Peters.** Distributed free in high-income zip codes, the revamped magazine will now also be on newsstands with a steep new price ($4) and a chic, *not* so new cover girl: **Kitty Carlisle Hart.**

Quest:
A fresh facelift

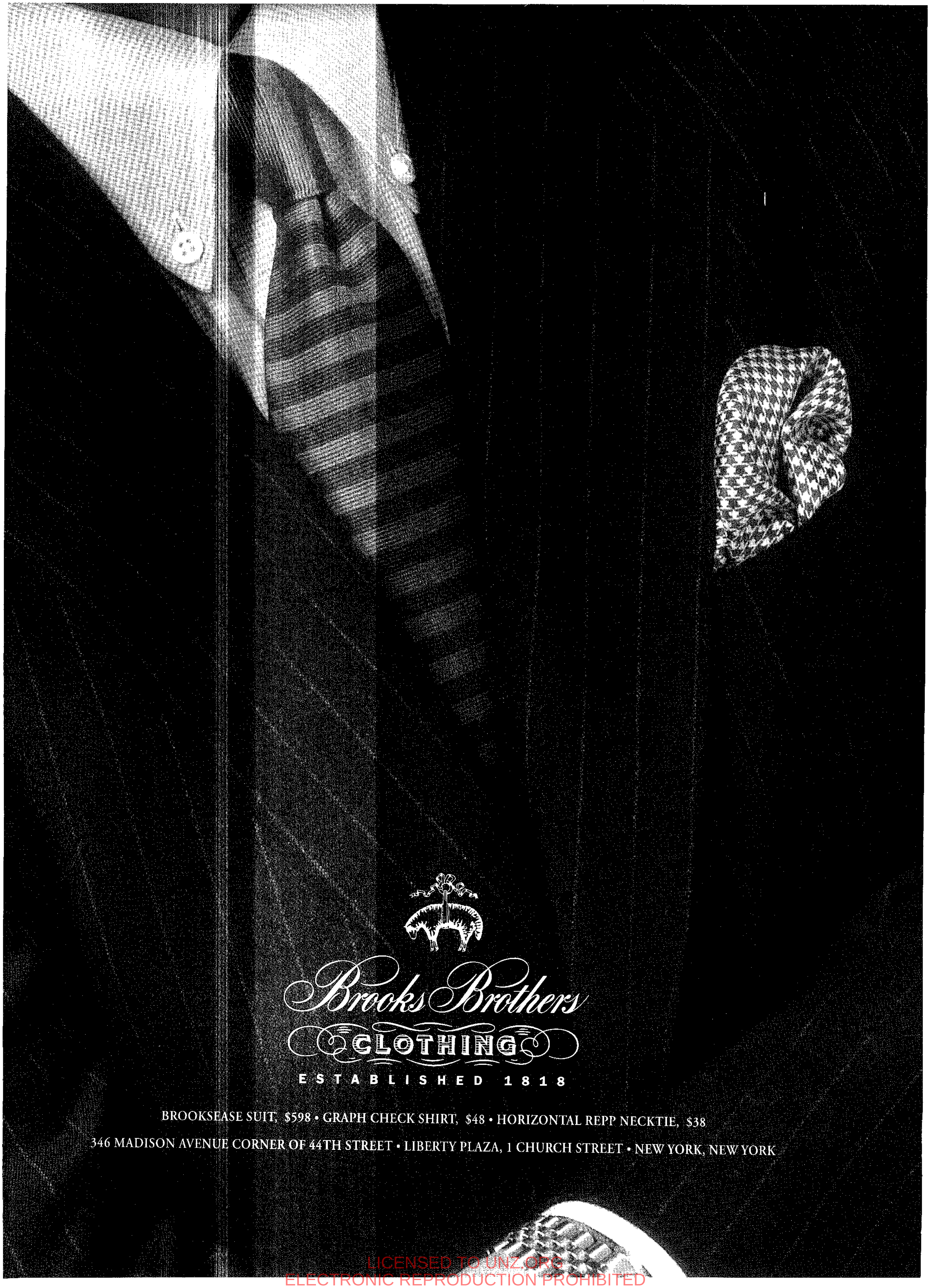
Correction: Last week's "Intelligencer" incorrectly reported that Bill Fugazy had been convicted in a 1990 federal racketeering case. New York regrets the error.

DON'T MESS WITH THE FAMILY JEWELS

Don't be surprised if **Jay Stowe** flinches when his phone rings at the New York *Observer*. The paper's preppy media columnist found the tables turned on him recently after he received a hot tip that bubbly editrix **Julie Jewels** was ditching her longtime club-world ragazine, *Project X*. Discovering that the magazine's main number was disconnected, the gung-ho reporter dialed 411 and—finding a "J. Jewels" on West 17th Street—fired off a call. In an amazing stroke of luck, Ms. Jewels herself answered the phone and proceeded to feed the inquisitive gossip a litany of juicy gems, all of which ran in Stowe's "Off the Record" column the following week. The item stated that after "personal conflicts" with her former backer—club impresario **Peter Gatien**—Jewels was "giving up" the magazine to star in a "mainstream movie" by squeaky-clean director **Ron Howard.** But in an act of almost Nabokovian improvidence, the person providing the information turned out not to be Julie Jewels the curvaceous celebutante but one J. C. Jewels, a male designer with an odd penchant for impersonating female magazine editors. Despite the *Observer*'s correction last week, Jewels is still hopping mad. "I came out sounding like some airhead," she says. But while Jewels says she's determined to have her impersonator pay for his antics, flushing him out may be quite a task. "Intelligencer" called J. C. Jewels's number last week and spoke, in quick succession, to Anna Suckowitz, an "accounts director"; Jane, the maid; and an anonymous cleaning lady, all of whom sounded suspiciously, uh, *manly*.

Jewels (left)
and friend:
Will the real Julie
please pick up?

Additional reporting: Matthew Pincus, Maria Ricapito, and Jared Stern.



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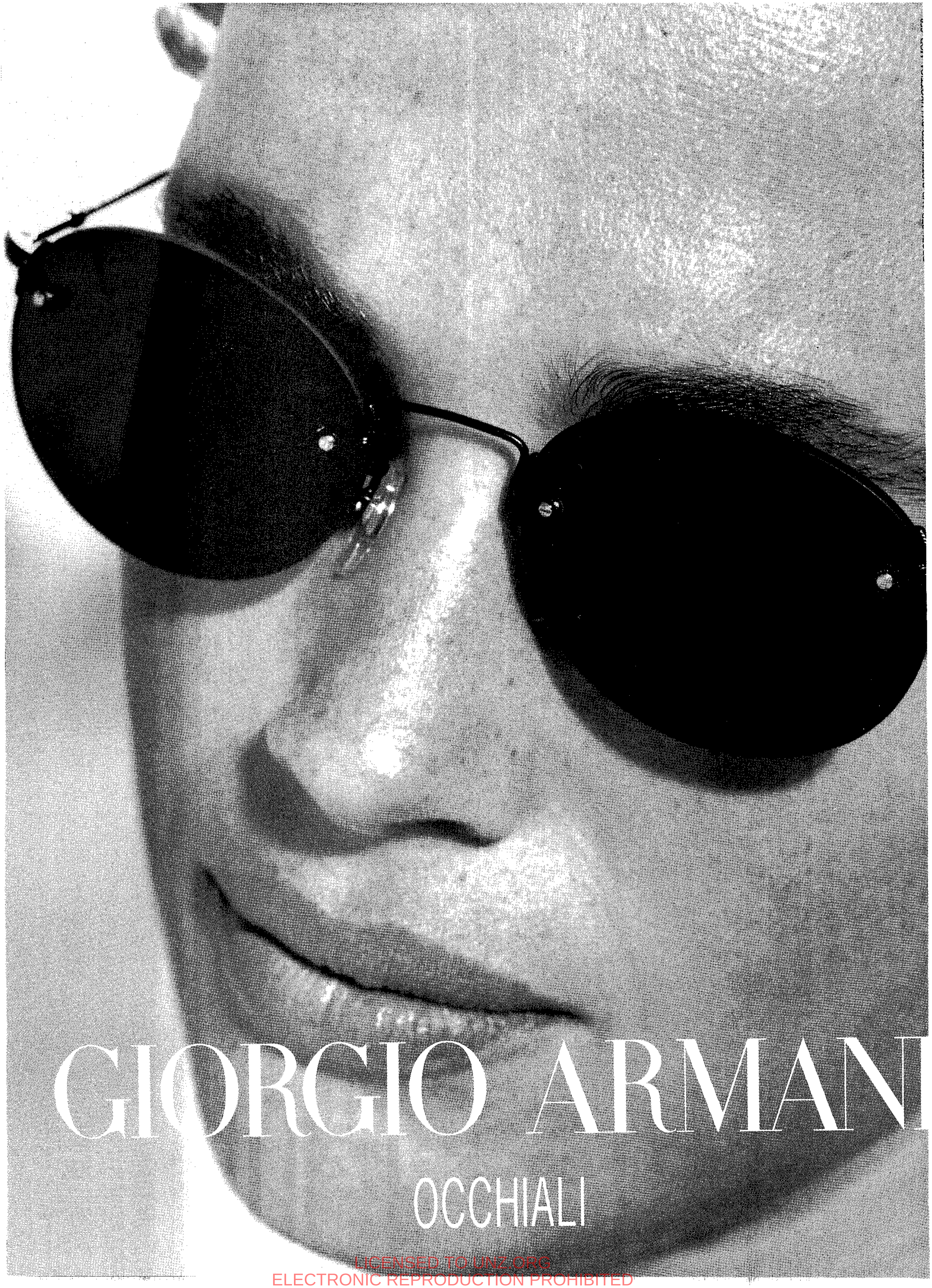

GIORGIO ARMANI
OCCHIALI

GOTHAM

Speed never reached by anything but a meteor —Henry Adams

THE FRONT PAGE

Sex Stales

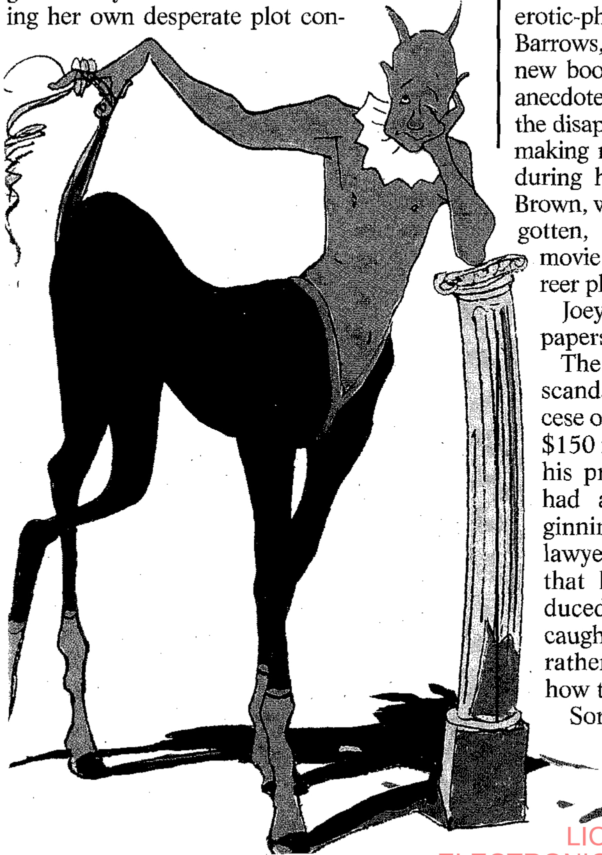
Where are the new Bobbitts and Buttafuocos when we need them?

After the touch-and-go virginity test, after the sweet, sticky Squidgy tapes, after the future king professed his desire to be reincarnated as the tampon of a woman not his wife, after the indiscreet workout surveillance, after the topless beach photos, after the romp with the stable boy, after backseat head-bobbing with a bodyguard, after the international touring décolletage exhibition, Charles and Diana managed to make the front page one last time last week:

DI SAYS BYE-BYE

"It's about time this bloody soap opera ended," a London businessman commented.

As soaps go, *All My Royals* had a good run, but it was indeed bloody well time. What had once been a forbidden juicy fruit had been squeezed and squished and sucked of every last sad and dirty drop. Near the end, it had all gone so dry that Di had taken to introducing her own desperate plot contrivances, starting barely damp rumors about the royal nanny.

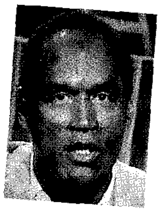


There is nothing more pathetic than an aging, desiccated sex scandal, except of course no scandal at all, which explains the stale, reheated tarts that were still being passed around last week: John Wayne Bobbitt, whose penis was chopped off *years* ago, announced that his newly improved organ would star in a second adult feature, *Frankenpenis;* Carol Shaya, the second-to-last New York cop to be fired for posing nude, was running a 1-900 sex line; Heidi Fleiss, who seemed fairly well wrung out even back when she was fresh media, was also starting her own erotic-phone-fantasy network; Sydney Biddle Barrows, madam emeritus, was out pimping a new book and dropping ancient early-eighties anecdotes into the gossip columns; Paula Jones, the disappointing Gennifer Flowers sequel, was making news by *not* running into Bill Clinton during his visit to Long Beach; and Divine Brown, whom Elizabeth Hurley has already forgotten, had decided that making that porn movie would not interfere with her other career plans after all.

Joey Buttafuoco even got his name in the papers last week.

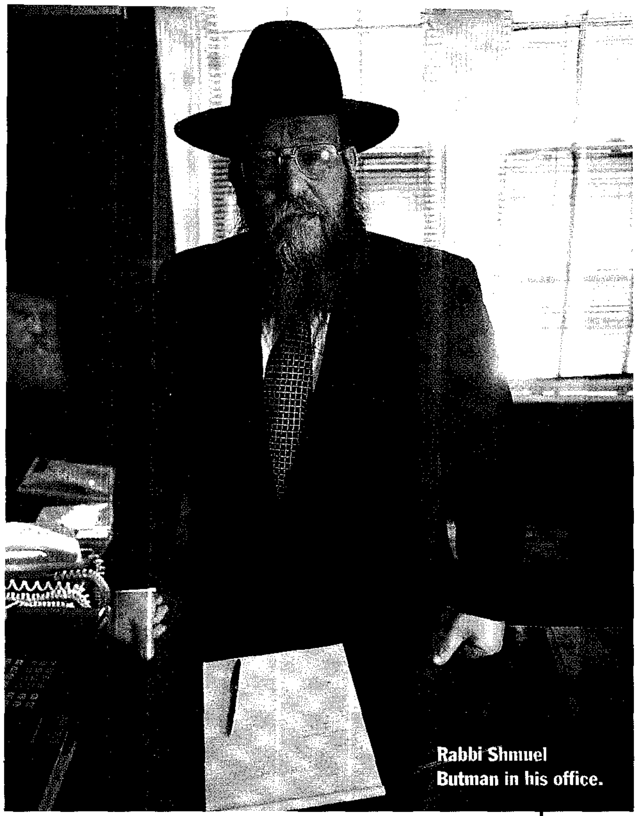
The only scent of unreconstituted sex scandal came from the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, which was being sued for $150 million by a student who claimed that his principal, a middle-aged former nun, had a five-year sexual affair with him beginning when he was 12. The student's lawyer momentarily tantalized with news that he had audiotapes, but when produced, they proved not to be of the nun caught black and white and red all over, but rather of her apparently telling the boy how terribly, terribly sorry she was.

Sort of takes all the fun out of it.



NO GLOVES? Last week, the Florida Department of Citrus and Orenthal James Simpson came to an agreement on the use of the trademark *O.J.* The orange-juice concern ceded to the former football star the right to license use of his name and image for almost 50 items, including, as described in the settlement: medallions and non-monetary coins of precious metal; board games; address books; newspaper comic strips; children's multiple-activity toys; pen-and-pencil cases; chalk; arts-and-crafts paint kits; paper and plastic placemats; wet suits; ski bibs; headwear, namely hats; neckerchiefs; beach and bathing coverups; playthings; berets; figures and figurines made of non-precious metal; action-figure toys and accessories therefor; foam balls; hobby sports-craft doll and figurine kits; playsuits; latex squeeze toys; sport coats; electronic game equipment containing memory devices, namely hand-held units with a watch function; manipulative puzzles.

WHERE THERE'S NO SMOKE "We're not going into a program of supplying patches. There won't be counseling or patches or anything. Maybe it'll be difficult for some people, but we're not expecting any violent results."—Tom Antenen, spokesman for the Department of Corrections, on the precautions being undertaken prior to Rikers Island's total smoking ban, which goes into effect April 15. A similar policy in L.A. resulted in a violent uprising by 500 inmates.



Rabbi Shmuel Butman in his office.

igion

MONDAY THE RABBI WAS TERMINATED

WHEN RABBI SHMUEL BUTMAN TELLS YOU that Menachem Mendel Schneerson, the spiritual leader, or Rebbe, of the Lubavitcher sect, will rise from the dead and deliver the Jewish people from exile, it's easy to believe that he believes it.

"The Rebbe has indicated many times that he indeed is the one predestined by almighty God to lead us out of exile," the soft-spoken rabbi explains in the measured tone of a man who feels that he's in touch with a higher power.

Butman's belief is so absolute, so unyielding, that when he also tells you he doesn't believe that his messianic campaign has gotten him fired from his job as director of the Lubavitch Youth Organization, a major outreach group, you almost believe that too.

"We came to an agreement, we drank *l'chaim* together, and we consider this matter closed," he says, a slight annoyance starting to creep into his voice.

"It's very clear he was fired," says Mendel Shemtov, one of the youth organization's seven-member board, which voted to dismiss Butman at a meeting last month. "There's no question. That's where it stays."

That seems unlikely. Butman is a hard man to budge, and he has much invested in this crusade. The rabbi has been promoting his messianic campaign since 1991, three years before the Rebbe's death, and despite being a nearly constant source of aggravation for leaders of the Lubavitch movement, he has managed to keep both his beliefs and, until now, his job.

A Russian-born descendant of the first Lubavitcher rebbe, the 53-year-old Butman forged his first major rift with his fellow Lubavitchers in 1991 when, as the spokesman of the Crown Heights community during the riots, he started to hog the cameras. Then in 1993, he called reporters to announce a "coronation" of the Rebbe as the Messiah; Lubavitch headquarters responded by putting out a press release denying Butman's authority to speak on behalf of the movement. Butman has nevertheless persisted, playing to the media with a high-profile campaign to prepare the world for the returning of the late Menachem Mendel Schneerson: billboards outside the city; a weekly radio show, "Moshiach in the Air"; his book, *Countdown to Moshiach*; and an upcoming 30-minute infomercial.

"He is recklessly tampering with precious fundamental Jewish beliefs in a rough, vulgar, and uncouth manner, causing in many confusion and intellectual and emotional turmoil if not torture," says Rabbi Yehuda Krinsky, executor of the Rebbe's will and vice-president of the worldwide Lubavitch umbrella organization. "This is disgraceful, sacrilegious, and wholly uncharacteristic of the Rebbe and Lubavitch."

Lubavitch leaders, who are already struggling to keep the movement on course without its spiritual rudder, fear Butman's messianic rhetoric is creating an image crisis that threatens the movement's livelihood. "The Lubavitch has a great record of good deeds," observes Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, the highly regarded religion scholar and Bronfman visiting professor of humanities at NYU. "Krinsky now has the difficult task of continuing to finance these deeds, and Butman is making the movement a bit publicly ridiculous." Over the years, the movement has managed to get donations from Ron Perelman, Ronald Lauder, and Steven Spielberg to support its annual worldwide operating budget of $600 million. But, says Hertzberg, "Krinsky can't raise $300 million a year for a movement that is earning the reputation of being Jewish Moonies."

Late last year, the board of directors of the Lubavitch Youth Organization, increasingly concerned that Butman was using their office resources for his *Moshiach* campaign, demanded that Butman submit an accounting of his expenses. Butman didn't comply, and he received written notice of dismissal on February 5. He has been accused of redirecting $2,000 a week for his two-year-old radio show and $1,500 a month for the four-year-old billboard in the Catskills. "He had previous warnings, but he didn't heed them," says Shemtov.

The next day, Butman sought protection from the Beth Din of Crown Heights, the community's rabbinical court, which summoned two members of the youth group's board to help straighten things out. Until the two board members appear, the court decreed, "everything remains as before." But Zalman Shmotkin, the official Lubavitch spokesman, counters, "The central institutions of Lubavitch are in no way subject to the authority of the Crown Heights rabbis, whose jurisdiction is clearly limited to local communal affairs."

A week later, Butman went to the youth group's board to make a case for reinstatement. At the meeting, Butman says, he agreed to draw a clear distinction between his duties at the youth group and his responsibilities as chairman of the International Campaign to Bring Moshiach. Now, Butman believes, everything is resolved—and anyone who suggests otherwise has "taken advantage of a temporary situation for their own revenge and to settle personal differences." Butman even points to a recent article in the New York *Times* that makes no mention of his dismissal as proof that he has not been fired. In any case, he argues, the decision to fire him wasn't a majority vote.

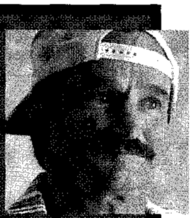
Again, his superiors would disagree. Lubavitch officials say that if Butman doesn't vacate his office on President Street soon, drastic measures will be taken. "I'd rather not disclose what we're planning to do," Mendel Shemtov says. "Definitely we're going to do something."

Butman has an answer to that—the same one he has whenever anybody questions what he is doing; it's an answer most rabbis say is simply untrue, but one that Butman seems to sincerely believe. "The Rebbe endorsed the International Campaign to Bring Moshiach," he says. "He endorsed its goals, its activities—and its chairman."

JONATHAN MAHLER

Photograph by Greg Miller.

Gay Pride and Prejudice



Ever since Tom Hanks's Academy Award–winning portrayal of a gay lawyer in *Philadelphia,* Hollywood has green-lighted an increasing number of movies that place gay characters center stage. Now that homosexuals are being portrayed as more than murderous psychopaths or lovably eccentric neighbors, gay roles are attracting the type of big-name *completely straight* actors who at one time would have shunned such parts. "I'm the butch one," Robin Williams brags about his role opposite Nathan Lane in *The Birdcage,* the *La Cage aux Folles* remake that opens this week. Williams may be no stranger to drag, but there is an eerily self-conscious uniformity to the ways he and other *definitely heterosexual* actors portray their *folies homosexuelles* to inquisitive journalists.

ROBIN HAZELWOOD

First of all, I respect and support gays . . .

"I really support gays and all of the people who are tormented and ignored."—George Carlin (*The Prince of Tides*)

"I'm not, because my nature does not make me that way . . . but I respect completely the homosexuality of men and women."—Antonio Banderas (*Philadelphia* and *Law of Desire*)

"Most of the people I love and am close with in the theater are gay."—Jonathan Pryce (*Carrington*)

But it was a real acting challenge . . .

"It's a part where I'll get a chance to be seen in a different light, and that's what I've been looking for, a chance to do some real acting."—George Carlin

"*Wong Foo* is an attempt to break that image I've built up—the macho image, the *Passenger 57,* the *Drop Zone* image—and plunge me back into being an actor."—Wesley Snipes (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*)

"It was a great role for me. It was very challenging, and I took it because I wanted to explore [gay] culture and, in fact, it remains one of the most satisfying experiences that I've had as an actor."—Harry Hamlin (*Making Love*)

Especially for a heterosexual like myself . . .

"For the first time in my life, I'd be really kissing a man . . . very difficult for two straight actors to go before the cameras like that."—Harry Hamlin

"I don't think I could have pulled it off if I wasn't very sure of my masculinity [and] hadn't been married for twenty years and proud of it."—Patrick Swayze (*To Wong Foo . . .*)

"After the shoot, I'd rip that stuff off and go out and shoot guns, play football and hockey. . . . I'd see my wife and say, 'C'mon baby, I need to do it, please!' "—John Leguizamo (*To Wong Foo . . .*)

"As far as I'm aware, I'm entirely heterosexual. I was married for 24 years. I no longer am. I'm currently in a relationship with a marvelous woman in Los Angeles."—Patrick Stewart (*Jeffrey*)

"If I brought anything to the film, it was my own experience of being in love, even if it was with a man. . . . I'm getting married, so I hope I do know how to love."—Whoopi Goldberg (*Boys on the Side*)

"I consider myself normal in private life. I play tennis. I play the piano. I have a wife."—Antonio Banderas

"People in Hollywood know who I am. They know my lifestyle. They're aware of my husband and all that."—Kelly Lynch (*Three of Hearts*)

"Eric Roberts and I are two guys who've both played leading men in strong love scenes with lots of good-looking women. Now, we're kissing each other."—Gregory Harrison (the upcoming *It's My Party*)

Even though it's really no different . . .

"I was looking for a part in a movie where the woman was strong and intelligent with a sense of humor and was very vulnerable. And it just so happens this character was gay."—Kelly Lynch

"It's not about my character being a lesbian. It's about her being a woman and a person and a human."—Whoopi Goldberg

"The wonderful thing about *Birdcage* is, it's a relationship with the same dynamics as a heterosexual relationship."—Robin Williams

After all, it's just acting . . .

"If I did a movie about flying, it doesn't mean I'm going to fly off the balcony."—Antonio Banderas

"The first time I was in the theater I played a tree, and no one ever thought, 'A-ha, Hugh Grant is really a tree.' "—Hugh Grant (*Maurice* and the TV movie *Our Sons*)

"I've just finished playing . . . a man who, through magic powers, had lured a lot of people to his island . . . intending to murder them. Now, nobody at any time ever said to me—'Do you feel that you're [a murderer]?' "—Patrick Stewart

"I did a movie called *Drugstore Cowboy,* where I play a very major drug addict . . . a hard-core drug addict and thief, and I played her as real as I could. . . . But I think we all know the movies are the movies."—Kelly Lynch

. . . though, I must say, it was fun.

"I'm the envy of most of the women in the world, and a few men, from what I understand."—Tom Hanks (on kissing Banderas)

"I thought: 'It's kind of nice to kiss a woman.' "—Glenn Close (the TV movie *The Margarethe Cammermeyer Story*)

"No one kisses like James. He's my favorite—the things he could do with his tongue."—Hugh Grant (on James Wilby, his lover in *Maurice*)

"He's a great kisser. And I will always call Gregory Harrison my boyfriend."—Eric Roberts

"Eric's terrific. I only wish some of my leading ladies were as professional."—Gregory Harrison

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Lorey Sebastian/United Artists; Photofest; Michael Ginsberg/Orion Classics; Photofest.

Queens Logic

At Osteria del Circo with Hachette Filipacchi to celebrate Fran Drescher's 'Enter Whining.'

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

At the Authors Guild benefit at Essex House: Top, Faye Wattleton and Nancy Friday. Above, Erica Jong with husband Kenneth Burrows and Susan Cheever.

MILLING ABOUT WITH TV executives and magazine editors, the Dreschers of Flushing were in high kvell. Fran, the famously nasal star of *The Nanny,* had written a book about growing up in the outer boroughs; her relatives were so proud, they were cornering anyone they could find and eagerly shouting one another down. "She was always terrific," Grandma Yetta insisted, undaunted by the competition. "Always acting, imitating"—she searched for a sufficiently star-powered word—"*galore.* Lucille Ball, you name it."

"These things she talks about? In Flushing?" Fran Drescher's cousin Bob knocked me in the shoulder, for emphasis, after every line. "They all happened, and I'm not bullshitting. What you see up there—this is the real girl. And that's our real family."

"Fran—she's from Marybell," yelled Uncle Stanley, the family tummler, as he frantically tried to drag *Mirabella* editor Amy Gross into a snapshot with his niece. Finally, he backed off, squeezed out by eager industry types. "Who are all these people? I mean, I just met the president of Sony."

Not that anyone from the old neighborhood was surprised she'd become such a star. But catching sight of the FRAN lipstick that white-gloved waiters were distributing, Uncle Stanley sensed things had gotten slightly out of control. "I think we don't even know how famous she is," he practically whispered.

Above, Pedro Almodóvar at *Paper* magazine's party for *The Flower of My Secret* at Bowery Bar. Above left, Wallace Shawn at the party for *Enter Whining.* Left, Fran Drescher celebrates with Grandma Yetta, Misstress Formika, and Sherry Vine.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO LEAVE A VITUPERATIVE MESSAGE, PLEASE PRESS 1

The following message was received on the voice mail of a New York Magazine *employee last week. Currently on the set of* The People vs. Larry Flynt *in Memphis, the caller apparently thought she had reached the offices of* The New Yorker. *She was also apparently still angry about a profile* New Yorker *writer Lynn Hirschberg had written about her in* Vanity Fair *four years ago, for then-editor Tina Brown.*

Hi, it's Courtney Love Cobain . . . nothing personal, I don't know you, and, uh, it's kinda hard to be vituperative on a cell phone . . . but, um, the publicist for the movie I'm starring in just told me that you guys wanted to come out here and stuff? Um, really, nothing personal, it's just, um, you've only written derisive things about me, pretty much every month.

Courtney Love Cobain

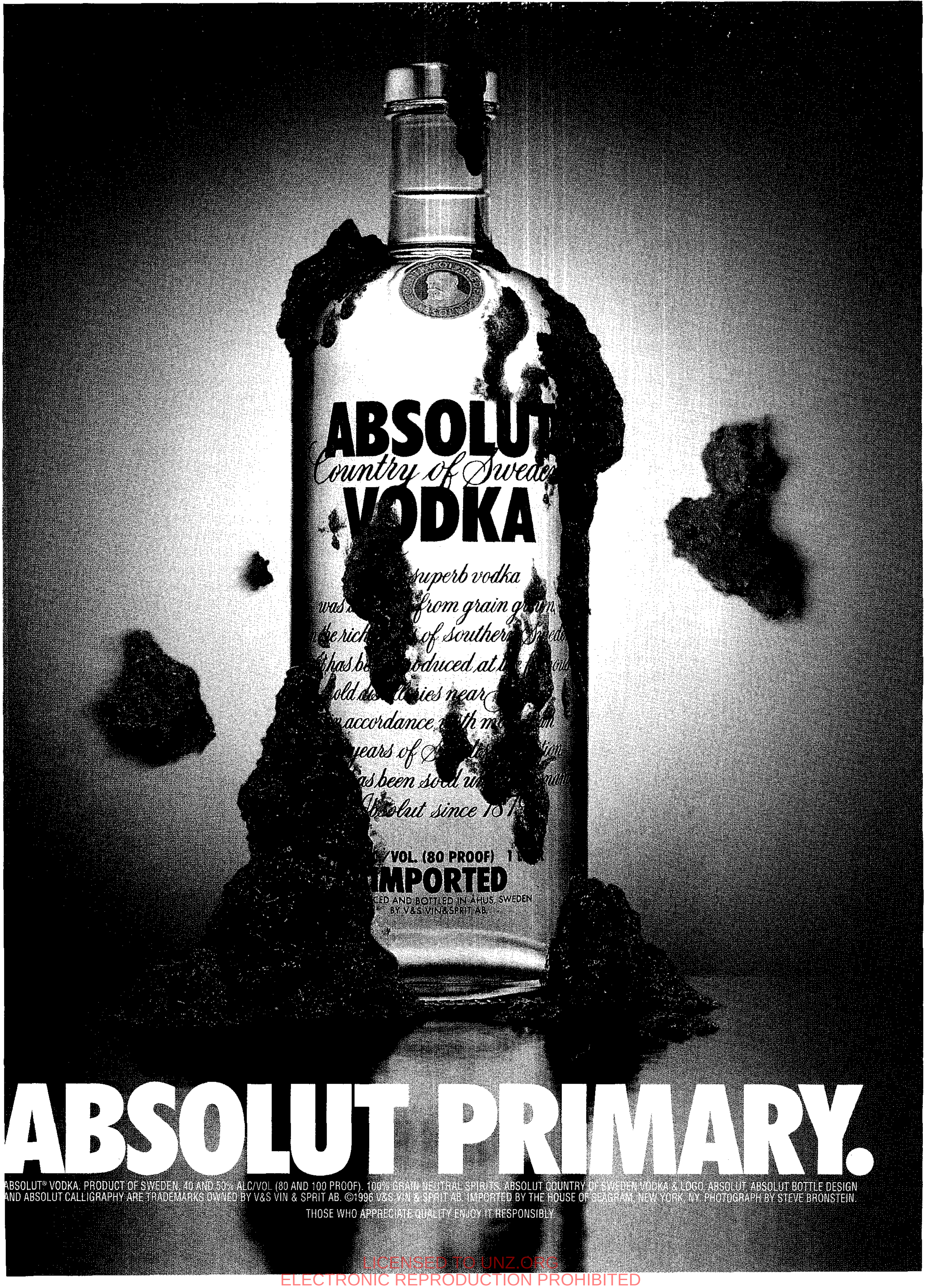
But that's not really the issue; the issue is that you have Lynn Hirschberg on your masthead, and that woman roams the earth with blood on her hands, has nothing to look forward to but probably roaming the lower hells for, you know, nine purgatory times of eternity 'cause she's a goddamned murderer. . . .

So, point being, don't *ever, ever* ask to come within 5,000 feet of me when you've got that fucking piece of shit on your masthead. . . . Is that clear? I mean, nothing personal to you at all, really; honestly, I'm not a bad person, but *she* is.

[*Calling aside to someone else on set*] Hi, Martina! *Martina* [*no response*].

Ok, so, um, I have to go do an orgy scene now. . . . *Oooooo,* and, uh, that's really all. Nothing personal, um, since you're not responsible for her nasty little writing things about me, little asides. . . . Um, you know, I'm finally saddened and stuff, but when the publicist told me that, I laughed my head off [*chuckling*]. I mean any magazine with Tina Brown or Lynn Hirschberg on the masthead is, like, you know, *ready for a car crash.* Okay. Gotta go. Bye!

Photograph by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos.



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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

JACOB WEISBERG

His *Kampf*

If Buchanan wants people to quit with the Nazi jokes already, he should stop saying such nice things about Fascists. Pat's Jewish problem, revisited.

DID YOU HEAR THAT PAT BUCHANAN had a relative who died at Auschwitz? Seems he fell from the guard tower. Tasteless jokes like this one, swapped with abandon by the reporters trailing Buchanan around the country, provide a kind of running parody of his thus far shockingly successful campaign. Last week Joan Rivers, stumping for her pal Steve Forbes in Arizona, piled on. She was at a party for Pat Buchanan, she told a radio interviewer in Phoenix. A Nazi jumped out of the cake. (The Forbes campaign later apologized to Buchanan.)

If Buchanan were *actually* a Nazi, we wouldn't be joking about it. It's obviously absurd—right? As many of Buchanan's colleagues have noted, and most of the journalists traveling with him will attest, he's a genial fellow in person, has no interest in Wagner, and almost always bends his knees when he walks. But perhaps we ought to take this subject a bit more seriously. Pat Buchanan is certainly not a Nazi. Name-calling and black humor aside, however, sympathy for Fascism has been a distinct motif in his politics. This theme is difficult to dismiss and, after one witnesses him using his formidable oratorical powers to whip a crowd of several thousand into a foaming frenzy, impossible to ignore.

The charge is an extremely serious one, so for the sake of fairness, we should concede any marginal calls. Let's excuse Buchanan his ardent "anti-Zionism," which arguably constitutes a legitimate point of view (though he has at the very least crossed the line in the belligerent manner in which he expresses it). Grant him as well some measure of vindication in his defense of John Demjanjuk, who was deported from the United States and prosecuted in Israel as Ivan the Terrible of Treblinka, and whose conviction the Israeli Supreme Court overturned (though Demjanjuk was almost certainly guilty of *some* war crimes). Forgive Buchanan all of this, and there are still dozens of columns written over a period of decades with no apparent object other than to excuse Fascism and mitigate the historical crimes of Fascists. This paper trail alone, it seems almost unnecessary to note, makes Buchanan an unprecedented figure in postwar major-party politics.

Here is a brief sampling: Hitler was a "an individual of great courage," a man of "extraordinary gifts," Buchanan wrote in 1977 (outdoing Farrakhan's comparatively hedged comments of 1984). "His genius was an intuitive sense of the mushiness, the character flaws, the weakness masquerading as morality that was in the hearts of the statesmen who stood in his path." In the early eighties, Buchanan began to take up the cause of accused Nazi war criminals living in the United States. In 1983, he wrote a column criticizing the U.S. government for apologizing to France for protecting Klaus Barbie. Working in the Reagan White House, he pushed for the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations to drop charges against Arthur Rudolph, a Nazi rocket scientist accused of participating in atrocities and using slave labor. Buchanan continued his crusade against the OSI as a syndicated columnist, becoming the most world's most prominent defender of accused Nazis.

There is not enough space here for a full exegesis of this weird passion. What must be pointed out is that in coming to the defense of war criminals, Buchanan allowed himself to become a conduit for the disinformation purveyed by Holocaust deniers. In his columns defending Demjanjuk, for instance, Buchanan made clear that he sides with the Holocaust revisionists in believing that Treblinka was not a death camp. Neither the "context" of these utterances nor the imperatives of journalistic pugilism, which Buchanan has claimed as his principal defenses, can explain them away.

To make this seem less far-fetched, consider Buchanan's soft spot for Fascism as the right-wing equivalent to Communist sympathizing. We never had Communists, in significant number, in this country either. But as Pat Buchanan was usually the first to point out, we had fellow travelers who acted out of sympathy with Communists. People who believed Alger Hiss or the Rosenbergs innocent weren't necessarily trying to turn the United States into a Marxist dictatorship. They were, however, close enough for discomfort. The same may be said of Buchanan's relationship with totalitarians of the right. We can consider him a rightist analogue of Henry Wallace, who ran for president as a progressive in 1948. Wallace was not a full-fledged Stalinist, but Stalinists supported him and Wallace abetted them.

Buchanan's strange affinity also makes more sense when viewed in the context of his upbringing. As Buchanan himself explains in his 1988 autobiography, *Right From the Beginning*,

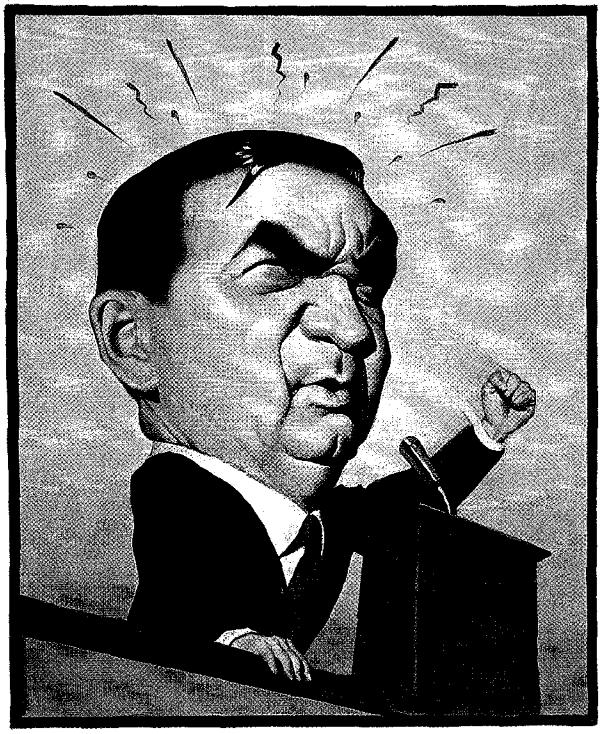


Illustration by Daniel Adel

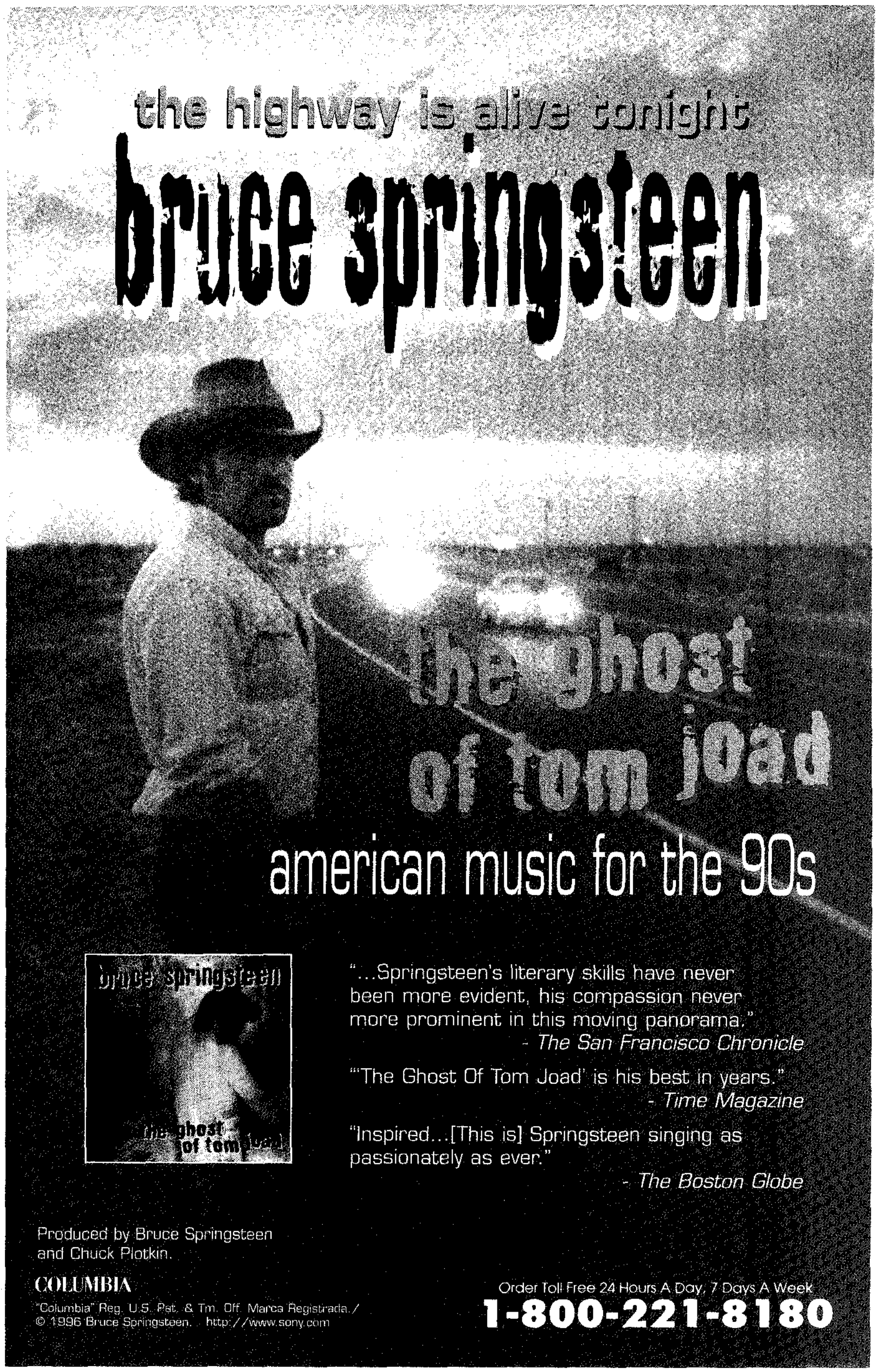
the household in which he was raised was devoted to a fierce Catholic authoritarianism. Pops Buchanan, who instructed his sons in the ways of manly violence, was a sympathizer of the America First Committee, the isolationist, anti-Semitic organization that tried to keep the U.S. out of World War II. One of the elder Buchanan's heroes was Francisco Franco. Another was Joe McCarthy. It has been widely reported that Dad was a follower of Father Charles Coughlin's. The Buchanan children now deny this, though given that Coughlin's broadcast career was over by 1940, they are too young to remember.

Coughlin and Franco were not, precisely speaking, Fascists. Coughlin began his career as a left-wing populist who supported Roosevelt and ended it praising Mussolini and Hitler; Franco came to power as what Stanley G. Payne, a leading student of the subject, calls a "semi-fascist." But however you classify them, Buchanan has much in common with the social doctrines and habits of mind that typified both Franco and Coughlin. Though Buchanan was once a free-trader, he has lately developed his own variant of "corporatism," the idea of an economy managed by the state in the interests of the national community, which was the official ideology of both Franco's Spain and Mussolini's Italy. Such a politics is far from modern conservatism, with its advocacy of free markets and limited government, and strikingly similar to Coughlin's radio speeches, which decried "predatory capitalism" and the effects of "machine competition."

ANOTHER HALLMARK OF PROTO-FASCISM IS its conspiratorial mind-set. In Franco's case, this meant an ornate vision of Soviet-Masonic schemes to sabotage Catholicism. In Coughlin's, it meant the onset, in the late thirties, of a fantasy about Jewish bankers working in league with Communists to undercut the economic independence of the American worker and the small-business man. Buchanan columns from the seventies echo this theme, blaming support for the United Nations on "internationalists" and "intellectuals," specifically Jewish ones. And like Coughlin, Buchanan is an implacable enemy of all international organizations; his denunciation of the handover of national sovereignty to the World Trade Organization through the GATT agreement owes a historical debt to Coughlin's 1935 campaign against the World Court.

In Buchanan's case, there is every reason to think conspiracy-mongering is a cynical application rather than an irrational obses-

(continued on page 71)



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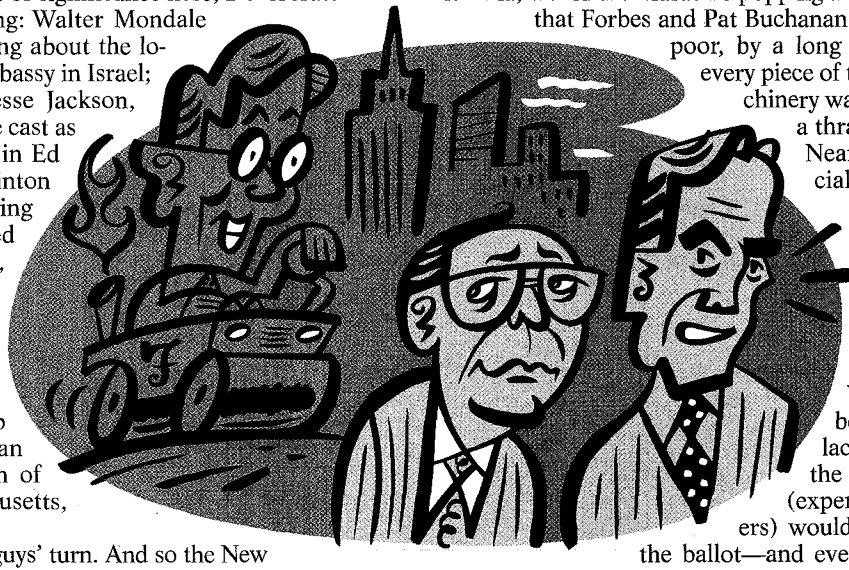
MICHAEL TOMASKY

The Sure-ish Thing

Thanks to Al D'Amato, Bob Dole has been handed the closest thing there is in a working democracy to a guaranteed win. Would be a pity if he lost.

BILL DE BLASIO WOULDN'T SAY IT, BUT HE HAS TO BE chuckling inside. The New York coordinator for Clinton-Gore '96 is a longtime Democratic operative in local elections, which means that in the past few years he's seen his share of both losers and contests in which Democrats have ripped into one another like velociraptors. "We're focused on presenting the president's message," De Blasio deadpans when asked for his thoughts on Thursday's New York Republican primary. "Whatever the Republicans are doing in their primaries and their attacks on one another, that's their business."

Across a barstool, of course, he might speak differently, and if he and other Democrats are indulging in a bit of schadenfreude, well, it's understandable. In the past three presidential primaries of significance here, Democrats endured the following: Walter Mondale and Gary Hart yapping about the location of the U.S. Embassy in Israel; Michael Dukakis, Jesse Jackson, and a hapless Al Gore cast as the fleas performing in Ed Koch's circus; Bill Clinton and Jerry Brown leaving voters so uninspired that Paul Tsongas, who had quit campaigning but whose name remained on the ballot, won 29 percent of the vote without coming a step closer to Manhattan than the front porch of his Lowell, Massachusetts, home.



Now it's the other guys' turn. And so the New York GOP primary—all of a sudden contested and crucial after Steve Forbes's surprise win in Arizona—stands a decent chance of claiming a place on the greatest-hits parade. True, the campaign will be short: With South Carolina last Saturday, Puerto Rico (hey, fourteen delegates are fourteen delegates) Sunday, and nine "Junior Tuesday" states preceding New York this week, the candidates won't be spending the kind of time here Clinton and Brown did (we had them more or less to ourselves for the better part of two weeks).

But narrow window aside, the potential for mischief this time is tremendous. Dole should win (note use of the subjunctive); after all, the state's been rigged for him since way before the campaign even started. But there is the question of the inscrutable "bar"—what sort of win (technical) will really constitute a *win* (convincing, momentum-building)? A few opinions:

"Anything short of a great win is a loss for Dole," says Democratic consultant Hank Sheinkopf, who has done work for the man in the White House. "He's got to sweep this up."

"I think Dole has got to win by—well, he can't squeak through it, that's for sure," says GOP consultant Kathleen Severin. "He's got to win convincingly."

"He's got to do similar numbers to what he pulled in the Dakotas," says East Side assemblyman John Ravitz, a Dole delegate, agreeing that that means "basically two to one."

"He has to win it pretty big," says Forbes press aide Gretchen Morgenson.

Add it all up, and the expectation emerges that if the senatorial septuagenarian doesn't pull in at the very least two thirds of the 93 delegates at stake in the voting (New York offers 102 total delegates, 9 of which are at-large appointments made by the state party), he doesn't get spinning privileges.

Is that actually fair? Yup. Let's ask the question another way. If the Giants needed a last-second field goal to beat Columbia, would the Maras be popping any champagne? It's not that Forbes and Pat Buchanan are little sisters of the poor, by a long shot; rather, it's that every piece of the state's political machinery was put in gear to ensure a thrashing for the Kansan. Nearly every elected official in the state backed Dole before even the junkies were paying attention, and petition requirements were set at so high a level that Al D'Amato and state GOP chair William Powers could be sure a candidate who lacked endorsements and the support of local clubs (experienced petition carriers) would have trouble making the ballot—and even if he did, he'd then have to spend tens of thousands in court defending his sheets.

The above has been widely noted. Less well known is that Dole, too, did his part. His political-action committee, Campaign America, donated $20,000 to George Pataki as he was running for governor in 1994. That's more than Campaign America gave to any other gubernatorial candidate in that election cycle. Then it coughed up a healthy $50,000 to the state Republican Party in 1995. This is all perfectly legal, by the laws that govern the raw sewage of campaign contributing, and both parties do it. It's just that $70,000 is a higher-than-usual purchase price for an endorsement—at least, once you leave Iowa and New Hampshire, where every four years the country's luckiest local pols feast on more national baksheesh than they know how to spend. But then, we are talking about Al D'Amato here.

Yes, let's talk about him. Senator Al, who gazes so lovingly at those tremulous Arkansas bank secretaries he's been parading before his Whitewater committee, is surely casting a less

Illustration by Tim Carroll

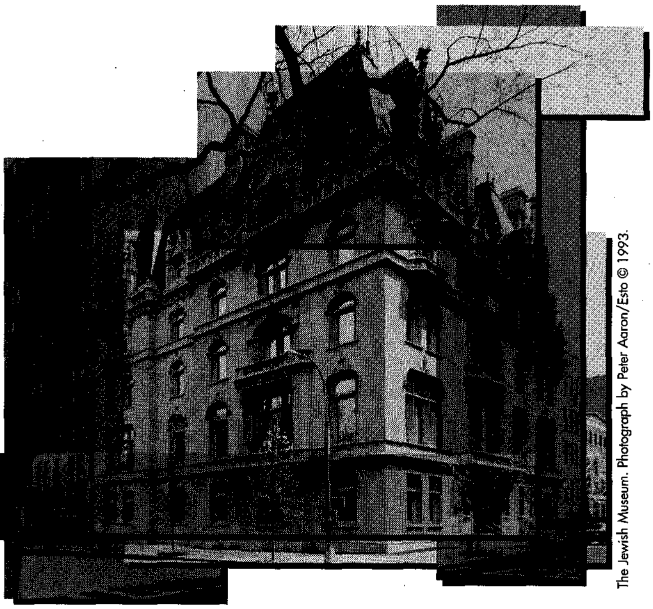
irenic glance at all that's swirling around him on the home front. He didn't want to go down in history as the man who finally led New York to reform its election laws, but the embarrassing press kicked up by this Tammany-style fix has forged enough of a consensus that even the senator's chargé d'affaires in Albany, Pataki, agreed that ballot reform was a good idea. D'Amato can't like that sort of disloyalty, but with any luck, he'll have bigger problems by the time he's up for re-election in 1998. Public Advocate Mark Green, a far tougher and more solvent politician now than when he was roughed up by D'Amato back in 1986, is deciding whether to run for mayor or senator. Something tells me that a weak Dole finish in New York might help Green make up his mind.

Of course, Dole might yet surprise. In certain ways, he's the perfect candidate for New York's watery brand of Republicanism, which is a kind of neither-here-nor-there mushy cartilage squished between the brittle bones of the party's various hard-line factions. That Dole has been unable to "define himself" could actually work to his benefit in a state where Republicanism is pretty ill-defined itself.

On the other hand, this is a presidential race, and voters like candidates who have the crisp, vital smell of a winner about them. By Thursday, that just might be Forbes. On Junior Tuesday, there are five primaries in potentially Forbes-friendly New England. Naturally, he'll be all over the New York airwaves (but not with negative ads, vows Morgenson). The candidate plans on spending this Wednesday and Thursday in the state, a commitment Dole, as of press time, had not made (he's scheduled to speak this week at the Association for a Better New York breakfast, strictly a high-roller affair). And Forbes, having won the interminable election-law battle, will be on the ballot in all 31 congressional districts.

Finally, of course, one can't forget Buchanan. He's now qualified for the ballot in 23 districts, and though on paper he's better suited to 1936 Guernica than 1996 New York, he is the only intuitively brilliant campaigner of the bunch. We in "disease of liberalism" city aren't likely to see much of him, unfortunately, but that doesn't mean he won't do pretty well in Staten Island, where the Republican vote is very Catholic and very middle- and working-class.

Soon enough, the medicine show will leave town. We New Yorkers can leave the national bean-counting to others, but from our parochial perspective, there's only one outcome to cheer for: a big fat D'Amato hangover on Friday morning. Pass the bitters. ■



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MEDIA

RICHARD TURNER

Wiring the Middle

Most of the digital revolution is still many years and billions of dollars away, but there are places where it's already happening—in plain vanilla.

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE, AND IT'S in Queens.

Okay, I'm lying. But there is still something striking about what happens every Tuesday night in a tavern on Steinway Street in Astoria. And for that matter, what's happening in 200 households upstate in Elmira.

Now that Internet mania is calming and people are realizing the Web's limitations, the rumblings of interactive backlash are sounding again. Expectations are being ratcheted down, time frames extended. Critics warned about the new technologies spawning the haves and the have-nots; now what we're seeing are the zealots and the can't-be-bothered. Aside from e-mail, new media just aren't essential yet.

But in some places, the digital revolution is taking hold without the elitist and exclusionary edge that characterizes so much of high-tech culture. No hip and wired cyber-dudes, just mom-and-pop interactivity. Multimedia for real people.

At the unfortunately named NickelodeinN, for example, set among the souvlaki shops and the furniture discounters of a quintessentially Queensian neighborhood, an activity occurs that contrasts wildly with so much of the vaporous wishful thinking about the new digital age.

"This part of Queens, of course, is where Archie Bunker comes from," says a denizen of the NickelodeinN bar. "We like to think there's a polarity there."

That's because every Tuesday, the habitués of NickelodeinN get to show the world how smart they are. And they are very smart—the smartest, they would argue, on the continent. Now, you might say, if they're so smart, why are they spending their lives hanging out in a bar in Queens? And that would be a good question. But wait a second.

NickelodeinN fills up early on Tuesdays, about seven o'clock, three or four deep at the bar. Some drive in from Westchester. They are doctors, lawyers, schoolteachers, accountants, but tonight, they are gunslingers. They hover around twenty individual control boxes, tuning their instruments, checking ordnance. Tonight is "Showdown" night, a national competition for about 3,000 "hospitality" establishments (corporate-speak prefers this term to, say, *bar* or *gin joint*).

Interactivity meets alcohol at the NickelodeinN in Queens.

These neighborhood spots around the U.S. and Canada compete in a weekly 90-minute trivia game run by NTN Communications, which has hooked them all up by satellite and a central computer so they can play against one another in real time. NTN normally runs half-hour games seventeen hours a day, mostly straight-ahead trivia games, but interspersed with other themed games, including a lame late-night erotica quiz. It also runs play-along sports games, especially football. Players hunker behind wireless playmakers and punch in answers to multiple-choice questions that appear on TV screens. At the end, the names of the top players and top locations are posted by the computer, usually leaving one wondering what all those geniuses are doing in Etobicoke, Ontario. Cable titan John Malone has been talking for years about how "playing games for prizes" would spearhead the digital age. Here, it's actually happening.

OUT IN ELMIRA, LINERUNNER IS ONE of those dreary-sounding "test beds," when a huge corporation turns living rooms into hothouses, plunking expensive equipment in front of bewildered customers and teaching them how to push buttons and absorb content they may or may not want. In this case, the service is a "joint venture" of Time Inc. and Time Warner Cable (these are, of course, units of the same company; welcome to the still-unmerged world of Time Warner). But LineRunner, as it prepares to roll out commercially in Akron and Canton, Ohio, this summer, may be about to make network computing at home as easy as subscribing to cable TV.

Time, ever the king of the middlebrow, describes its service as a "home appliance." You need a basic, technologically up-to-date computer, and you pay about $25 a month for a "broadband" bundle of electronic services, including the Internet. The hallelujah here is that this all comes across your computer at unannoying speeds. Speed is everything to the mass market, and LineRunner uses cable modems, which download data about 50 to 100 times faster than a phone line (nearly 1,000 times faster with the right computer). Practically no waiting, and you don't even have to dial in. Those pictures that now unfurl with excruciating slowness on your computer? Raise your arm, then let it go dead and fall: That is how fast the visuals appear with a cable modem. For technical reasons, full-screen, full-motion video isn't yet part of this—just the occasional video clip.

What you get from LineRunner isn't hot neon and cool 'zines. The word *cyber* is outlawed, and the icons on the computer screen tend to be folksy village-square things like "Around the Home" and "Horoscope." The service includes all the usual national material, but the rest is relentlessly local: how to appeal your Chemung County tax assessment, the bus schedule, poetry from that coffeehouse in Corning. "We send a bunch of smart 24-

Photograph by Warren Salowe

year-olds into the Kiwanis Club and the Boy Scouts to help them set it up, then they run it themselves," says LineRunner's executive editor, Richard Duncan.

By mentioning LineRunner, I'm breaking a journalistic bylaw of not writing about any high-tech plan that hasn't happened yet, but this has the feel of the real thing. The Internet explosion launched a mad rush to cable modems, and other cable companies are preparing to move into areas where they've upgraded their systems to fiber-optic cable. But LineRunner has the mass-market expertise in both content and distribution to have a chance of realizing its goal of having thousands of real subscribers in Ohio by the end of the year, and showing profits soon after.

But who knows? At NickelodeinN here in Queens, meanwhile, people are doing an actual thing that really exists. On Showdown night, when players compete as a team against other locations, the opening question is: "A centenarian is a: Roman ruin/ person 100 years or over/ country home/ relay race/ palace guard." You get twenty seconds to answer, the point value diminishing as time ticks down. Players usually compete quietly with others in the bar, but this is a team effort, and the bold ones shout out the answer for everyone to punch in.

The questions get tougher. "Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* is a famous: painting/ musical work/ church/ statue/ mansion." The barflies nail these questions, and they nail what kind of animal a cavy is (a rodent), the more familiar name for the Solomon Sea (it's Coral), the meaning of the word *otiose,* which is "idle and functionless," giving rise to a degree of self-referential bar humor. But amid noisy recriminations, they blow this question: "In 1932, the former Sultan of Nejd became the first: Imam/ Shah of Iran/ King of Saudi Arabia/ Ottoman Emperor/ Caliph of Baghdad." They finish sixth, well behind their chief nemesis, which turns out to be not a salon in Cambridge but a Holiday Inn lounge near the Dallas–Fort Worth airport.

The fanatics at NickelodeinN can be a bit wearing to listen to, but the owners believe the $650 a month to subscribe brings in more business than it repels. Still, non-participants at NickelodeinN observe the drama with a bemused rolling of the eyes. Bartender John Martini keeps telling them, "Guys, you gotta go out more."

And that's somewhat true, but as an occasional practitioner of the game, I have to applaud a new-technology activity that doesn't leave the participant in a delirium of solitary, homebound withdrawal. These NTN games are digital yet social. They link up actual, geographical communities, not just computer cubbyhole-dwellers whose use of the word *community* is quasi-metaphorical. In fact, they create group personalities. In the case of NickelodeinN, this can best be described as Noo Yawkish. In other words, they're arrogant.

"We have a tendency," says regular Showdown honcho Fred Tencic dryly, "to be abusive." The swagger comes from the fact that NickelodeinN wins these Showdown contests more than anyone, and they're well known around the country.

The corporate masters of the game created this bizarre subculture of adherents almost by accident, and act as if they aren't quite sure what to do with them. The company has been around for thirteen years, and in an era when unproven high-tech start-ups make fortunes on the stock market, NTN hasn't exactly caught fire with investors. First, the company stressed football, but football has the obvious disadvantage of only running five months a year. Then the company got mired in patent litigation and had delays in an expansion into Mexico. "We just haven't told our story very well," confesses Patrick Downs, chief executive officer.

Then, recently, the trivia games emerged as the company's cash cow, or calf anyway, while countless other interactive TV ventures have been slaughtered. New bars sign up at a rate of 35 percent a year, and $25 million or so in trivia-game revenue represents the vast majority of NTN's business. Still, NTN aims its real growth hopes at in-home and online games—and gambling. Indeed, NTN trivia is already on some cable systems and America Online. But in the meantime, its "hospitality" business has quietly linked a huge infrastructure—satellite in, phone line out—where people actually rub shoulders with one another as they link up to the networked computer beast. You don't have to be a three-time *Jeopardy!* winner, as one NickelodeinN player is, to participate. People play 9 million half-hour NTN games a month, which is more critical mass than all the efforts of Bell Atlantic and TCI and ABC. And NTN is even making a little money.

Of course, John Malone will catch up. NTN's satellite dishes and phone lines will be obsolete in five or ten years, and they'll hope to survive (or be bought by a behemoth) by virtue of the familiarity of their games, their content. LineRunner might have a lot more muscle behind it, plus the momentum of the Internet, but in ten years it could be a quaint accessory, like a phone book, tucked with the computer in the home office. The living room will be owned by a computer/TV that will feature instantly interactive video. But right now, all that's just talk. In the meantime, the revolution is in Queens, on a barstool. ■

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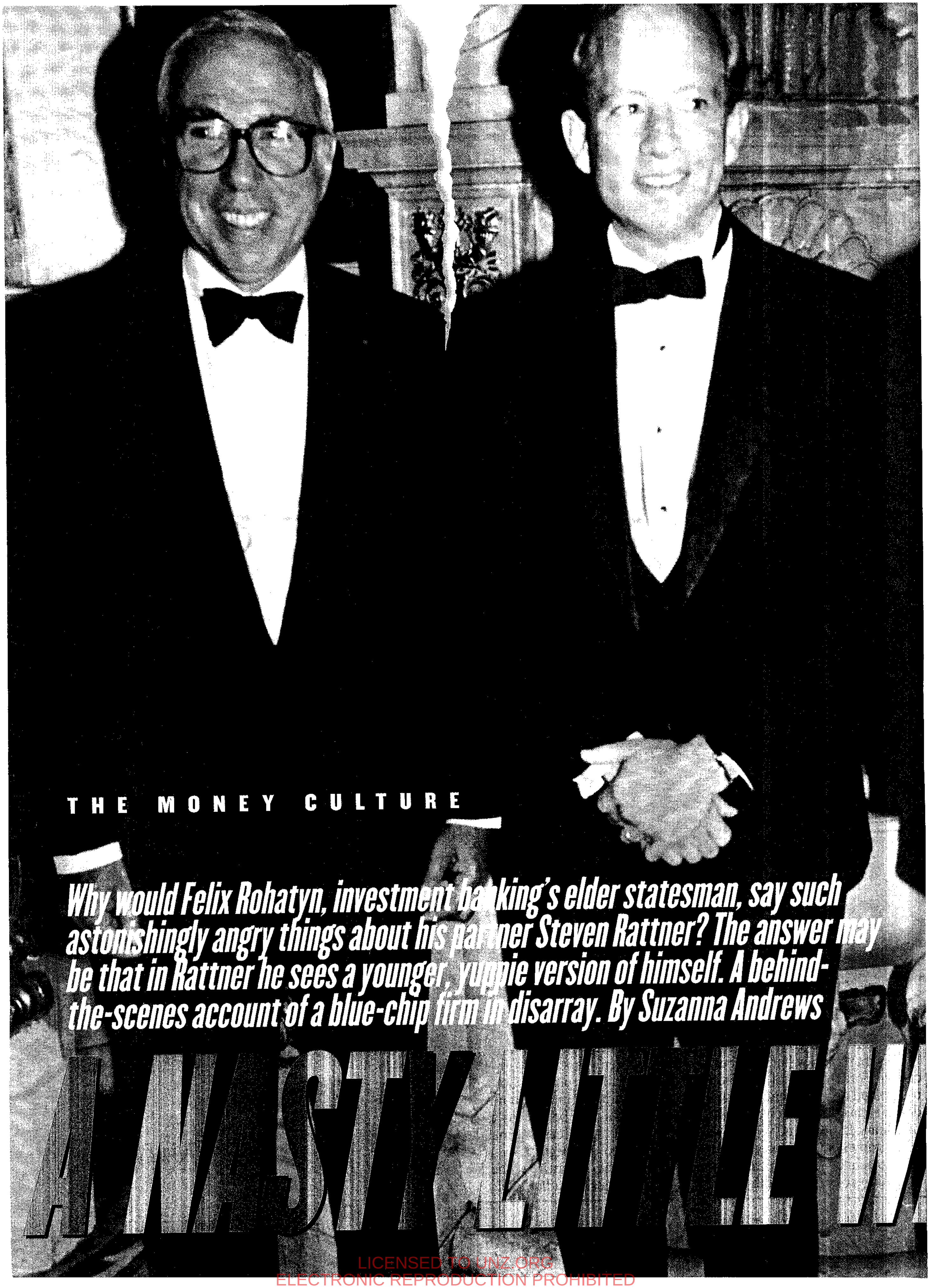


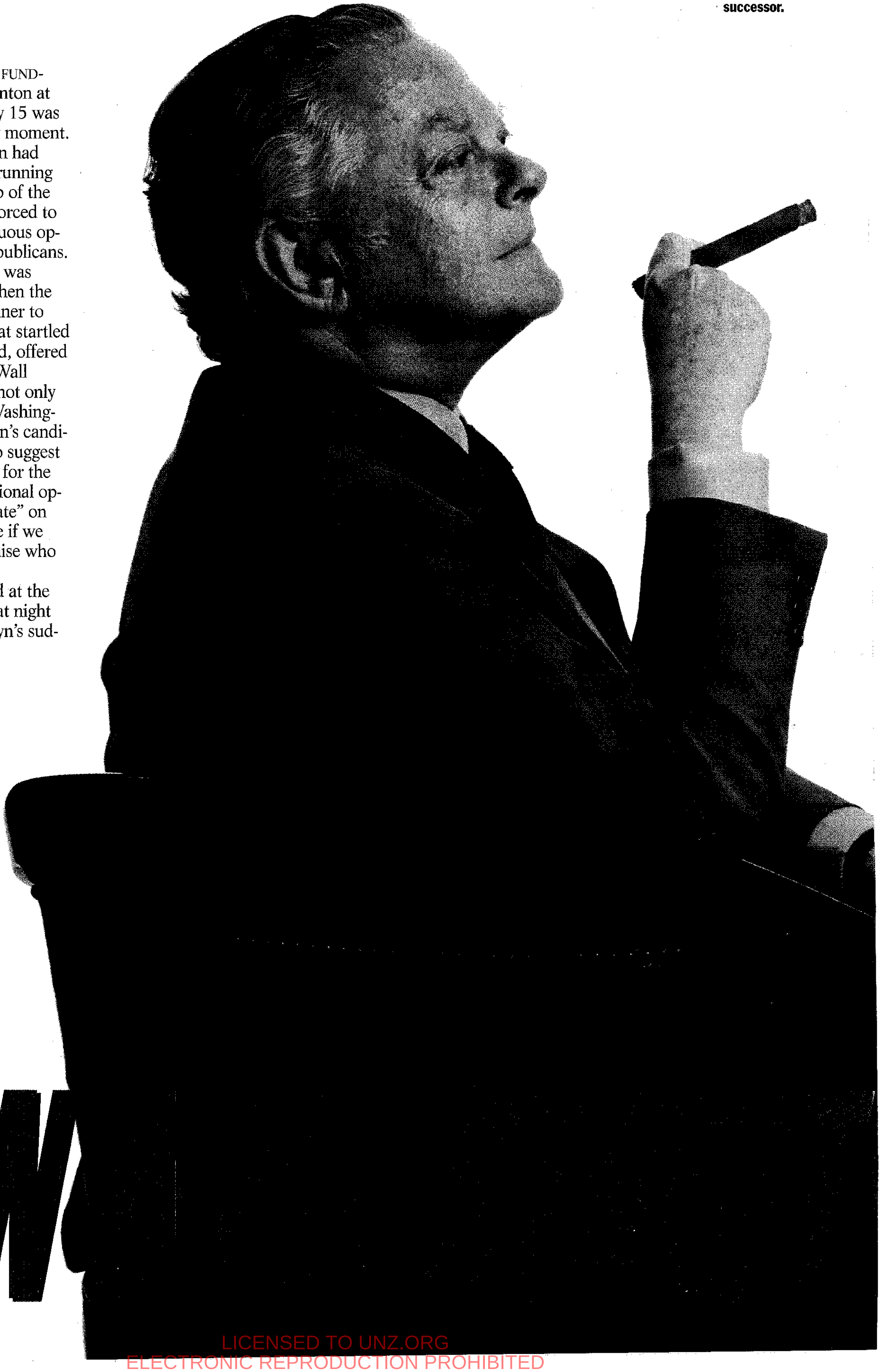
THE MONEY CULTURE

Why would Felix Rohatyn, investment banking's elder statesman, say such astonishingly angry things about his partner Steven Rattner? The answer may be that in Rattner he sees a younger, yuppie version of himself. A behind-the-scenes account of a blue-chip firm in disarray. By Suzanna Andrews

A NASTY LITTLE W

FOR FELIX ROHATYN, THE FUND-raising dinner for Bill Clinton at the Sheraton on February 15 was a bittersweet, valedictory moment. Two days before, Rohatyn had taken himself out of the running for the vice-chairmanship of the Federal Reserve Board, forced to do so in the face of strenuous opposition from Senate Republicans. Friends say that Rohatyn was touched and "thrilled" when the president rose during dinner to speak and, in remarks that startled many people in the crowd, offered a stirring defense of the Wall Street financier. Clinton not only blamed "the politics of Washington" for blocking Rohatyn's candidacy; he went so far as to suggest that Rohatyn's failed run for the job constituted a lost national opportunity to "have a debate" on economic growth, "to see if we can't give Americans a raise who are working hard."

If some guests on hand at the $1,000-a-plate dinner that night were surprised by Rohatyn's sud-



Lazard top man and behind-the-scenes string puller Michel David-Weill. He has not chosen a successor.

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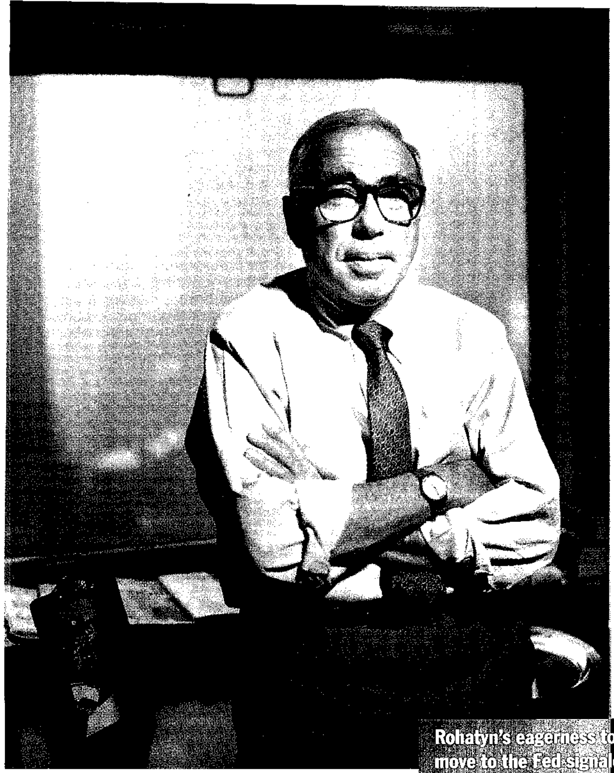


Rohatyn's eagerness to move to the Fed signaled his increasing discomfort with the situation at Lazard.

Photograph by Ken Shung.

ROHATYN WAS ANGRY OVER THE 'VANITY FAIR' PIECE ABOUT RATTNER

den transformation into a martyr for Establishment liberalism, it was because Clinton had never publicly defended Rohatyn when he was struggling to get the nomination. But those who were in the loop were baffled by something else: It was one of the worst-kept secrets in Washington and on Wall Street that Rohatyn, legendary Wall Street titan, New York power broker, and all around Great Man, had lobbied desperately for the job, virtually creating his own candidacy out of thin air. The question was, why? That the Fed vice-chairman job was not commensurate with a figure of Rohatyn's stature was made eminently clear by Alan Blinder, the liberal Princeton economist who left the post in January, remarking openly at how little chance for influence the job offered. To those who know Rohatyn—outspoken, self-promoting, accustomed to adulation and attention—it was a mystery that a man at the height of an extraordinary career would call in so many of his media, business, and political chips and push so hard to become a minor-ish mandarin. Even Secretary of the Treasury Robert Rubin, phoning around Wall Street after Rohatyn reportedly suggested himself for the job in a meeting late last year, asked bankers: "Is Felix serious? He wants to be vice-chairman of the Fed?"

Felix Rohatyn was very serious, and the reasons why have been whispered about on Wall Street for several months now. Rohatyn, people have been saying, was having problems at Lazard Frères, the discreet, patrician investment bank whose public face Rohatyn has been for the past two decades. After years in which his ambitions for a big Washington job—the Treasury secretaryship—had eluded him, Rohatyn, a friend says, was looking for something "to cap his career with," a noble way of leaving Wall Street and the problems there. Lazard partners were beginning to chafe at Rohatyn's dominance, and Rohatyn's anger at a younger and increasingly prominent partner, Steven Rattner, was becoming more intense and more public. That Rattner was seen as so much a nineties version of Rohatyn—glamorous, public-minded, Democratic, and omnivorously ambitious—has had people whispering about a Lear-like crisis in Rohatyn's late midlife.

ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING PRIVATE firms on Wall Street, Lazard has long been regarded with some awe. Its partners wrap themselves in the myths of Lazard's 148-year history, leaving the impression that Lazard is the last of the genteel nineteenth-century-style *hautes banques.* The reality is different. *Mean* is the word people use to describe Lazard's corporate culture, one that the 67-year-old Rohatyn himself did much to shape. In the past few years, Lazard has begun to change in ways that have loosened Rohatyn's grip—changes not just in the mix of business at the firm but in the growing influence of a generation of younger partners. "There is a perception that Felix is part of the problem," says one of Rohatyn's younger partners, speaking in a manner in which no partner would have dared to speak of Rohatyn only two years ago. Then, as if to emphasize that the king had stumbled, he repeated a snide joke that has made its way around Lazard since Rohatyn lost his Fed campaign: "What's the difference between God and Felix Rohatyn? God doesn't think he's Felix Rohatyn."

SIGNS THAT FELIX ROHATYN was under some kind of pressure began to leak into the social circuit four months ago. At a couple of dinners, over lunch with colleagues and with some clients, Rohatyn surprised people with the intensity of his remarks about Steven Rattner, the 43-year-old banker who was widely perceived to be Rohatyn's protégé and heir apparent at Lazard. Over the years, Rohatyn has created an image of himself as a man of rectitude and discretion, above the pettiness of Wall Street: That he would speak so disparagingly of a man like Rattner was the first indication that something was wrong.

In some ways, Rattner is a yuppie version of Rohatyn. Rattner, too, is the subject of glowing press stories; Rattner, too, has a golden Rolodex of political and business contacts and a high-visibility name on Wall Street, where he specializes in media deals, most recently last week's $10.8 billion sale of his client Continental Cablevision to US West. He's on the boards of Channel 13 and Brown University.

Rattner came to Lazard from Morgan Stanley, where he had set up the firm's media M&A business. Before that he was at Lehman Brothers. He moved to Wall Street from the New York *Times,* where he covered the energy beat in the Washington bureau and later reported from London, where he worked for R. W. Apple Jr. He grew up in Great Neck; his father ran Paragon Paints, which his mother's family owned, and he went to Brown. In time, Rattner's simple biography has developed a high gloss, and that, people say, is in good part due to Rattner's own artful salesmanship.

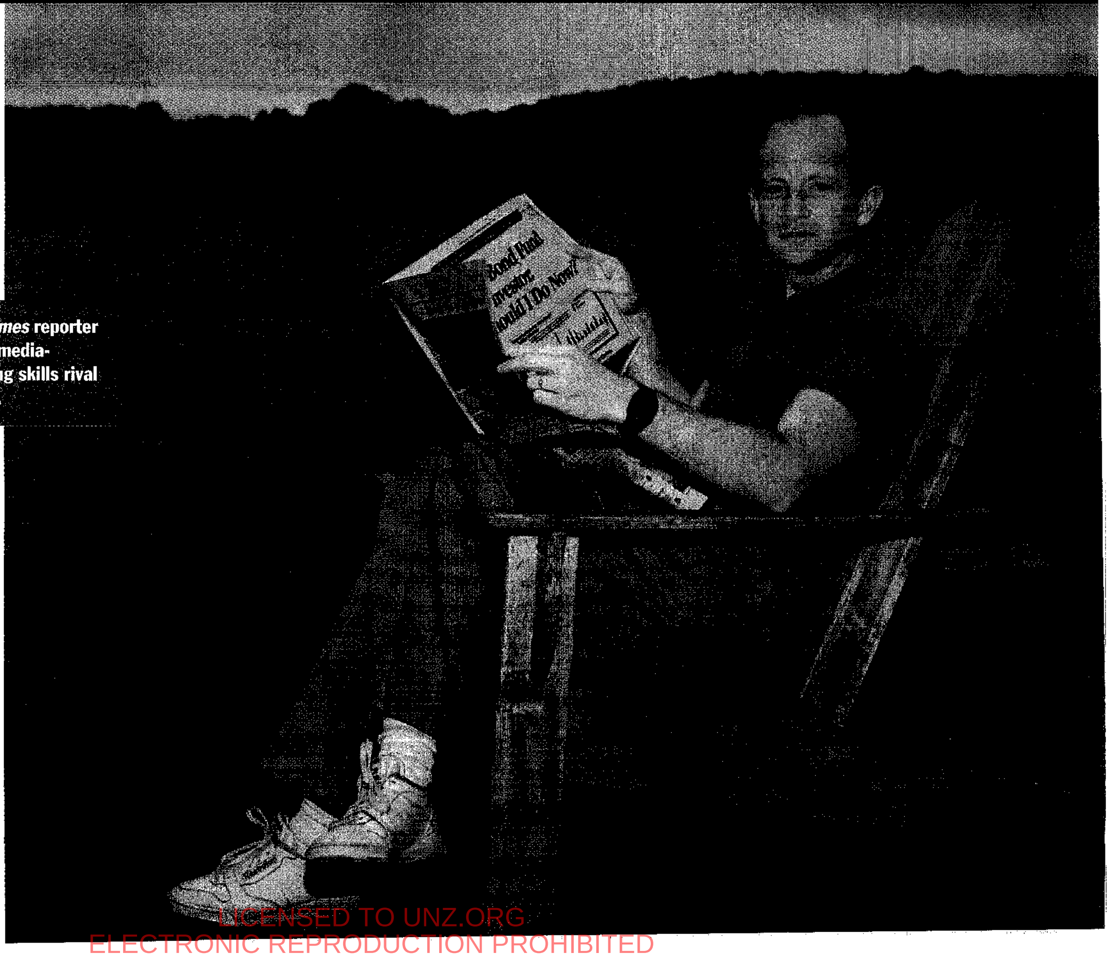
Coolly efficient, Rattner distinguished himself at Lazard with deals such as the sales of Ziff-Davis to Teddy Forstmann and then to the Japanese company Softbank, and the $17.5 billion sale of McCaw Cellular to AT&T in 1994, as well as the US West deal. On the party circuit, Rattner's evenings are as talked about as Rohatyn's—soirées for Mickey Kantor or Vartan Gregorian or Henry Louis Gates Jr. that attract the cream of New York's media and political Establishment. Invitations to Rattner's annual Christmas party at his cavernous Fifth Avenue apartment and a summer bash he and his wife, Maureen White, throw at their Martha's Vineyard home are widely coveted. On the political front, it is known by all who need to know that Rattner and White spent a night at the White House in July—in the Lincoln bedroom, no less—with private time for bonding with the president and Hillary Rodham Clinton. That Rattner has been donating heavily to the Democratic Party and is becoming one of New York's more visible Democratic fund-raisers is also noted, along with the suggestion from friends that Rattner could well follow in the footsteps of Bob Rubin, another Wall Streeter who parlayed his fund-raising clout and relationship with Bill Clinton into a Cabinet job.

The press sometimes portrayed Rattner as Rohatyn's protégé, and for several years Rohatyn indeed took an almost paternal pride in Rattner's accomplishments. But a protégé is something Rohatyn "never wanted," says a friend of Rohatyn's. "He hated that idea." "You have to understand," says another friend, "Felix is *alone.*"

Rohatyn's feelings about Rattner erupted to the surface during an interview I did with him for *Institutional Investor* about Gershon Kekst, a public-relations man who has worked with Lazard as well as many other companies. I asked Rohatyn about press coverage of the selling of Paramount to Viacom in 1993 and 1994, a deal in which Kekst played a prominent role, and Rohatyn began to discuss the leaks to the press that had occurred during that deal, moving quickly to the subject not just of Rattner's responsibility, in Rohatyn's view, for the largest leaks but Rattner himself. "Steve is so monomaniacal," Rohatyn said. "He wants a job in the Clinton administration. Eventually he wants to be Treasury secretary, and he's trying to get it by getting media attention and by social climbing, without doing any public service. He should do public service, but he doesn't care about anything, not music, not art, not politics. He just wants to get ahead."

ROHATYN'S ANGER HAS BEEN BREWING AT least since December of 1993. In the first week of that month, Graydon Carter sent Rattner advance copies of the January 1994 *Vanity Fair,* which featured a major story on Rattner. Written by Ed Klein, the former editor of *The New York Times Magazine* and a longtime acquaintance of Rattner's, the piece was, to say the least, flattering. Rattner, the article said, "is fast becoming the premier investment banker of his generation." The piece chronicled Rattner's friendships with prominent people, most notably his "bosom buddy" relationship with Arthur Sulzberger Jr., the publisher of the New York *Times.* It described Rattner's piloting his own two-engine Cessna 421 to his home in the Vineyard, name-dropping a little—*I gave Sharon Hoge a ride to the Vineyard last summer*—and making much of his distaste for being as fabulously rich as he was. "When I take [my children] to school, it is on the M72 bus, even though a car and driver is certainly within our means," Rattner told Klein.

ARAMOUNT DEAL. "STEVE WAS ALMOST FIRED OVER THAT," HE SAID.



Former *Times* reporter Rattner's media-schmoozing skills rival Rohatyn's.

Photograph by Catherine Karnow/ Woodfin Camp.

Jaws dropped on Wall Street when the article came out. Until then, Rattner was regarded as a good banker—"one of the most talented all-around people," says his former boss, the well known M&A specialist Eric Gleacher—but he was not seen as a power player on the scale breathlessly described in *Vanity Fair:* the man CEOs "first think of calling," "the most talked about investment banker of his generation," someone with a big future, perhaps in Washington.

Felix Rohatyn had talked to Ed Klein and said nice things about Rattner; he had even encouraged Rattner to cooperate with the magazine. But when Rohatyn saw the advance copy, he changed his mind. "Felix went berserk. Berserk," says a Lazard partner.

Rohatyn himself recalled it as "a real oh-shit moment. Michel and I were appalled," he said, referring to Michel David-Weill, the French billionaire who is the controlling partner of Lazard. If Rohatyn was irritated by what he saw as flagrant self-promotion on Rattner's part, he was furious at the star billing the article gave Rattner in the controversial Paramount-Viacom drama. "Felix ran that deal, not Steve," says one player in the deal. Says a former partner, "*Of course* Felix was pissed."

But Rohatyn recalled being more shocked by how many details of the deal had been revealed in the magazine. "Steve," Rohatyn said, "made it seem like he was talking right out of the boardroom." Rattner vehemently denied that he was the source of any confidential information. But Rohatyn didn't believe him. "That's bullshit," Rohatyn said.

Rohatyn was icy with anger, says one source, when he called Paramount's then-CEO Martin Davis to tell him about the article. Not surprisingly, the famously cranky Davis was almost as angry. Says a source involved in the deal, "He felt that his deal was being used to promote a power grab."

Inside Lazard, things became uncomfortable. "Steve was almost fired over that," Rohatyn said. "I demoted him on the deal and put Bob Lovejoy in his place. The only reason I didn't take him off the deal completely was because it would have created press stories." Rohatyn made sure that the senior players in the Paramount deal knew that Rattner was in the doghouse, and other partners learned as well. And on a visit to Davis's office soon afterward to discuss the deal, Michel David-Weill made a point of apologizing for the *Vanity Fair* flap.

"It is almost a crime that a story in *Vanity Fair* should help or hurt anyone," says Rattner's friend Arthur Sulzberger Jr. "It's like asking if a story in *Midnight Magazine* can affect you. It's so fucking vacuous. Hurting Lazard is antithetical to everything Steve believes in. Whether or not it was another source, I don't believe adults would deal with it this way."

Rohatyn's anger did not die down at this point, even though, sources say, Davis quickly forgave Rattner (after a *Vanity Fair* article the next month in which Davis was portrayed as the deal's loose-lipped loose cannon). “It was clear,” says one banker, “that Steve had basically put himself out of the heir-apparent running after that”—at least with Rohatyn. Even in December, Rohatyn was angry enough to say, “Steve’s position at this firm is by no means secure.”

Rattner’s public profile, however, continued to expand. He wrote op-ed pieces for the New York *Times;* he sent news of his deals and of speeches he made to friends who were editors at major papers and TV news shows. For Rohatyn, this was like Chinese water torture. In September, he became so incensed after reading a two-part interview with Rattner in *Broadcasting & Cable,* he woke David-Weill early one weekend morning, to complain. “Oh, Felix, go back to bed,” David-Weill reportedly said. And last October, Rattner was again featured in *Vanity Fair,* this time ranked as one of the magazine’s top 50 members of “The New Establishment,” a list that noticeably did not include Rohatyn. Rohatyn told me in December he hadn’t spoken to Rattner since the article came out.

Rohatyn was disappointed in 1992 that Clinton didn’t nominate him to be Treasury secretary.

“HURTING LAZARD IS ANTITHETICAL TO EVERYTHING STEVE BELIEVE

“That last article,” Rohatyn said, referring to the “Top 50” feature, “was bad for the younger people here. It hurt morale. People who yearn for publicity and exposure don’t realize how dangerous it is in terms of business. Clients do not want us to go public on their deals.”

As the conflict with Rohatyn deepened, Rattner became increasingly upset, say friends. “Felix is angry and bitter. He’s not aging well,” he told one.

At Lazard, people suspected that there was something more personal at stake. “Felix got jealous,” says one partner. “Because Steve wrote op-ed pieces and got stories written about him.” Even friends of Rohatyn’s were baffled. “I don’t understand why a man like Felix, who has done so much good and who is recognized for it, cannot be at peace,” says one man. “Steve is a good banker. He has very limited experience in terms of the kinds of businesses he has handled. He has not achieved much on the public service front yet. Why does Felix feel the need to crush him?”

BE VERY CAREFUL OF WHAT LAZARD PARTNERS tell you—they all have axes to grind,” says one former partner. “They dislike each other intensely.”

Some people at Lazard admire Michel David-Weill. Others detest him. What everyone agrees, however, is that although Felix Rohatyn may be Lazard’s most famous banker, it is David-Weill who pulls the strings at the firm. Rohatyn, says one man, “has been cutting people off at the knees for years. Anyone who’s gotten close to him has gotten fucked.” But never, people insist, without David-Weill’s tacit—some say amused—assent.

David-Weill is a charming and complex man, cheerfully Machiavellian. Unfailingly courteous, the 63-year-old senior partner never rushes his speech, and will spend hours in the middle of his workday chatting about art or philosophy or psychology with visitors and his bankers as he takes a few puffs of a Cuban cigar, then stubs it out and lights another, then another. David-Weill is probably France’s biggest private art collector. In New York, he sits on the board of the Metropolitan Museum. Socially, he is almost a recluse in both cities—seen in Paris only when his wife Helene orchestrates a major affair and in New York only at discreet parties he attends with his longtime friend Margo Walker, the North Shore socialite who two and a half years ago purchased for several million dollars the Junius Spencer Morgan estate in Glen Cove, where the movie *Sabrina* was filmed.

Lazard Frères has been in David-Weill’s family since its founding in 1848. First set up as a dry-goods store in New Orleans, it was moved to San Francisco during the gold rush. By the late nineteenth century it had been transformed into a bank by the Lazard family and its cousin, Alexandre Weill, who eventually gained control of it. Today Lazard consists of three intertwined firms: the Paris bank, regarded as the most powerful merger house in Europe; the London firm; and the one in New York, which is the largest and most visible. It is David-Weill who is credited with making the once-struggling houses a powerful force in finance. In a series of deft legal maneuvers, David-Weill, using his own considerable financial clout, has made himself the dominant partner, and wields his power at Lazard in ways that are subtle but reveal an icy ruthlessness behind his Gallic courtliness. “His heart beats by appointment,” says one man, only half-joking.

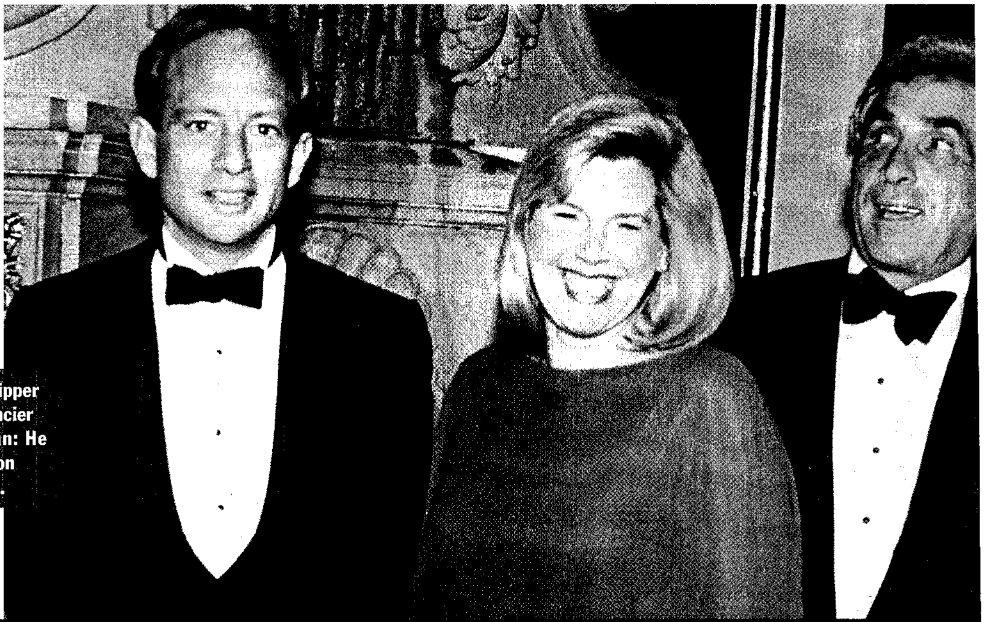
Which of Lazard’s many younger bankers will rise up to follow in Rohatyn’s footsteps is a question whose answer rests almost entirely with David-Weill. “If the partners were united, Michel would have a problem, but they hate each other,” says one former partner. And David-Weill, partners and some clients believe, makes sure that this loathing continues. “Did Steve lust for [power]? Oh yeah,” says one client. “And Felix brought him to his knees. But Michel’s the one behind it, the one preying on everyone’s insecurities.”

ROHATYN’S RELATIONSHIP with Lazard is complicated and symbiotic. Given his stature, he could have set up his own firm or become CEO of a major corporation instead of the second man at a small investment bank. During the eighteen years he ran the Municipal Assistance Corporation, Rohatyn used the job not only as a base to ensure New York’s fiscal solvency but also as a platform to keep Lazard in the public eye. Over the years, he has brought in some of the firm’s biggest clients and supervised some of its biggest deals: the Time-Warner merger, the RJR sale, the Paramount-Viacom union, and the sale of MCA to Matsushita. Last year, Lazard earned record profits of more than $200 million, and Rohatyn is be-

Photograph by Cynthia Johnson/Gamma-Liaison lieved to have generated at least 25 percent of that. The $15 million he is rumored to have made last year is nothing compared with what he earned for the firm.

Rohatyn's visibility is undoubtedly an asset. "You handle a client, and they all want to come in and touch the Buddha's belly, even if he's not working on their deal," says one partner. "Felix is legendary," says Eric Gleacher. "He's been doing this for 46 years. He is the confidant of top CEOs." At Lazard, more than one younger partner has watched as clients tune them out after meeting Rohatyn. "CEOs sit in his office and his secretary breaks in to say the governor is on the phone, or the secretary of the Treasury. You don't beat that," says one man.

Rohatyn's ties to Lazard are strengthened by an almost Cuomo-like indecision. He has seemed unwilling to sacrifice the security the firm provides to further his broader ambitions. Even when he ran MAC, he never left. He has wanted a Washington job for years and was deeply disappointed when he wasn't offered the secretary of the Treasury post in 1992, but Rohatyn never seemed to really work to get it. Although he has donated thousands to the Democrats, he, unlike Bob Rubin, had not been a major party fund-raiser. During the 1992 campaign, his commitment to Clinton seemed ambiguous at best—he took a walk into Ross Perot's camp early in the Texan's campaign, which reportedly angered Clinton. Friends say they have long sensed a hesitance in Rohatyn. "Felix has been on the shortlist for a lot of jobs in Washington, including Treasury secretary. Some he didn't want," says a friend who has been involved in New York politics. "But if there's a criticism of Felix that comes up over and over again, it's that he isn't a team player. He's wanted Washington without wanting to pay [the traditional] dues. Now, Felix is not a stupid man. He does this out of some kind of need."



Rattner with Tipper Gore and financier Ted Forstmann: He has Washington ambitions, too.

ULZBERGER SAYS. "ADULTS [SHOULDN'T] DEAL WITH IT THIS WAY."

Behind his statesmanlike image, Rohatyn is a temperamental man who can get weirdly disturbed by the successes of others—even when they are successful at things he has not wanted to do. "I didn't want the World Bank," he said in December, referring to the fact that he passed on White House feelers about offering him the Bank presidency. "But I almost took it just so [current World Bank president] Jim Wolfensohn wouldn't get it."

More than anything else, people say, it is Felix Rohatyn's insecurities—and David-Weill's understanding of them—that has kept him tied to Lazard. For years, David-Weill has allowed Rohatyn to rule Lazard without burdening him with management responsibilities. Deals generally didn't get done if Rohatyn was not comfortable with them. In the eighties, when junk bonds and LBOs were the fashion, Rohatyn, fearful of the risks involved, was inveighing publicly and within the firm against them, as well as against expanding Lazard's trading and capital-markets activities.

Although some say David-Weill was open to expansion, he yielded to Rohatyn, allowing only limited activity in those areas. On the personnel front, Rohatyn's likes and dislikes prevailed. Partners who crossed him risked humiliation. "He will question your advice in front of a client, or in front of your partners," says one former partner. He put partners on deals to second-guess other partners. "They're always spying on each other," says one client.

Rohatyn played the office-politics game shrewdly. "He'd come in your office," one man says, "sit down, and say, 'We have such a great team here. . . . But what do you think of Steve?' " When Bill Loomis, a partner who ran the investment-banking division a number of years ago, reportedly wrote a memo implicitly critical of Rohatyn, says a partner, he was removed from the job—by David-Weill—and replaced by Rattner. "Michel would always cajole and humor Felix and give him the issue"—at least on the surface. "Felix would have fired any number of us, if he'd had his way."

"The success and the dysfunction of Lazard," says a former partner, "has a lot to do with Felix's role. He isn't interested in managing, or teaching, or leading. When someone gets out of line, he crushes them and then walks away."

"FELIX HAS ALWAYS HAD AN IMMIGRANT'S mentality," Michel David-Weill once said to me. "He's always very concerned about security. So we have conversations or arrangements so that he feels that he is definitely at home." The relationship between Rohatyn and David-Weill is complex—they are fond of each other, but at different times one seems to be using the other to act out what he is too ambivalent to do. Both men suffered during World War II. Rohatyn's family fled Nazi Vienna in 1940 with a few gold coins packed in toothpaste tubes. David-Weill spent the war years in hiding. Lazard had been taken away from the David-Weills and "Aryanized"; the family's massive art collection was hauled off to Berlin. David-Weill's older half-brother was killed at Dora, a concentration camp near Buchenwald.

David-Weill and Rohatyn made partner at Lazard on the same day in 1961. Rohatyn was the brilliant protégé of the legendary Andre Meyer, and David-Weill, the tough, confident heir to the family firm. Both men worked for Meyer, who ran Lazard in New York from 1943 to 1977 and who helped to build such major corporate names as Avis and RCA. An adviser to the Kennedys, the Rockefellers, and Lyndon Johnson, Meyer was the first to give Lazard social and political visibility in the United States and a standing on Wall Street equivalent to that of old-line firms like Lehman Brothers. A financial genius, Meyer was also a deeply insecure, cruel, and destructive man who seemed to need to humiliate those who worked for him. Rohatyn endured those humiliations, never criticizing Meyer publicly. David-Weill, however, disdained Meyer. "He had to constantly prove and re-prove that he was really the best," David-Weill told me,

Photograph by Marina Garnier.

making it clear where he thought he stood in relation to the up-by-the-bootstraps Meyer. "You know, my father had a saying about self-made men. He said: 'Beware of self-made men because they always think it is their fault,'" David-Weill said. "And I thought it was a wonderful saying because it's so true. Because at least I don't think it's my fault."

Of the two men, David-Weill was the less flamboyantly talented, Rohatyn the more needy. It is, people say, why David-Weill has had such a strong hold on his more famous friend. Not that David-Weill would admit it openly, although in an interview he once alluded to that element of their relationship—indeed, in his relationship to all the people who work for him. "You know," he said to me, "I am a great believer that the faults of people are very often more determining than their [good] qualities. I look very carefully when I have somebody. I say: What is his fault? Where is the break in his personality which will motivate him?"

Over the years, David-Weill has brought into Lazard numerous men of some prominence. Frank Zarb, Gerald Ford's Energy secretary, and Michael Blumenthal, Carter's Treasury secretary, were two of them. More recently, Rattner hired Josh Steiner, of Whitewater-diary renown. People like these have given Lazard the contacts and visibility to compete with much larger firms on Wall Street, but they have also come to Lazard accustomed to getting a lot of attention and having their way. David-Weill manages them shrewdly. "Michel is a great psychologist," says one former partner. "If he doesn't find the break in someone, he creates it." His digs are subtle, but they can blow a man's confidence into oblivion. "You know, I like you personally," David-Weill will say in his thick French accent, "but do you know what your partners are saying about you?"

"IT IS EMOTIONALLY AND INTELLECTUALLY INSULTING TO HIM THAT R

No better symbol exists of the insecurity that grips Lazard than the long parade of men (Lazard has only three woman partners) who traipse one after the other into David-Weill's office each fall for their "little talk" about how much David-Weill has decided to pay them that year. The percent of profits a partner gets can change at David-Weill's discretion. "It is totally humiliating," says one former partner. Partners whose shares are increased are of course very happy, but it's a zero-sum game—for one man to do better, another has to lose. And David-Weill, always subtle, makes it known whose share is up and whose has dropped. "You see guys going back in there once they've heard what someone else has made to ask for more. They grovel," says one former partner. "It is so easy to draw the snipping out of those guys," says one client. "They are trained to fight, over deals, over credit, over everything."

STEVEN RATTNER SET HIMself apart almost from the day he arrived at Lazard in 1989. Early on, Rattner resisted Rohatyn's efforts to have him concentrate exclusively on Rohatyn's clients. He set up his own media group, the first organized "division" at Lazard, with a group of associates who reported mainly to him. David-Weill would occasionally poke fun at Rattner's "need to organize everything," but he didn't intervene. "Steve was different," says one man. "He didn't have the same insecurities. He had his own agenda."

Aloof and somewhat cold in his demeanor, Rattner was not overwhelmingly popular at Lazard, but he kept his distance from the backbiting. Friends say that he was, from the first, disturbed by Lazard's culture—"He thinks it's poisonous," says one. During his two-year stint as head of investment banking, he tried to bring more order to the firm, but David-Weill would often overrule him (last year, former Salomon Brothers star Ken Wilson took over the job).

Lazard has grown significantly in the past few years as David-Weill and Rohatyn have hired a group of successful younger men, like Rattner and Wilson. The hires were part of a strategic move to keep Lazard competitive, but they also sowed the seeds of the current generational conflict that is now focused on Rattner.

SINCE HIS DAYS AT THE *Times,* FRIENDS HAVE noted Rattner's ability to subtly make himself appear to be slightly more important than he was. "He talked about Punch [Arthur Ochs Sulzberger]," a Treasury official who knew him when he was a Washington reporter once said. "I asked him if he was from the Sulzberger family, and he said, 'No. But you're not the first person to ask me that.' "

Rattner was a good reporter, "facile, nimble, energetic," recalls his friend, architecture critic Paul Goldberger. "He was a very good writer, too, but not an extraordinary one. I remember that he had an enormous generic talent that he could turn like a searchlight in any direction." Perhaps more remarkable was Rattner's knack for cultivating powerful mentors. In Washington, he developed relationships with men such as Bob Strauss and G. William Miller—some of them, people say, cultivated by the flattering way he wrote about them. "The lack of force in Mr. [George] Shultz's manner," he wrote in 1980, about the profoundly uninspiring CEO of Bechtel and later secretary of State, "belies an abundance of force in Mr. Shultz's ideas."

Rattner, says Sulzberger in his friend's defense again, "was not a hatchet reporter." None of his stories, adds Goldberger, "were anything you could call simpering ass-kissing garbage."

Rattner's wife, Maureen White, provided the best explanation for why he left journalism. "It begins to get on you after a while," she told *Washington Monthly* in 1986, "that you are writing about people who have more power than you, more influence and more money and are not any more capable. Why in God's name are you trailing them around the world and writing about them when you are smart enough to make the money and have influence commensurate with theirs?"

Rattner now has the money—he was reportedly paid $8 million by Lazard last year—and he appears to be well on his way to having the influence. Journalists, Rattner once said, are motivated by the desire for glory and "to hobnob with the great and near-great." Nowadays it seems that journalists come to him. Today his friends and guests include Charlie Rose, Paula Zahn, Peggy Noonan, Graydon Carter, CBS News president Andrew Heyward, and *Business Week* editor Steve Shepard. On the political front, there's Chuck Schumer and Mark Green.

"Steve," says Sulzberger, "doesn't collect people. He attracts them. I have seen Felix at more events than I have seen Steve. You can't accuse Steve of being a media climber without saying that he and the publisher of the New York *Times* had desks next to each other for two and a half years. Steve is good with the media because he was a talented member for many years. It's not true of Felix or lots of other people who have had to learn it for their own peculiar purposes."

THERE IS AN ALMOST FREUDIAN IRONY IN THE fact that Rohatyn got so angry at Rattner's media visibility—his own rise was a similar public-relations triumph. In the early seventies, before he was *Felix Rohatyn,* he was "Felix the Fixer," the too-slick-by-half banker who was called to testify before a congressional committee in connection with a Justice Department investigation of the ITT scandal.

Like Rattner, he made close friends in the media and made sure editors were kept abreast of ideas and the deals he was working on. He, too, had obsequious stories written about him—most notably one in the *Times* that was so sugary it brought a rebuke from the Washington *Post.* And like Rattner, Rohatyn threw high-profile parties, presided over by his wife, Elizabeth, who, much like Maureen White, put a more charming and friendly face on her husband's ambition. "I know both Steve and Felix well enough to say they are the same man," says a mutual friend.

ROHATYN'S INTENSIVE LOBBYING FOR THE FED job, some people believe, was triggered in part by the growing success of the younger version of himself. Lobbying, people say, mounted against obvious odds. It was clear to many that Al D'Amato, whom Rohatyn had opposed in his last run for the Senate, would not throw his active support behind the financier, leaving an open door for his fellow Republicans to oppose Rohatyn. It was also clear that the White House did virtually nothing to support Rohatyn's nomination, perhaps because he was not an obvious choice. "It was not the right spot for him," says Fed watcher David Jones of Aubrey Lanston. "He was a round peg in a square hole. I think he would have been a loose cannon in the Fed; he would have made the debate [over economic growth] highly political."

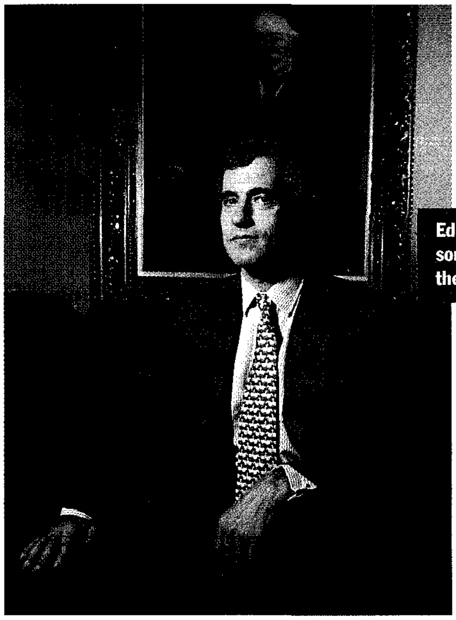
But what was the alternative? In the past few years, Lazard had begun to gradually expand businesses that Rohatyn was uncomfortable with; it now makes markets in junk bonds and recently set up a derivatives venture. More and more, Rohatyn found himself outnumbered by partners who did not believe the firm should pull back its capital-markets business. A fee-splitting scandal in the firm's municipal division last year, which brought the firm under SEC investigation, disturbed Rohatyn enormously, partners say. "He was upset that his name was appearing in press stories about this," says one.

WOULD BE CONSIDERED HIS HEIR APPARENT," SAYS A ROHATYN ALLY.

Partners also say that the issues of Lazard came increasingly to be subordinated to Rohatyn's concerns. "Felix," says one top partner, "has never been a team player." Even his relationship with David-Weill was under some stress. "Whenever something used to come up that Felix didn't like, he'd threaten to go 'limited,' and we'd back off. Then a couple of years ago, Michel just said, fine, go ahead and do it. And Felix stopped threatening," says a partner. Rohatyn, sources say, didn't tell David-Weill that he was lobbying for the Fed job, a breach of trust, one man says, "that didn't make Michel happy."

DAVID-WEILL WILL PROBABLY REMAIN AT HIS family's firm at least another ten years. As much as Rohatyn, he has resisted allowing a successor to rise. "I don't know if it's subconscious, a psychological thing, but Michel has never allowed for a successor. Whether he doesn't want to let go, or whether it's because he hasn't found one, or because it's just fun for him to watch people try and fail, isn't clear," says one former partner.

Recently, David-Weill has seemed to address the issue. Last May, he was in negotiations to hire a prominent banker, Goldman, Sachs's John Thornton, but the talks collapsed, according to one partner, after Rohatyn reportedly made it clear to Thornton that he was fantasizing if he thought he had any chance of running the firm.



Edouard Stern, David Weill's son-in-law: Is he or is he not the heir apparent?

In 1992, David-Weill brought his son-in-law, a 41-year-old Frenchman named Edouard Stern, into the firm—in what may be his most serious attempt to find a future leader for Lazard. Stern, however, nearly triggered a mutiny. The scion of a French banking family who has half a billion dollars of his own, Stern is intense and secretive. He made no friends in European financial circles when he threw his father out of the family's bank in 1977, declaring that his parent was incompetent. At Lazard, on David-Weill's orders, Stern set up the new derivatives business and also the Asian-capital-markets operation for the firm. But Stern's rough manner, his proposals to pay some people bonuses in secret, and the way he pushed a top London partner out of his job are considered over-the-top even by partners accustomed to Lazard's tough culture. David-Weill, say several men, has canvassed his partners on the subject of his son-in-law and heard the message: "If he elevates Stern," says one man, "there are many, many partners in New York who would leave."

Is Stern a real contender? Some people believe that David-Weill is counting on time and maturity to soften his son-in-law and make him an acceptable heir. It would be the only way that David-Weill could keep Lazard in his family, because none of his four daughters is interested in taking it over. But David-Weill has also told partners that he is well aware of Stern's limitations—remarking to one in his cheerful, back-stabbing way about Stern's moodiness.

Rohatyn said in December, "I don't think Edouard will run the firm. Michel thinks it's important to have him around, as a continuum after Michel leaves, but I don't think he wants him to run the firm."

If there is so much infighting at Lazard, it is partly because that is how David-Weill wants it. "He doesn't want anything to happen that would diminish his importance to the firm. He doesn't want a power play. He really, really doesn't want to lose control of this place," said a partner.

But if David-Weill has not been planning his own succession, he has been preparing for a Lazard without Rohatyn. Younger partners are doing more of their own deals, running more of their own clients, bringing in more revenue. "Michel has been buttressing himself," says one partner. "And the Fed thing shows how right he was to do it. It's out in the open now that Felix has basically said, *I want to get out.*"

In a sense, Rohatyn's criticisms of Rattner are correct. Rattner hasn't yet paid the kind of dues Rohatyn paid. "Felix has worked so hard. He suffered in the war and under André. He did MAC. I think it is emotionally and intellectually insulting to him that Steve Rattner would be considered his heir apparent," says one Rohatyn ally.

Rattner's friends, on the other hand, say that Rohatyn got a bee in his pants over nothing. "Maybe Steve wants to be president of Brown or the Metropolitan Museum, maybe he would take a deputy-secretary job in Washington, but I don't think he's kidding himself about being secretary of the Treasury in fifteen years," says one. "If he does, he's never said anything to me," adds Sulzberger. "Steve just wants to be important," says another friend.

"The son is getting too successful," says a man who knows Rohatyn and Rattner, "so what does the father do but go after him for things he suspects are in himself?" ▬

Photograph by Pierre-Olivier Deschamps/Agence Vu.

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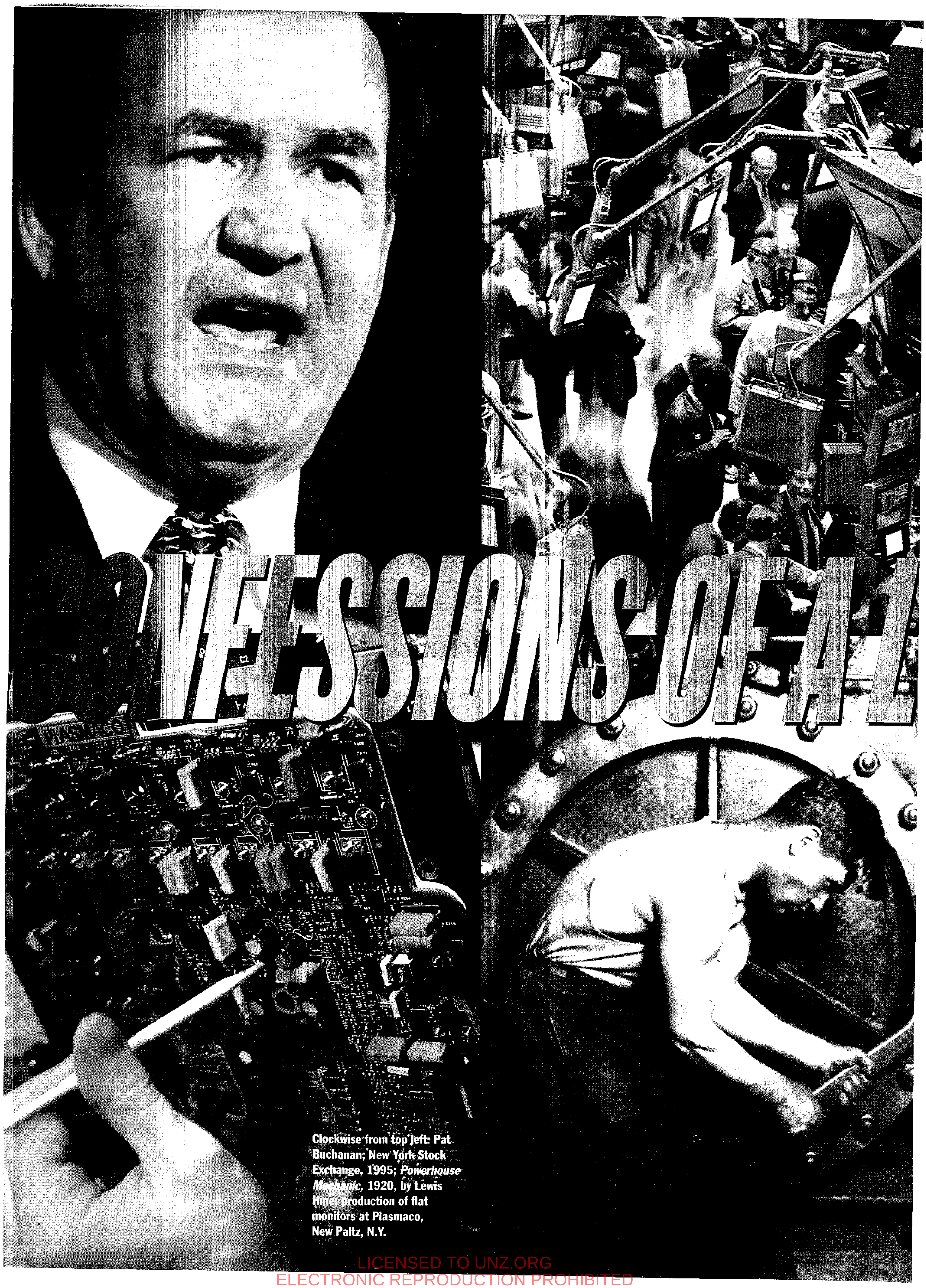

Clockwise from top left: Pat Buchanan; New York Stock Exchange, 1995; *Powerhouse Mechanic*, 1920, by Lewis Hine; production of flat monitors at Plasmaco, New Paltz, N.Y.

The politicians are wrong: It's the best of times for a compassionate capitalist. How a new Wall Street can be the worker's best friend, and how the Democrats are the ones to make it happen. By James J. Cramer

OUSINE NEOLIBERAL

I'M SITTING IN THE BACK OF A CADILLAC LIMOUSINE AS I WRITE THIS, HEADING BACK TO A NEIGHBORhood filled with Chevy Suburbans and Mercedes-Benz station wagons. But seventeen years ago, when I committed to being a lifelong Democrat, I lived in a Ford Fairmont. I mean inhabited it, as my residence, with nothing in the back seat to keep me warm but a pile of old clothes and a bottle of Jack Daniel's Green Label. Who could afford the Black? Look, I don't want to overdramatize this: I'd gone to a good college, I was employed, I probably wasn't going to fall off the end of the earth. But the fact is that I lived in my car, and I was frightened.

Sure, periodically I had a roof over my head, but when I was between paychecks—or, more accurately, between girlfriends—you found me dozing in the rest area off the Golden State Freeway, not far from Yuba City, California, a claw hammer in my left hand and a loaded .22-caliber pistol in my right. (This was, after all, where serial killers like Juan Corona roamed.)

You see, I had been stalked, Sunday-night-TV-movie stalked, while living in Los Angeles, covering crime for the now-defunct L.A. *Herald Examiner.* By day, while I was off chasing slashers and interviewing relatives of the deceased, someone was methodically breaking into my apartment, brushing his teeth with my brush, showering, forgetting to flush, and even cooking my Perdue chicken and opening cans of tuna on a daily basis. This Goldilocks was careful, at first, to clear out when I came home from work, and always managed to elude the cops, no matter how many times I called them. Not that it would have mattered: I had been investigating police brutality for months, so I didn't make for a very sympathetic victim. (When I suggested to one officer that he dust for prints, he looked at me and asked, "What do you think this is—*Kojak*?" His advice was "Go get yourself a gun.") Finally, one Tuesday, coming back from covering a sniper incident in San Diego, I walked into my apartment to find it totally empty, not a thing, no clothes, no food, and certainly no checks. Eviction soon followed, and I was homeless.

For the next seven months, I bounced around trying to save up enough for a monthly deposit, eventually getting transferred to Sacramento in a merciful effort by management to boost my $225-a-week paycheck with some expense money. But whatever money I could save practically vanished that spring when I got sick and my employer's HMO didn't have an office in Northern California. If it hadn't been for a farm-worker clinic in Yuba City, the product of a safety net from a different time, I might not have beaten the jaundiced liver the doctor diagnosed.

It was right then and there that I decided I was going to get it together and make some money no matter what. But I also was never going to forget what it was like to be homeless, washed up, and cast off before I was 25. And, journalistic neutrality notwithstanding, I would embrace the Democratic Party.

At first, it was easy to stay a Democrat. From my newspaper office in Sacramento, I re-entered the meritocracy by applying to, then attending, Harvard Law School, where professors fought among themselves about who could be more Marxist. But it became tougher to stay a big-lever Democrat when I left the law and landed in Securities Sales at Goldman, Sachs & Co. It was a hotbed of capitalism without a human face, and I was viewed with bemusement, as an anomaly, quixotically fund-raising for Mondale.

When I subsequently started my own hedge fund nine years ago, it was easier to be out of the Democratic closet, but the Wall Street community beyond Goldman was even more Republican (Goldman, at least, was the province of Robert Rubin, now Treasury secretary). I found myself calling for higher taxes for the wealthy while surrounded by people who created capital gains for rich people—and didn't even believe they should be taxed at all on them. I tried to remember the homeless and the life-saving health clinics when all around me were people who wanted to cut the very "fat" that had bailed me out of my troubles.

But this year, everything has changed. Wall Street has become the target of Republicans, both radical and mainstream. People who all their lives have loyally served the Republican Party are under attack for destroying the hopes and aspirations of the great American worker. Meanwhile, the Democrats have become the party of fiscal conservatism. On their watch, the bond market has had perhaps its greatest rally ever, heralding a new era of low inflation and balancing budgets. Most important, under Clinton's stewardship the stock market has shot up 75 percent; it could go much higher by the end of his first term. Suddenly, oddly, it's never been easier to be a Democrat on Wall Street.

AND THIS IS FITTING. TO my mind, the Democrats could and should be the party of Wall Street—not the Wall Street of top hats and cigars on Community Chest cards but the new Wall Street, which should be an engine of economic growth for the whole society, from the working poor to the folks laid off by AT&T. The way I've always seen it, the Democrats were the party to go to when you wanted to acquire wealth; the Republicans were your friend when you already had it. Ronald Reagan muddied this message, with the result that when Democrats talked about redistribution of wealth, people saw nothing but welfare handouts.

But in the days of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson (before the war got out of hand), the Democrats stood for growth. They presided over an expanding pie, and lots of people got pieces. The economy is expanding in a different way today, and we've learned to be leery of direct redistribution of wealth by the government. But the notion that the government should encourage growth for the many is still a Democratic ideal.

Intuitively, that's the way it should be. The "Wall Street" the Republicans are attacking ceased to exist a decade ago with the explosion of mutual funds. Stock gains used to be for the few. A bull market just made the rich richer. Now 51 million citizens (in 1992 numbers—it's well more today) reap the benefits. Did anyone you know get a raise last year that exceeded the 37.5 percent the Standard & Poor's Index funds delivered? Has anyone's income this decade kept pace with the return Fidelity's Magellan Fund has given millions of Americans? We've moved from J. P. Morgan to the Beardstown Ladies.

I see no inconsistency between my Democratic beliefs and my faith in the capitalist system. I simply want more people to participate. Just as credit becomes available to the masses through MasterCard and Visa, I want these savings pools to be accessible to as many people as possible. (Just as with credit cards, there is risk; the markets are no sure bet, but every study shows that over the long term, stocks always win. You've just got to be able to afford to buy them.)

By bashing Wall Street, the Republicans would hinder the one instrument that, in an age of shrinking paychecks, could turn the have-nots into haves. The Democrats know this but dare not speak out, because many of them, too, are locked into the Buchananite view of what Wall Street was, not what it's become—*the* great engine for savings growth in the United States. Politicians should be careful when they attack NAFTA and the Mexican-aid package—it was the savings of the American middle class that would have been wiped out if those emerging markets collapsed. They'd do well to think twice about punishing those who reward the corporations that do these restructurings—it likely is the voters' own mutual-fund managers who are cheering. The mutual funds are calling the shots in today's economy, and the mutual-fund shareholders are none other than a growing cross-section of ourselves. When politicians figure this out, they will stop attacking a mythical Wall Street image and instead come to its aid, by empowering more people to take part in the savings boom.

I take the attack on Wall Street personally. Let's look at the most archetypal example. Dole, Buchanan, *Newsweek*, and the *Wall Street Journal* have all recently denounced the Street for cheering Robert Allen's enormous job cuts at AT&T. I was one of those guys "cheering," frantically buying stock on the news of the restructuring. But my "applause" should never be confused with disregard for the 40,000 people Allen axed.

I bought the stock because Robert Allen sought to make AT&T more competitive in a world where telecommunications is now unregulated. He may allow himself to be paid too much, but he's no "corporate killer," in *Newsweek*'s cover-story phrase. He's simply trying to prevent AT&T from becoming the next Western Union. He sees what happens when tech companies don't do radical restructurings to stay competitive. If he doesn't cut back and streamline (and perhaps even if he does), he will go the way of Sperry, Burroughs, Univac, Zenith, Control Data, and Honeywell, all once-powerful tech companies that couldn't remain competitive and either abandoned tech or merged and shrank to unimportance. Those companies are not exactly creating jobs right now. I know the markets he wants to compete in. He's going up against far leaner and younger companies, and he's getting his head handed to him. This former technological marvel now pioneers nothing. The Internet? AT&T missed it. The modem? Invented there but dominated now by Motorola and US Robotics. Cellular? Fought it all the way before buying McCaw late, at the top of the cellular market, in 1993. Computer networking? A natural to dominate, AT&T proved too cumbersome and ceded it to others. The list goes on and

DEMOCRATS WERE THE PARTY TO GO TO WHEN YOU WANTED TO ACQU

on. On the day of the layoff news, I bought AT&T up four points because Allen at last recognized that AT&T was too big and fat to be nimble. My hope is that if each division had to stand on its own, AT&T would be revered as an aggressive tech company instead of some sleepy Basking Ridge giant. I know Allen seems like a ruthless scourge, but we on Wall Street view him as a savior for a company that otherwise might be doomed by the year 2000.

The Republicans aren't wrong, however, in paying attention to the anxiety that grips the American work force. Job income isn't advancing the way it used to, and job security has become a joke. The Buchananite solutions, however, don't address any of the root causes of why personal income stopped growing about a decade ago; they would most likely hurt the victims of the new economy even more. Take protectionism. It's a laughable alternative that would do more to cripple the economy than to save it. Yes, low-tech jobs have gotten exported overseas. But in the past decade, most of America's large corporations have made major inroads in selling merchandise into foreign markets. In fact, the number of American companies that need the overseas open is far greater than the populists realize. Our consumer market, while the largest in the world, can no longer support most of the companies that are based here. The companies that dominate the new economy, the non-metal-bending companies like Merck, Intel, and Hewlett-Packard, can't survive if they are cut off from foreign markets. They are free traders by necessity. And the high-tech companies that are growing like wildfire, the Cabletrons and Motorolas and BayNets—where real jobs are created every day—don't know the difference between selling here and selling abroad. Japan and Germany pretty much determine how well these companies are doing.

ALTH; REPUBLICANS WERE YOUR FRIENDS WHEN YOU ALREADY HAD IT.

The changes in the tax laws that many Republicans propose are equally absurd. The only real beneficiaries of a flat tax with no tax on capital gains would be the "enemy," those of us who work on Wall Street. All I do is turn people's ordinary income from their salaries and savings into capital gains in the stock market. Anybody who thinks it's equitable to pay a lower tax or no tax on what I make for my clients is just plain nutty. Common sense dictates that the money I make for people, which requires no work whatsoever for my partners, all of whom are incredibly rich anyway, should be taxed at the highest possible amount—not the lowest. Yet Republicans blithely pretend that these tax changes would benefit the disenfranchised workers. It's a big, cynical lie.

SO WHAT IS THE PROBLEM? Why is this attack on Wall Street playing so successfully? Who is at fault and what can we do about it? The problem has its roots in decisions made by the Federal Reserve under Jimmy Carter and continued under Reagan and Bush and now, miraculously, under Bill Clinton. In the late seventies, Paul Volcker's Fed, acknowledging how inflation was systematically unraveling the American economy, set a course for permanently reducing inflation in order to pump up the average American's purchasing power. Instead of being a nation of reckless spenders forever paying higher and higher prices for goods and ending up with nest eggs rotted by inflation, we would become a nation of savers and investors. Our national goal would be to slow or stop economic growth the moment industry tried to put through price increases. We would break the back of the inflation spirals at the producer and the consumer levels by raising interest rates aggressively the moment the economy looked like it was expanding too fast.

Unbelievably, in an era when everyone has lost faith in the federal government to do anything right, the Federal Reserve has succeeded beyond Volcker's imaginings. From unchecked, Argentine-style inflation in the seventies, we've moved to one of the lowest inflation rates in the world. Producer- and consumer-price-index increases now routinely come in at the low single digits. Most industries in this country haven't been able to put through a price increase on their products in years. Prices to the consumer of many products are below what they were a decade ago. Housing prices have plummeted. Retail prices for apparel and food are actually

Illustration by Brian Cronin.

down. Even health-care pricing, the lone inflated good of the eighties, is now showing signs of being tamed. Simultaneously with the increase of our purchasing power has come a remarkable bull market in savings, one so powerful that we are turning, rapidly, into a nation of savers. By the end of the decade, I expect our savings rate to equal if not exceed that of the Japanese—an unheard-of proposition even a few years ago. We are seeing signs of this savings boom daily, in the miraculous rise in the Dow Jones average and the decline in bond-market yields to levels unseen in 30 years, as savers routinely bid up 30-year bonds for retirement and investment purposes.

WE DON'T NEED BETTER AUTOWORKERS OR MCDONALD'S BURGER PEOP

But this stabilization of wages and prices has come at a terrible price, one unrecognized by either party. By eliminating the ability to raise prices, we have also restrained the ability of companies to hire and give raises to their employees. Without price increases, companies can return profits to shareholders in one of two ways: increase unit sales or modernize and cut costs—i.e., employees. If you work at P&G, for example, in a cutthroat world where you are battling Unilever and Colgate every day, you can survive only by installing technology that cuts out middle management, computerizes what expensive human help does, and allows you to make a better return without having to sell that many more units. That's what all of these restructurings are about. They are ways to get more profitable without putting through increases that won't stick or will be rolled back by Fed intervention in the economy. Again, take the case of AT&T. If it wants to increase profits, it can't raise prices. MCI, Sprint, and now all of the regional Bell companies will just undercut it and hurt its franchise. So AT&T has to find a way to generate more profits with the same revenues. Hence the firings, and the Wall Street huzzahs.

What different tack can we take? We can't roll back the technology that allows us to replace expensive labor with cheap machines. We can go the route of Europe, which is to guarantee job security and look benignly on price and wage increases. But then our companies will just export jobs to more hospitable climes, the way Mercedes and BMW are doing—by building their new factories here, the cheapest place on earth to build advanced industrial goods. It seems silly to get rid of the advantage that is allowing our economy to grow at all, especially if it will lead to higher inflation and higher unemployment, as it has in many European countries in the past decade.

Or we can address the issue of the disenfranchised themselves. The laid-off workers won't benefit from protectionism, from flat taxes, or from wage increases at jobs they don't have. What they would benefit from is three simple proposals, all directed at them: One, when companies lay people off, they should be encouraged to give them stock options set at the price of the stock the day before the layoffs are announced. Let the workers participate in the winnings associated with their departure. This is a simple process—corporate managers have ample experience in bestowing stock incentives upon themselves. Now they would just have to extend these programs to those who got the shaft through no fault of their own. Rather than give eighteen months of severance pay, as IBM did, companies could give less up front but throw in the options. Companies would have to suffer some dilution of earnings, but if the restructuring is "cheered"—if the company's stock goes up in the aftermath—no one other than the people left jobless will know the difference.

Second, take retraining seriously. Here's a boring issue that sounds like liberal-weenie ineffectualism and that everyone has forgotten about. But if we simply set up schools and GI Bill–like vouchers to teach people how to use, hook up, and program computers, we could solve much of the job-loss crisis in a relatively short time, with results that would quickly recoup the costs. Forget about trying to get more people to be hired in textile shops or steel mills. We don't need better auto workers or McDonald's burger people. We have a tremendous imbalance in our country right now, with literally millions of job opportunities in tech and no possible way to fill them. You could virtually guarantee a job to anybody in this country who knows what to do with a computer modem or router. Yet we have no organized method to teach people these skills. At a minimum, we should insist that the government set up schools to teach people how to use computer operating programs or upgrade PCs or use networking and Internet hardware and software.

Finally, change the tax code, but let it benefit the real aggrieved workers—the ones making less than $13,000 and wondering why they bother staying off welfare. If we increased the tax bracket of those who (like me) make $1 million a year from 39.6 percent to 41 percent, we could simply cease withholding on the first $13,000 of every worker's paycheck. Instead of being a slave to Uncle Sam for the first few months of every year (even if many working people get it back later in the form of an earned-income tax credit), you could take home the money and take part in the switch into savings that the Federal Reserve now encourages, and that the government can encourage even more with IRA-like programs. For that matter, which would you rather do, have stocks in a 401k plan or let the Social Security Administration put your money in government bonds? And it wouldn't make a dent in the U.S. Treasury, because the money taken in by the tax increase on the rich would cancel out the money the lower-income people would no longer pay. For once, the people hurt most by these profound economic changes could start to benefit from them.

These suggestions for re-enfranchising our economic discards are less expensive and more concrete than any other plans I've seen in the political ether this year. Maybe they're just the musings of a guy feeling guilty for profiting from the misfortune of thousands of employees laid off at publicly traded companies. Maybe they're a nineties version of limousine liberalism. But maybe, too, they're just the ideas of a guy who will never forget that he once lived in his car. ■

James Cramer is a money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. He can be reached by e-mail at jjcramerco@aol.com.

Illustration by Brian Cronin.

Sherry-Lehmann's Rave Reviews

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1991 Zagat Survey
Best Wine Shop

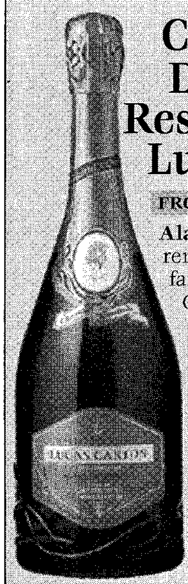
"If Bacchus owned a wine store, this would be it"; the many admirers of this East Side carriage trade shop are uniformly enthusiastic about the quality and selection here, noting that the shop has all the best French and California producers, plus a solid list of top wines from Italy, Spain, Germany and Australia, in addition to vintage port, old Madeira and kosher wines: the staff is "patient, knowledgeable and very accommodating."

New York Magazine's The Best of New York
Sherry-Lehmann: A Perfect Wine Store

Too many wine stores get over on attitude, which is bad. But if there's one place that could do so legitimately, it would be Sherry-Lehmann. And happily, it doesn't. To the staff at this Upper East Side fixture, there's no such thing as a stupid question; the place is charmingly - for the neighborhood - egalitarian. It's the place to come whether one is in pursuit of a special-occasion bottle or a $12 Chianti to bring to a dinner party.

1996 Zagat Survey
New York City's #1 Wine Store

"One of the finest wine shops in the world," and top-rated for quality in NYC, this "classy" establishment has been run by the Aaron family since shortly after Prohibition, providing "exquisite old-world service" to a clientele who claim, "if you know more than they do, you own a vineyard in France"; known for "extraordinary variety," only a portion of its vast inventory is on display, so seekers page through the big book on the counter or use its lavish seasonal catalogs.



Champagne Demoiselle Reserve Special Lucas Carton

FROM ALAIN SENDERENS

Alain Senderens, the renowned chef of Paris' famed restaurant Lucas Carton, explains how this delicious Champagne came to be: "In 1993, when I met my good friend Paul-Francois Vranken, I asked him to create a special cuvée of Champagne that I would be proud to serve to the guests of Lucas Carton. After a great amount of research the magical M. Vranken created **Champagne Demoiselle Reserve Special Lucas Carton** for my restaurant.

THE TASTE It is a very dry Champagne that imparts a buttery flavor on the palate and it was created to be consumed with the cuisine of my beloved restaurant.

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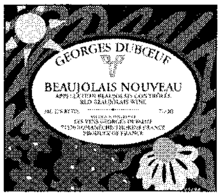

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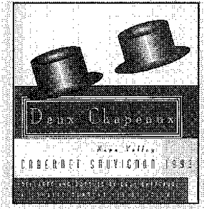
$5.99 Bottle **$69.95** Case

Two Delicious Deux Chapeaux from Daniel Johnnes & Larry Stone

"Two Sommeliers Decide to Make What They Pour:
- Wine Spectator



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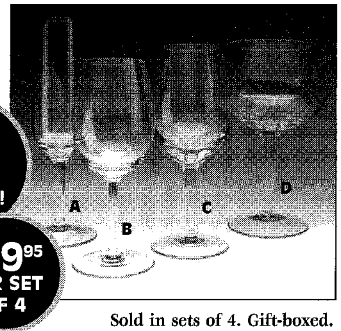

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Lou Reed

The *New York* Interview

While kung fu–fighting and giving up cigarettes, the old rock-and-roll animal finds love, (some) respect, and civic virtue in the city that helped make him cool. A brief chat with the man-about-town and godfather of punk.

By Chris Norris

"LOU-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O," RUMBLES THE WELL-CHILLED AUDIENCE. For a second, even David Letterman seems rattled. The unsettling chant-tribute, a response to the announcement that "a true rock-and-roll legend" is here tonight, echoes through the Ed Sullivan Theater. Its recipient, however, sits cool as ever in the greenroom, sipping chamomile tea and wearing black leather pants.

"I used to think they were booing," says Lou Reed, author of such rock *romans à clef* as *Street Hassle, Transformer, Rock-'n'Roll Animal,* and, of course, "Walk on the Wild Side." In shaggy, collar-length brown hair and taut, leathery skin, the 54-year-old legend sits across the carpet from the Artist Formerly Known As Larry "Bud" Melman. Paul Shaffer leads the band in a rousing Nine Inch Nails cover while Reed waits to perform a song from his excellent new record *Set the Twilight Reeling,* his first since 1992's harrowing account of two close friends' deaths, *Magic and Loss.*

Indeed, the man Letterman calls "nothing but cool" has pretty much earned the panegyric. As guitarist, vocalist, and songwriter for the Velvet Underground in the sixties, he brought Dylanesque lyricism to punk noise and darkness, and spawned about 95 percent of the bands currently passing for "alternative rock." Afterward, he began one of rock's most compelling solo careers. Chronicling life as a junkie, speed freak, and polysexual being (and that's just "Walk on the Wild Side"), Reed wrote with a conversational honesty matched in rock only by John Lennon's.

It's this straightforward, often uproarious directness—more than the seamy glamour of his reportage—that makes the aging Reed such an enduring presence, that makes the guys waiting for him on the corner of 53rd and Broadway tell him he's "the Man." "We read," says a character in *Shadowlands,* "to know that we are not alone." We listen to Lou Reed for the same reason. He is, as the chant suggests, the Bruce Springsteen of hipsters.

Lou-o-o-o-o-o-o.

New York: *You're probably rock's most famous chronicler of New York City life. How have your feelings about the city changed in these days of cleaner subways, "quality-of-life issues," and the impending Disneyfication of Times Square?*

Lou Reed: I personally think there *should* be a section of the city that's like Times Square. In one sense, it's terrible to lose that. On the other hand, some of my musicians live in that area, and they said it was so dangerous and so bad and now suddenly it's not. And in the subways, you can look out the windows and see what station you're getting to, and that's nice. What I really wish they'd fix, though, is when that guy's talking over the loudspeaker, in the train and in the station? No one has *ever* understood what he says. No one even tries to. It's accepted as just another degradation that you go through in New York, like cabdrivers who don't speak English.

What's the worst cab ride you ever had?

I was going down Seventh Avenue once and told the driver, "Hey, let's cut over to Eighth Avenue," and he said, "Where's that?" Actually, another one was worse. We got hit head-on by a limousine. I was lying out on the ground and a drunk came over and said, "I saw—I saw . . . I saw the whole thing. Gimme 10 percent, I'm there."

Talk about a street hassle.

Well, there was an even worse one in California. We hit a van that was stopped in the freeway fast lane. When the cops showed up, they were saying, "Didn't think any of yuh'd live through this." The guy who was driving—his rib's sticking out of his shirt. A friend of mine is on the ground bleeding. And when they came over to me, the cop put the flashlight on me and said, "Hey [*snaps fingers, points*], aren't you . . . doot-de-doot . . .?"

What'd you say?

I didn't say shit. At that point, I actually didn't know.

The Velvet Underground has been inducted into the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame, has a new boxed set out, and is enjoying lavish retroactive praise from the critics. The media seem to have really come around on your work.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS
FOR *NEW YORK*

Since when? Since when? Nah . . . they'll never make it up to me [*laughs*]. But really, I didn't see the press lavishing any praise—what I read was just people saying this was a group that had been influential, blah, blah, blah, and they're getting this award. You never see individual writers saying, "I love their records. They couldn't give them enough awards. This is so long overdue, they should impeach the chairman."

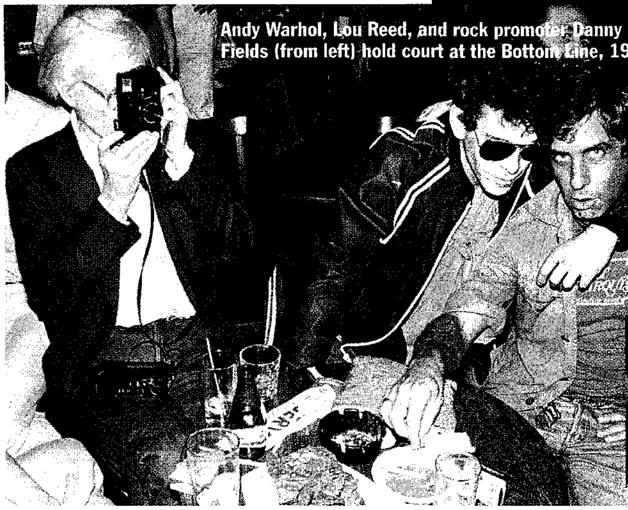
Well, compared to the early days.

Well, in the early days they hated us. Critical people. That or nobody knew who we were. People thought Andy [Warhol] was the lead guitarist.

Your new record addresses the right in typically direct terms with the tune "Sex With Your Parents (Motherfucker) Part II." What are your thoughts now that Buchanan is winning primaries?

I keep thinking of Yeats, who said the best lack all conviction while the worst are filled with passionate intensity. I can't understand why the other side, namely us, is not so outraged that we come together, instead of campaigning only to keep, like, the trees from getting cut down, or only to keep animals safe.

In the early days people hated us. That or nobody knew who we were. People thought Andy [Warhol] was the lead guitarist.



Andy Warhol, Lou Reed, and rock promoter Danny Fields (from left) hold court at the Bottom Line, 1978.

How come you refused to let your songs be used in the film I Shot Andy Warhol*?*

Let me put it into perspective. What would you think of a movie called *I Shot John Lennon*? "Keanu Reeves *is* Mark Chapman . . . The problems. The stress. What drove him to it?" People would picket! I mean, you see the resentment against Warhol, how it still exists. They can do whatever they want and I wish them well; I'd just rather not be a part of it.

You spent two and a half years on this record, and most of it was on the recording process. Have you become a perfectionist, like Woody Allen, who never sees his films because of all the compromises and mistakes?

Every now and then, something will catch me off guard on the radio and I'll like it. But it's usually excruciating. I mean as far as the Velvet Underground records go, God bless them, they're great records. But we sounded way, way better than that. All my life I've been trying to have that kind of power of a song like "Sister Ray" and have you be able to understand the words. This new record is the first one where I'm truly happy with the sound.

You've said you'd like people to listen to your records whole, from beginning to end. Why is that?

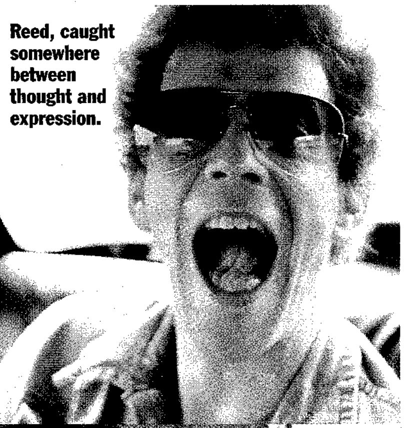
I liked how, when you listened to an album on vinyl, it stopped halfway through. I don't know anyone who'd say "Whoo! Boy!" and run across the room and flip it over. You went and had a cigarette, had a beer, joined the army, and then came back and played the second half. When they went to CDs, the intermission vanished. I'm just saying, if that's the case, why not treat the album as a whole, a connected work, with an organic build?

Especially since the literary component of your work suggests your songs are chapters in life that connect, the way the new album's song "NYC Man" seems to be, in mood and subject matter, a sequel to "Walk on the Wild Side."

That's really interesting. I hadn't thought of that, but it makes sense. The song sounds and feels so New York. The horns are like traffic horns. And the attitude, that way of being—just like, look, it's okay. It's all right. You go your way, I'll go mine. I'm a New York City man. It's funny because in Spain, a guy told me that the posture that man is taking there is actually a very feminine position and they have a word for it.

You said that after Magic and Loss, *with its searching, moving songs you wrote after losing friends to terminal illness, you just wanted to rock.*

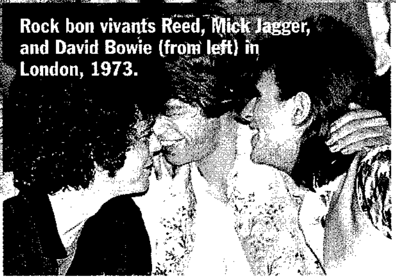
Well, *Magic and Loss* was about a special situation that I think all of us are faced with. And there was no [rock] music to deal with that particular subject matter. You had to go listen to Bach. I can't imagine ever doing a record like *Magic and Loss* again. Still, I like to think that these records are something that you can relate to because it's a real person talking to you.



Reed, caught somewhere between thought and expression.

Your last film appearance was in the tobacco rhapsody Blue in the Face. *Do you still smoke?*

I haven't had a cigarette in eleven months. I went through months and months of "Oh . . . blow the smoke towards me" and then even read in the "Science Times" that some people get so depressed from not smoking that they're better off smoking! I don't know how I managed, but now I find I never want one.



Rock bon vivants Reed, Mick Jagger, and David Bowie (from left) in London, 1973.

How'd you meet your current flame, Laurie Anderson?

We were both part of a benefit in Germany. I asked her if she would do me the honor of sitting in on my set. I was going to do a theatrical song called "The Dream" from *Songs for Drella.* So she read the part. And got it. [*Laughs.*] I was dumbstruck and in awe and I continue to be.

So have you—

I think I'm the most fortunate person on earth to have met somebody like Laurie Anderson.

Great. How—

The most vibrant, wonderful, beautiful, astounding woman any human being could possibly be fortunate enough to meet in their lifetime. With 400 billion new galaxies from Hubble, how did I get this lucky?

It looks like you're doing martial arts in the video for the new single "HookyWooky." Are you?

I am. I've studied it for years. A guy named Larry Tan taught me this thing, it's like chow mein kung fu. He calls it triharmony. It's for unity of mind, body, and spirit. But you also should be able to kill somebody in close quarters in a New York phone booth. ■

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Mick Rock (2); Bob Gruen/Starfile.

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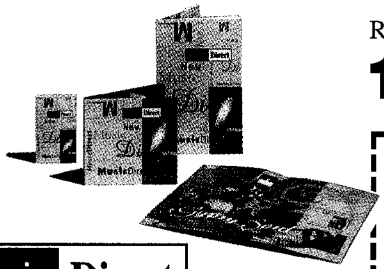

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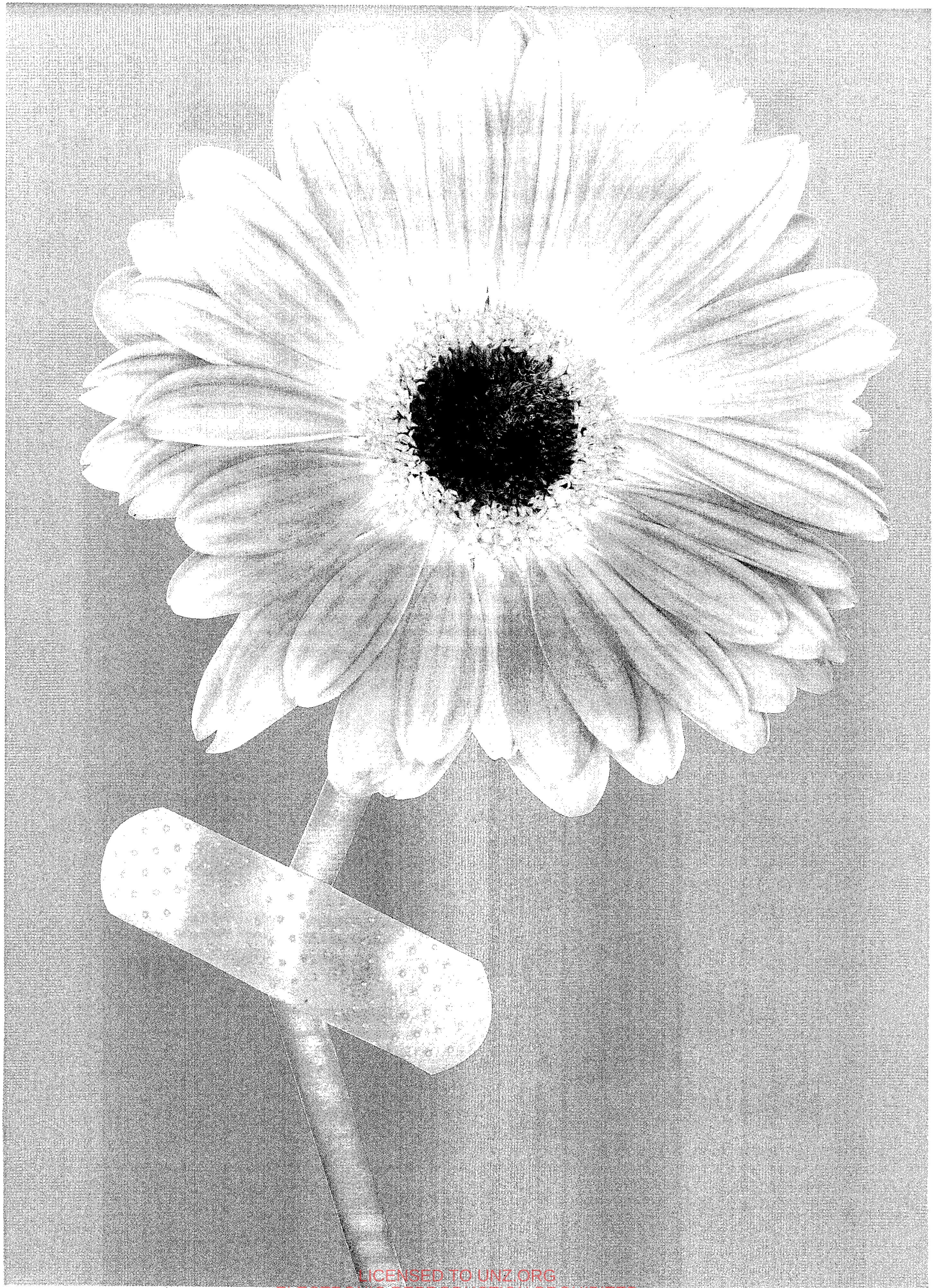


Transplanted to the Coliseum, things are finally looking rosier for the quirky, quaint New York Flower Show. Where else could Mrs. John Hay Whitney politely one-up the other ladies of the club?

Midtown in the Garden of Good and Evil

By Carol Prisant

IT'S A JUNGLE RIGHT NOW AT THE NEW YORK COLISEUM, WHERE 1996'S FLOWER SHOW IS SPRINGING TO LIFE THIS WEEK. IGnoring the pitiful wails of the Garden Club of America ladies, the powers that be have, again, recklessly pitted them against hardened practitioners of the mannered Japanese floral technique *ikebana*. From March 8 through March 17, it's Mount Vernon taking on Mount Fuji, watercress sandwiches versus sushi. It's no wonder, then, that a month before this year's opening, Flower Show organizers were still casting about town for more entrants. After all, these are tense weeks of choosing the perfect container—one that's not (horrors!) made of glass or silver or too tall for that 12-by-12-by-18-inch medium-gray niche. It's a time of angst-freighted fiddling with petulant peonies and fractious tulips. A time for would-be champs to compulsively spray and respray that small, insidious worm of self-doubt that precedes every carefully artless bouquet. Which is why, each year without fail, some competitors crack under the strain and go AWOL, leaving an embarrassing bare spot in the lineup of contestants. That's when the volunteers—good, efficient Garden Club sorts—frantically scavenge odds and ends from garbage cans and deftly arrange them to fill that distressing hole. (Nature, after all, deplores a vacuum.) With dismaying frequency, the ad hoc team wins first prize.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH WILLARDT
FOR *NEW YORK*

Clockwise from left: Benefit committee member Kitty McKnight; Suz[illegible] Smith, chairman for [illegible] year's gala benefit; tiptoeing through the tulips at the 1993 gala; Christina Pfuefer's 1995 country-French-garden table exhibit; 1995's award-winning "For Weddings and a Funeral" display by Florals of Waterford.

The Flower Show itself, though, barely gets an honorable mention. After all, what really grows in New York besides piles of trash and taxi fares? That's why Manhattanites run for the country every weekend, and that's why the venerable, high-Wasp Horticultural Society of New York attempts to ravish us by fertilizing, pinching, and highly cultivating a few bleak days for the Flower Show—its annual overwrought fund-raiser showcasing the cream of the tri-state crop. But what does the Hort reap for its pains? Thistles and unions, blizzards and mass defections; a huge public yawn and a fat financial can of worms.

Granted, the HSNY Flower Show will never be England's Chelsea, fairest flower of the British Hort; our climate just fluctuates too wildly. Still, with gardening (or, at least, lawn-mowing) statistically the most popular outdoor leisure activity in the U.S., and Smith & Hawken's new 2,500-foot emporium at the foot of West Broadway, it would all seem to suggest that there's a yen in these parts for this kind of spectacle. An indoor exhibition of such star attractions as life-size thatched cottages, or moss-covered chairs sprouting teensy ferns, or even, à la Rose Bowl parades, national flags patched together out of carnations should draw at least tens of tens of gardening enthusiasts, if not the full quarter-million who throng the Philadelphia Flower Show. How can it be that our own displays of over-topiaried drawing rooms, "venerable plant" and "forced bulb" rivalries, and urban-garden simulations aren't as popular as those in that smallish (more cultivated?) city to our south? The poor old Hort's had a pretty tough time of it, what with the ruinous March blizzard in 1993 hurting admissions and ultimately costing the Hort $250,000, a debt forcing it to cancel 1994's show. Last year, the HSNY joined with George Little Management to produce the show professionally. Yet only 40,000 flora fanciers made the schlep to the two dreary piers in the West Fifties, and most showed up on the final day, when for safety's sake crowds were limited to a mere 2,000 persons per pier; courtesy-bus arrivals checked out the lines and shuttled home. Such glitches have kept the show a loser. But this year, it has a longer run, a more central, familiar venue, and nervous exhibitors—who can spend $50,000 and up on their lavish displays—have been promised an easy setup, no trouble with unions (whose members are intractable about letting such genteel types plug in their own lights), plenty of room, and, most crucially, a big attendance. Because if it doesn't bloom and grow this year, the Flower Show will certainly wither and die.

The Horticultural Society of New York, founded in 1900 by Phippses, Coes, and their fellow horticulture buffs—all of whom had head gardeners and grand estates—occupies dusty offices at 128 West 58th Street. The Society's mission was to educate New Yorkers about the care and cultivation of plants and, not coincidentally, to allow the founders' gardeners to compete against one another with the biggest, best, and rarest from their greenhouses. Firmly ensconced on its board today are the descendants, in temperament, of the Old Guard, who, with the exception of a few hands-on stalwarts, don't muck around much in "show business." (And many exhibitors resent that aloofness.) One flower-show committee member, for instance, found himself not being notified of meetings after offering several coolly received suggestions. And when it comes to disbursing its funds, the HSNY is faultlessly patrician, perhaps because its director, Barbara Reed Earnest, was formerly executive director of the Green Guerillas, a group of volunteers who assist with community gardens. Among its beneficiaries are the "green team," which, among other things, trains Rikers Island inmates to be farmers, and Apple Seed, its horticultural program for Board of Education District 5 in Harlem. It also maintains a 12,000-volume public library—although a few years ago, it de-accessioned its fine collection of rare books, which some thought was the best thing about the Hort, altogether. But the centerpiece of the HSNY year, from 1910 to 1970, has always been the Flower Show, held variously at Madison Square Garden, Grand Central Palace, Bryant Park, and, finally, at the New York Coliseum. In 1970, difficulties with high-priced unions, which basically don't know from hollyhocks (and, at the time, didn't mind keeping 25-foot flower-crammed trailers waiting in the cold for hours), shut the show down until 1985, when it reopened, with much fanfare, at the piers. The show was successful for a while but slowly acquired a mysterious, insidious wilt by the late eighties. There was heat—83 degrees one year—that killer snow the next, and even the chic, all-important fund-raising preview party developed attendance problems.

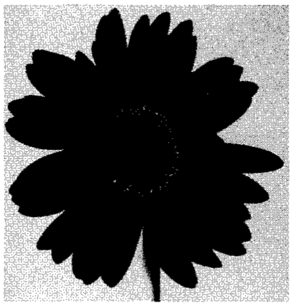
The beef with the piers has always been the overall gloom and remoteness. Exhibitors had strings of complaints: Access is difficult, and the low ceilings made life impossible for showy, towering trees. The Coliseum, besides having higher ceilings, has that sweet location, one that (with some geographical fudging) has provided the show with this year's theme: "Broadway in Bloom—A Salute to New York Theater." Every exhibit, from Anglophile Scully &

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Mary Hilliard (3); courtesy of Custom Event Marketing (2).

Scully table settings and $2,000 florist's displays to sprawling, not-so-secret gardens, will interpret some Broadway show. Ex–flower children can groove at the *Hair* setup. For Mozarteans, there's *A Little Night Music*, plus a floriated riff on *Grease's* "Beauty School Dropout." New Jersey nurseryman John Meeks has borrowed a 25-foot castle from the Paper Mill Playhouse and erected Camelot, incorporating a ten-foot waterfall, a cascade beneath a wooden bridge, and a water-lily pool—the tableau has cost him $50,000-plus. He hopes, of course, to dazzle the crowd and bring new business to his Blue Meadow Farms—one or two big landscaping jobs would justify those big bucks—but he does it for the ribbons and the glory, too. Last year, with a cutesy gardenful of mechanized insects, he took a First in Landscape and Garden Design. Competition, after all, is what it's all about.

THE JUDGING IN THIS PRETTILY CUT-throat world is done by an odd hybrid of horticulturists, county agents, and garden-club ladies. In the course of being discerning, they have to make tough choices: Are the flower-arranging entries wilting ever so slightly? Are they, God forbid, showing florist's tape? Is one leaf there touching a nearby wall? Judges want to see plants that are disease-free, well groomed, and filled with blossoms three quarters of the way open. Until about five years ago, the experts would employ completely divergent judging criteria. In a panel of three judges, say, if one judge used a rigid point system, the second would be totally subjective, and the third would actually have never judged before. Not least among the judges' collective problems was hashing out the wording of the excruciatingly polite, publicly posted comment cards, which would tell the losers just why they came in third. "A subtle and serene arrangement with interesting placement of lace handkerchief," for example, might be a typical mildly strained comment—good for a Second. A cheery "Vibrant and appealing, but does lack design" tells it straight (damned with faint praise; but nevertheless, a Third). "Fabulous, fantastic arrangement; unfortunately, the mechanics are visible" is a ghastly and complete disqualification.

It takes major guts, in the Landscape and Garden Design category, to go up against Mrs. John Hay Whitney's fabled Manhasset estate, Greentree. There, the Last of the Great Head Gardeners, Jim Stevenson, toils winter-long in dank humidity, forcing July's English Borders to bloom in March. Greentree's resplendent entries—one year, Stevenson actually grew a formal garden enclosed by a high brick wall—frequently win Best in Show, but last year, a brash newcomer, Jordan Saunders, spent $40,000 to dislodge Whitney's operation. And didn't. But Saunders's extravagance (combined, doubtless, with her paltry half-share of the third-prize ribbon) cost her a birthday gift from her—not surprisingly—apoplectic husband. Martha Stewart has been involved before but won't be this year. C. Z. Guest used to exhibit, with minions wearing her Templeton manor T-shirts, just as at the horse shows, but deemed it too much work. Her specialty was forced rose trees, but after four years, Guest modestly explains, "I'd won every prize there was to win, and it was time to move on." (Word has it that the book she enterprisingly decided to sell at her last show didn't do as well as as she'd anticipated.) In the old days, however, bucks and book sales were hardly the point. Mr. Jack, head gardener at the Flagler Matthews estate in Rye, did it all for love, and yearly constructed a full-size cottage amid thousands of tulips and daffodils. Kodak rolled convoys of trucks down from Rochester to install rivers of brilliant blooms in the name of promoting color photography. Today, few can afford to heat the hothouses, pay the Cornell-trained gardeners, and toss together the grand follies, for love *or* blue ribbons. Old Money has pretty much lost it, and New Money reads Gardener's Eden catalogues and likes lawns a lot. Worse, too many commercial nurseries and major gardens that used to do the show have decamped down the block, to the April outdoor exhibition in Rockefeller Center, where the main Plaza is much, much greener.



The little guy who lovingly tends his treasures under a light in his West Side apartment gets to go head-to-head with the African-violet mafia.

The Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show has everything: the actual outdoors, no unions, lunch and dinner for exhibitors, forklifts, thousands of dollars' worth of free sod for each display, and—should brochures run low—helpful staff to swing by with refills. Bankrupt? Of course. But terrific to show folks. Best of all, Rockefeller Center guarantees mind-boggling attendance—3 million visitors and *Today* show coverage. So even Wave Hill's Marco Polo Stufano, who was once, says one plantsman, "the best thing about the pier," is there, along with Old Westbury Gardens, the Brooklyn Botanic, and the New York Botanic. "The HSNY Flower Show," says one defecting nurseryman, "only attracts home gardeners and Garden Club types. At Rockefeller Center, with many more potential customers and a lot less hassle, your investment goes much farther." (Philadelphia, that other greener pasture, also treats its exhibitors royally, with the Pennsylvania Hort subsidizing them—which could explain why it's the largest indoor show in the world. It's a tad more tasteful than our show, too, perhaps because Philadelphia doesn't have Manhattan's legions of wedding-hungry florists vying to see who can arrange the longest branches in the largest urns, or suspend the most pomegranates in space.)

Still, some of the top people in New York will show this year at the pier, says Katie Meeks Bartholome (John Meeks's daughter), of Florals of Waterford. "Ronaldo Maia, L'Olivier, Paul Bott." And she's no slouch herself. Last year, in a ten-by-ten-foot space, she re-created a gorgeously over-the-top funeral parlor, all but suffocating in red and purple blossoms and incorporating a real coffin. Ribbons aren't given for florists' displays, but Manhattan loved it, and laughed, and called.

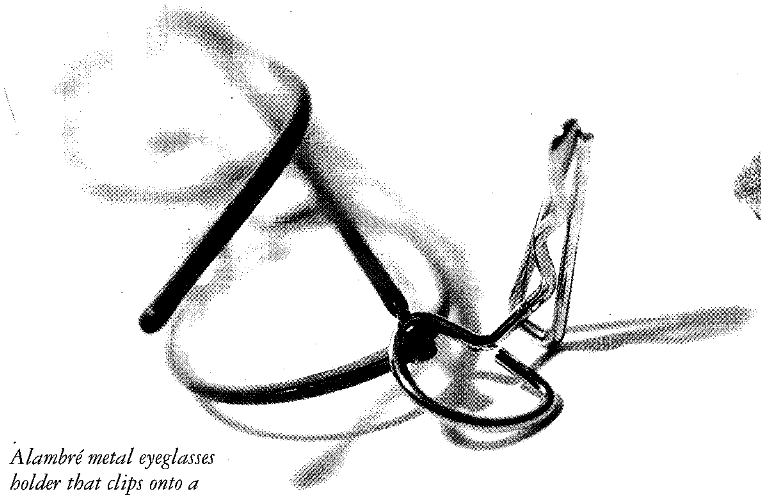
The little guy who lovingly tends his treasures under lights in his West Side apartment will again go head-to-head with the big guns in the Bromeliad Society, or the African-violet mafia. The show will continue to lure knowledgeable gardeners who'd gladly trade their English secateurs for the chance to swipe a seed. And though the filchable flora comes with round-the-clock security guards, the public will manage to surreptitiously pocket a cutting or two. Show chairman Zibby Tozer will repeat her comforting—if not entirely unexpected—mantra to anyone in earshot that this is "the best show we've ever had." And having installed the horticultural equivalent of the 800-pound gorilla, a seven-and-a-half-foot-tall staghorn fern, and having reassured herself that the miniature gardens are sufficiently adorable, the lectures not *too* soporific, and the plant vendors less venal than usual, she may be right. Countless couples will kiss by burbling fountains and waterfalls, and thousands of people will walk in, inhale deeply, and beam. But New York is a tough audience, and who knows? We might just prefer Paradise Lost to Paradise Regained. ■

Photograph by John Kuczala/Still Life Stock.

BEST BETS

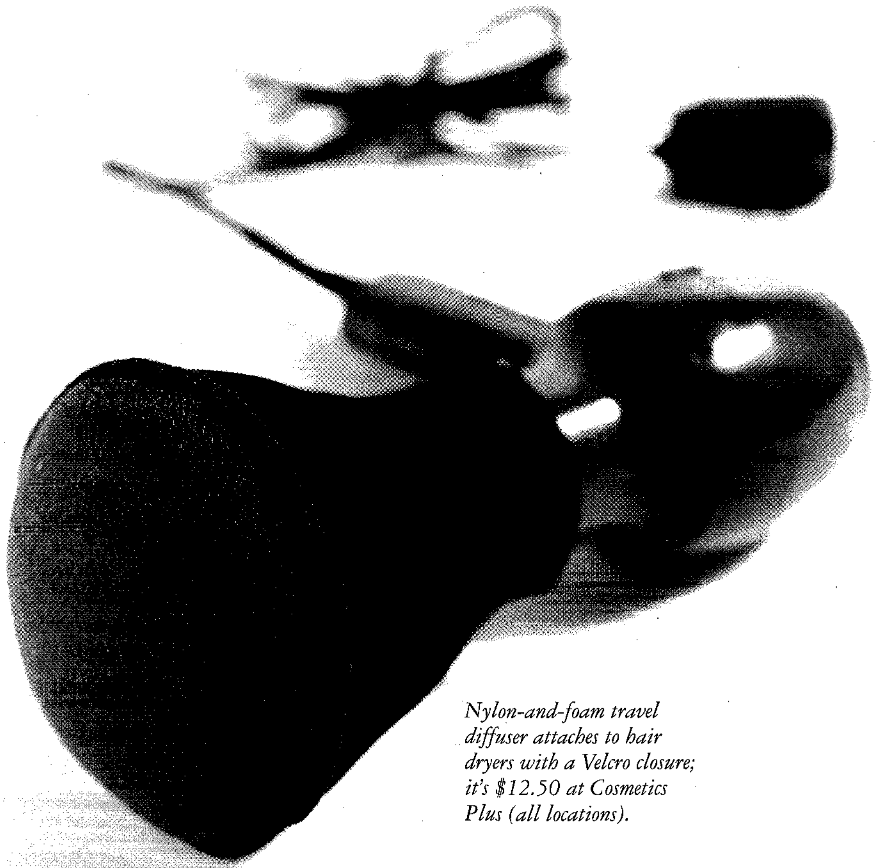
BY CORKY POLLAN

Novel thingamajigs and whatchamacallits, ingenious and inexpensive, for coping with life's little frustrations.

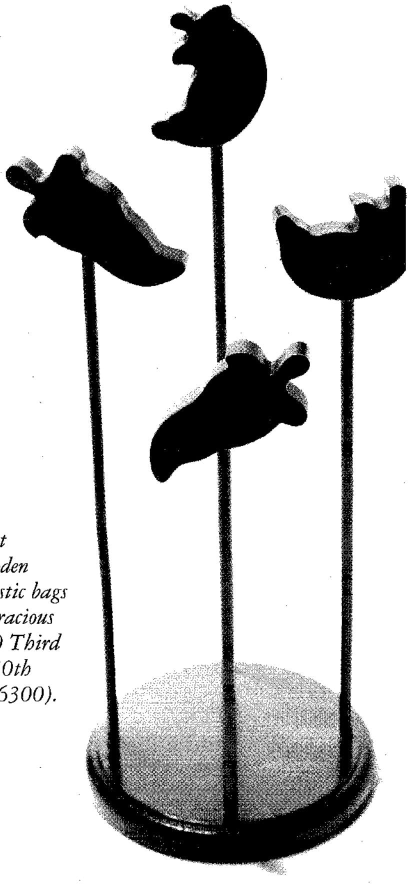


Alambré metal eyeglasses holder that clips onto a button or pocket is $10 on Bloomingdale's main floor and at P. Chanin (152 Eighth Avenue, near 17th Street; 924-5359).

Piddlers flushable toilet targets are aids to potty training; they're $8.99 for twelve at Bed Bath & Beyond (620 Sixth Avenue, at 18th Street; 255-3550).

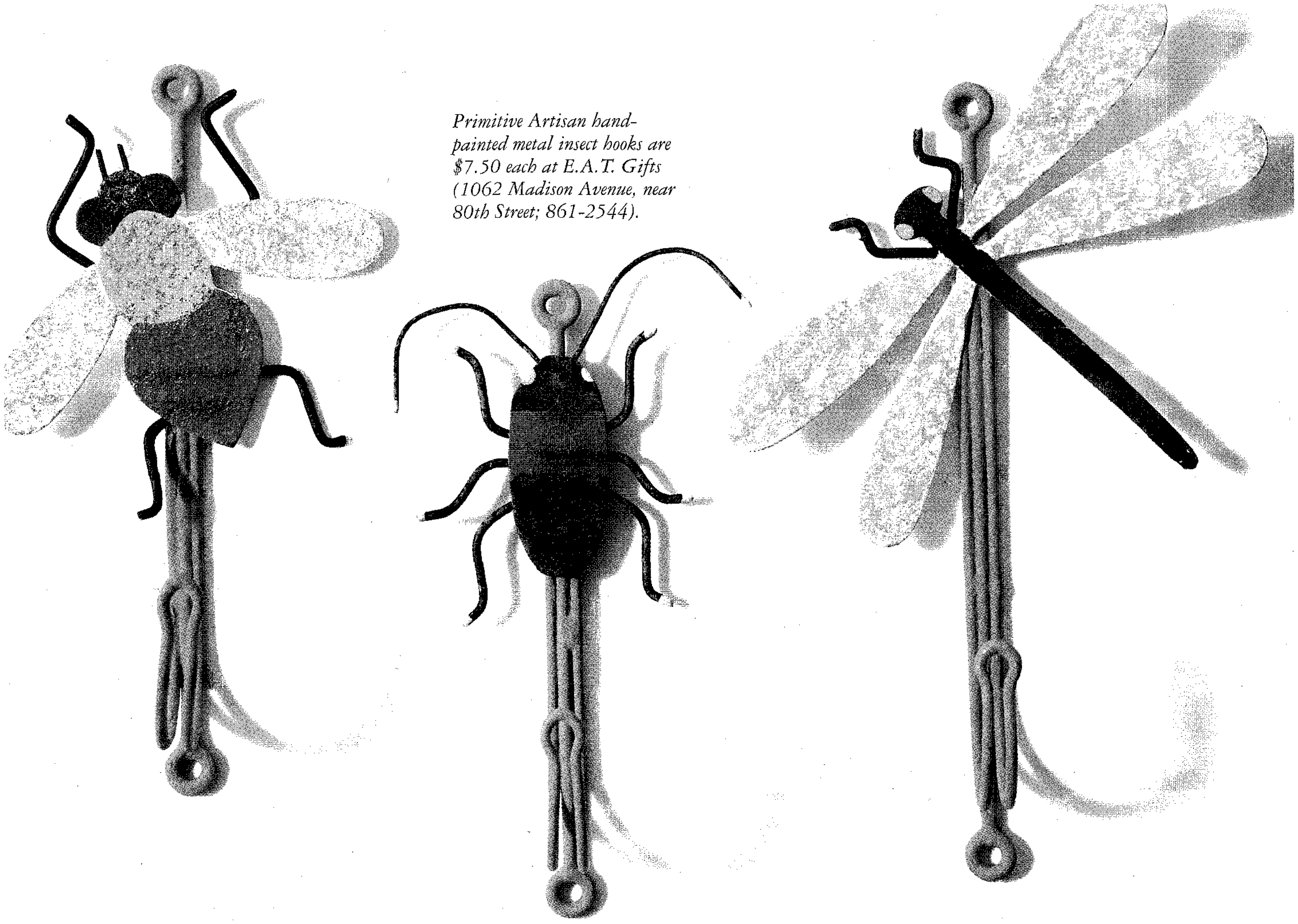


Nylon-and-foam travel diffuser attaches to hair dryers with a Velcro closure; it's $12.50 at Cosmetics Plus (all locations).



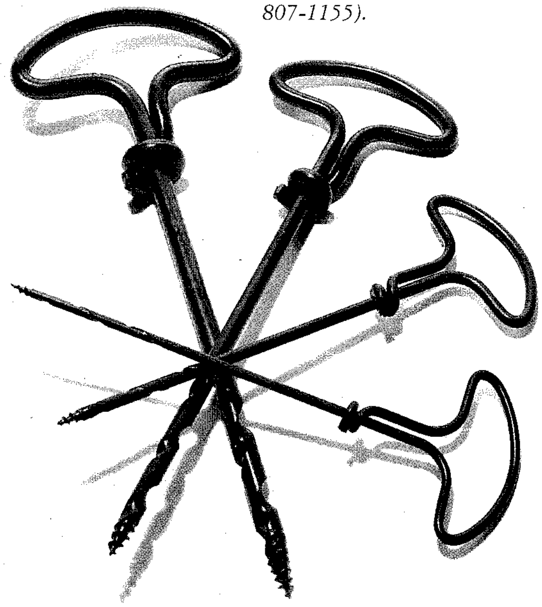
Meadowsweet Kitchens wooden dryer for plastic bags is $14 at Gracious Home (1220 Third Avenue, at 70th Street; 517-6300).

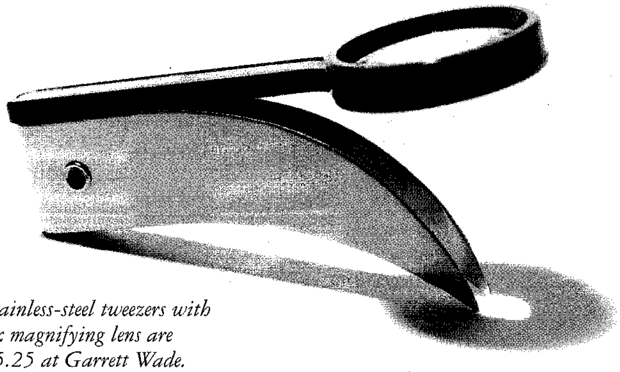
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN
FOR NEW YORK



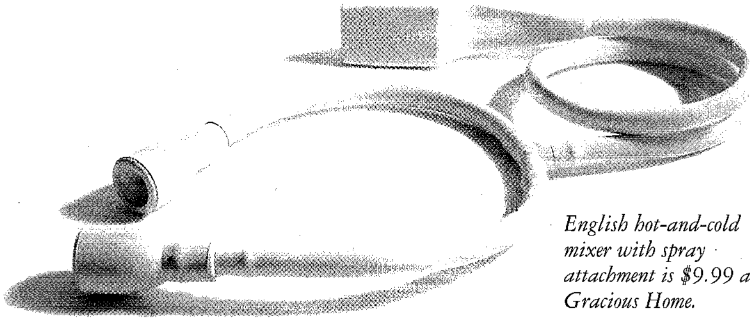
Primitive Artisan hand-painted metal insect hooks are $7.50 each at E.A.T. Gifts (1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street; 861-2544).

French steel-twist gimlet set for predrilling screw holes is $12.50 at Garrett Wade (161 Sixth Avenue; 807-1155).



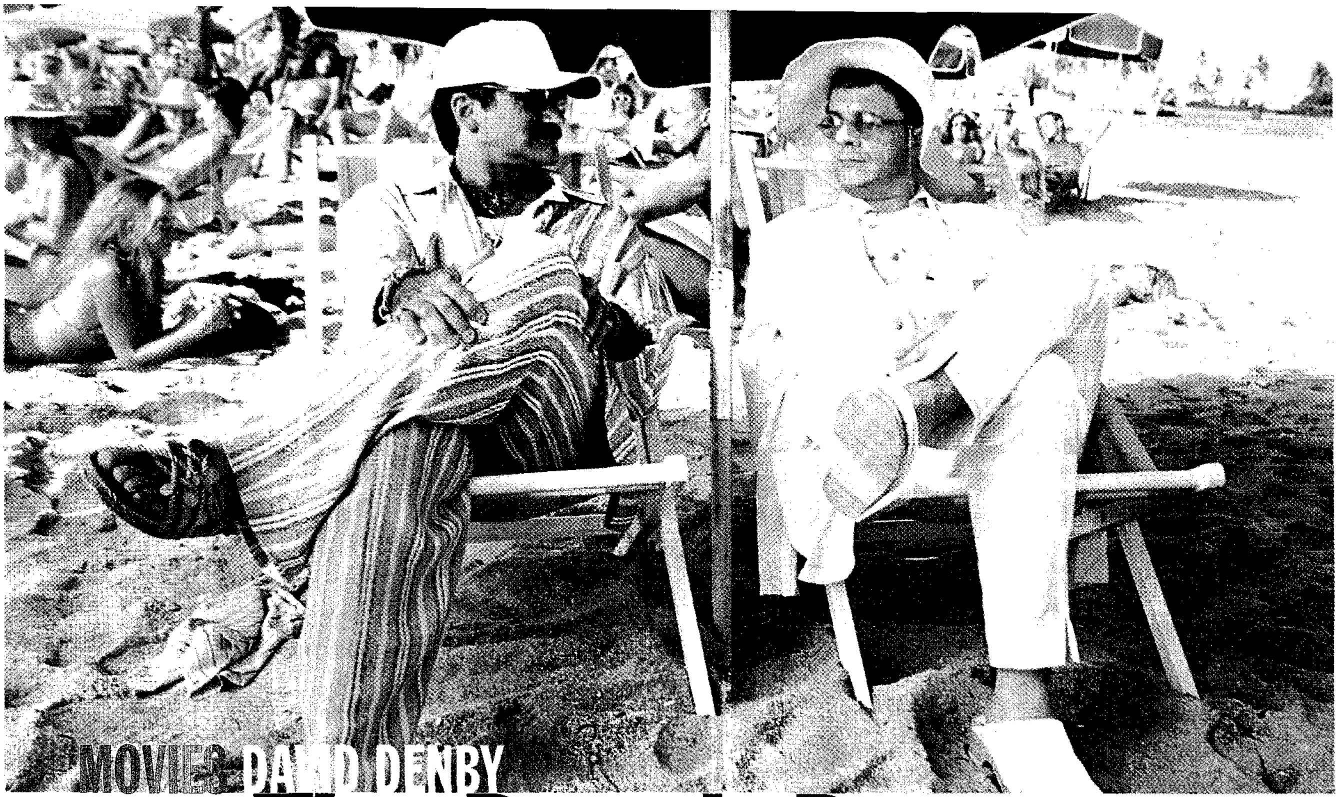


Stainless-steel tweezers with 6x magnifying lens are $5.25 at Garrett Wade.



English hot-and-cold mixer with spray attachment is $9.99 at Gracious Home.

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.



Robin Williams, left, and Nathan Lane as the perfectly happy married couple.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

The Beach Boys

With its melting-pot Miami exuberance and happy-to-be-gay message, 'The Birdcage' is a sweet (and nicely timed) antidote to all things Buchanan.

WE NOW HAVE A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE who is running against Charles Darwin. (And about time, too. Someone has got to do something about evolution.) The same candidate is also running against women, blacks, "knights and barons" (*Barron's*?), Jews, "bureaucrats in sandals and beads," the Five Tigers, the G-7, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, *The Village Voice* and the *Wall Street Journal* (bed partners who go bump in the night), and, last but not least, homosexuals. Oh, yes, and Bob Dole. Despite the opinions of Patrick J. Buchanan, however, some social revolutions will not be put into reverse. And one of those is gay liberation. In defiance of Buchananism, a new proud-to-be-me film about homosexuals has just been produced by mainstream Hollywood, and unless I'm crazy, it's going to be a considerable hit.

It was a brilliant move on the part of Mike Nichols and Elaine May to set **The Birdcage,** their remake of *La Cage aux Folles,* in Miami's South Beach. With its Deco portholes and improbable seashell colors, South Beach is already a movie set. At the beginning of *The Birdcage,* the camera glides across the ocean toward the gleaming hotels and restaurants; it passes without stopping through near-naked bodies cruising on Blades, and moves right into the Birdcage club, where six men in heels and sequins are performing onstage. Mi-yammi! The extraordinary city, with its Judeo-Cubano population, its mix of surgical-appliance and sex-fetishist obsessions, takes the American melting pot past the boil. It represents pretty much everything that Patrick J. hates.

Above the club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together, in one form or another, through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Jean Poiret's farce, first produced in France in the seventies, may be so popular because it's less about homosexuality than marriage and family: Armand's loving son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple, and Armand and Albert have to put on some sort of respectable show for the parents. The girl's father is such a thundering bigot that, looking at him, real-life garden-variety bigots can say, "Oh well, I'm not like that." Even a prejudiced audience gets congratulated for not having prejudices.

Still, manipulative as it is, *The Birdcage* is funny and touching, and Mike Nichols, who has occasionally betrayed a tendency to hard-surface slickness, directs it with a warmth of feeling that I've never noticed in his work before. Elaine May's screenplay is satire leavened by affection. Collaborating with Nichols again after a gap of many years, she has recast the story in contemporary American terms. Gene Hackman and Dianne Wiest are the parents of the bride—Hackman a moralizing right-wing senator and Wiest a hurt, unhappy lady who feigns a political wife's toughness, wearing her clothes as if they were a shield. When she hears that her daughter is going to be married, she sees a political advantage for her husband. "Love and optimism versus cynicism and sex!" she announces, with desperate enthusiasm.

Love is indeed what she and the senator find in South Beach. As soon as we see Robin Williams's Armand walk-

Photograph by Lorey Sebastian/United Artists Pictures.

ing rapidly and confidently through his club, a svelte man with swept-back hair and a thick mustache, we understand exactly who he is—a Jewish businessman as well as a theatrical impresario, the guy who holds everything together. Williams gives one of his most restrained and beautiful performances. The usual manic energy bursts out of him only a few times (in one such burst, he demonstrates some routine dance steps as choreographed by Bob Fosse, Twyla Tharp, Martha Graham, and Madonna); for the rest, he underplays, reacting more than initiating, but he's the soul of the movie, a hardworking husband in love with a funny hysteric whom he will take care of to his dying day.

Unfortunately, the Albert of Nathan Lane, Broadway stalwart, is a lesser creation. The camera is not kind to that broad face, and he shrieks too much. He has some delicate moments in drag, especially when he shows up as Armand's wife and charms the senator, but Lane makes Albert too vulnerable. His self-pity becomes tiresome; he's soft-shelled, not a robust comic creation like Michel Serrault's Albin in *La Cage aux Folles.* Most of the laughs go to Hank Azaria, who usually plays tough guys but here turns up, nearly naked, as the Ecuadoran dresser and maid, Agador, a golden, muscular nellie with the thickest south-of-the-border accent I've ever heard.

Armand, Albert, and Agador put on a memorable and hilarious dinner party for the senator and his wife. The loveliest thing about this surefire scene, with its furious machinery of entrances and exits, is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. At its best, farce does not judge; it unifies all of humanity in ridicule. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. Hackman's senator is never more vain than at those moments when, prizing his discernment, he insists that the strange "wife" with her wig slipping off is unhappy with her husband. His infatuation is almost Shakespearean in its high foolishness.

Nichols doesn't try to hide *Birdcage's* origins as a stage play; on the contrary, he revels in the staginess, and my guess is that he achieved the tenderest emotions by reaching deep into the material's rich theatricality. At the end, when the senator and his wife are forced to wear drag, and they enjoy it, farce reaches its ultimate end, which is the dissolution of separateness. Opposites suddenly recognize each other as soul mates, and from this recognition flows reconciliation. *The Birdcage* is hardly the only answer to Pat Buchanan. As the American republic slowly rouses itself against the fascist buffoon, there will be many more answers. But it's a nice beginning, a gentle kiss blown right from the heart of Hollywood and Broadway. ▬

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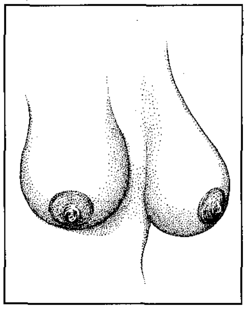
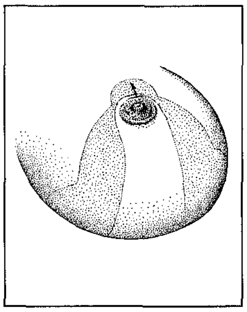
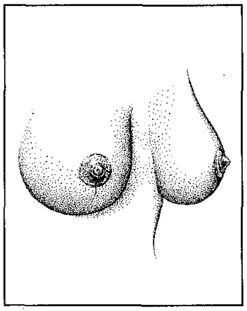


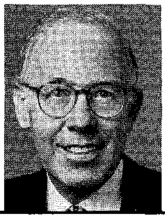
Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.



Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.



The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.



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James J. Reardon M.D.

cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway? Music under the stars or on the stage?
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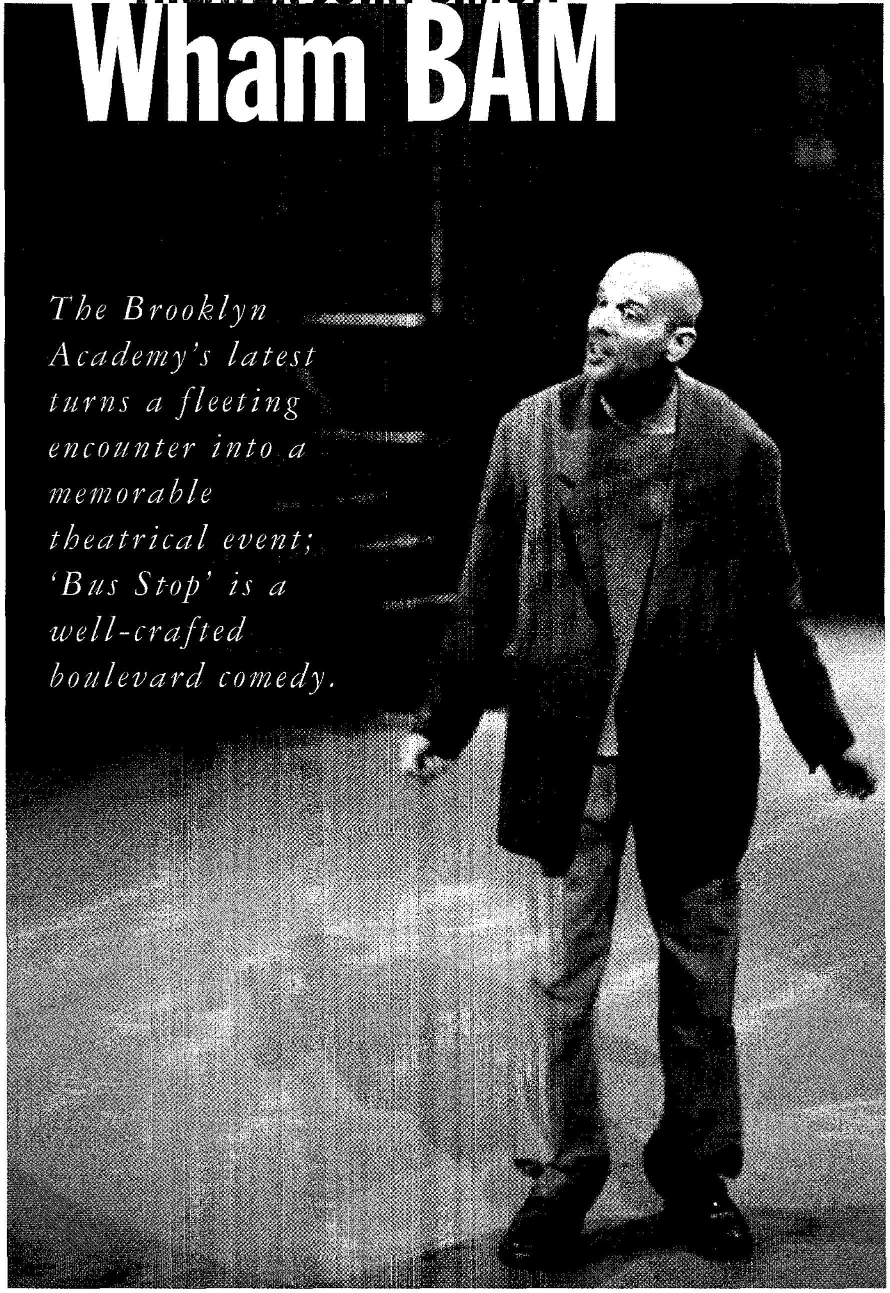
NEW YORK MAGAZINE

Wham BAM

The Brooklyn Academy's latest turns a fleeting encounter into a memorable theatrical event; 'Bus Stop' is a well-crafted boulevard comedy.



Night crawlers: Above, Pascal Greggory in *In the Loneliness of the Cotton Fields;* opposite, Billy Crudup and Mary-Louise Parker in *Bus Stop.*

BAM'S SPRING THEATER SEASON HAS OPENED WITH a bang. **In the Loneliness of the Cotton Fields,** by the Frenchman Bernard-Marie Koltès, is a fascinating though flawed play, but the production by Patrice Chéreau is one that nobody who sees it will ever scrape out of his memory. Koltès, who also spent time in America, was an eccentric who died of AIDS at age 41. The play records a nocturnal encounter in a cul-de-sac between a dealer and a client. It is never made clear what the commodity in question is—drugs or homosexual sex, most likely—but all possible human dreams, all impossible human aspirations are equally subsumed.

Although the locale is a narrowing street running between ever-so-slightly converging bleachers holding 150 spectators each, the true locus is a spiritual crossroads. Accosting us from four directions are the shades of four theatrical giants: Beckett, Genet, Cocteau, and—lurking at the roots of almost every French playwright—the aptly named Racine. But crisscrossing this quadrivial text are also four devices: poeticism, philosophizing, aphorism, and paradox. Koltès has Beckett's mischievous minimalism, but without the humanity; Genet's baroque lushness, but without the sensuality; Cocteau's poetic gift, but without the strikingly on-target metaphors; Racine's awesome rhetoric, but without the unerring purity. Yet he has also something his very own: the ability to juggle all four of these styles. Sometimes one thuds conspicuously to the ground, but when all four balls are flying, the effect is dazzling.

The French text is more elegant than either the preexisting translation by Royston Coppenger (which includes such solecisms as "laying around" and "by the handfuls") or the current, anonymous one delivered in lugubrious monotone by Faubion Bowers (which oversimplifies things). It contains sporadic internal rhyme, artful repetition, and sinuous syntax; it can do almost anything except leave well enough alone. I quote, in part, a speech of the dealer's: "The only true cruelty of this hour of dusk that we share is not that one man strikes another, or mutilates him, or even makes him cry; the true and terrible cruelty is that a man or an animal can make another man or animal unfinished . . . a mistake, like a letter you start and brutally crumple just after you write the date." Even in this vastly abridged version I offer, you wonder why that "animal" is there, why "man" would not suffice.

Take another greatly shortened speech of the dealer's: "You're like fat women in cafés who slide between the tables, knocking over coffeepots; you waggle your ass behind you like a sin you've repented . . . and make believe your ass doesn't exist. But do what you like, you'll get it bitten anyway." Note how Koltes overloads his trope even in my foreshortening; wouldn't the image be stronger without the superfetation of repented sin?

But Chéreau, a world-class director, has staged this work by his late close friend with an exacting exactitude that disallows labeling the cat and the rat, the predator and victim, where each is each. He has directed with the skills of an athletic coach, a choreographer, and a mathematician: This wooing and withdrawing, this invasion and evasion, this dance of life and death is calculated to a millimeter in space, a millisecond in time. Offstage sounds—traffic noises, a dog barking, an Arab woman ululating—irrupt with split-second precision. Four follow spots track the performers, who sometimes shine forth like perambulating beacons, sometimes sink back into the encircling murk. There are a couple of pauses when the actors rest among the audience and guzzle water, like boxers between rounds. And in one pause, they join in a weird, paroxysmal dance to British rock music

Photograph by Dan Rest.

that would make Terpsichore faint.

As the client, Pascal Greggory suggests a *ci-devant* aristocrat turned skinhead. He speaks in a soigné baritone that enunciates extremes of feeling with the godlike poise of a recording announcing *The ship is sinking, everyone to his lifeboat.* Chéreau himself, as the dealer, slinks about with a dignified obsequiousness, speaking with a menacing solicitude that hits the other's body like a Band-Aid dipped in acid. Greggory's gestures are few and understated; Chéreau's, like his facial contortions, profuse and overexplicit. Otherwise the men resemble each other, down to their shabby-genteel clothes that actively participate in the drama.

Koltès has appropriated a supreme knack of Beckett's: how to make things both specific and so vague as to absorb anything we care to project on them, and giving us in return, if not illumination, at least catharsis.

OF COURSE, **Bus Stop** (1955) IS AN OLD-FASHIONED PLAY; and sure, William Inge was no Tennessee Williams. And Kim Stanley, the heroine of the original production, is hard to duplicate. Even so, if you think the current theater too often tries to palm off glorified performance pieces as finished dramas, the well-crafted and engaging *Bus Stop* might just be your thing.

Certainly a handful of midwestern bus passengers snowed in overnight at a roadside diner, where they mingle with the locals, constitute a demotic version of the old *Grand Hotel* formula. The diner's owner, hard-boiled Grace, whose husband is always away, lusts for male companionship; her waitress, Elma, is a studious, poetry-loving high-school student of mousy countenance. The blizzard brings in Carl, the virile bus driver, not unresponsive to Grace's appeal, and four travelers. Bo, the young rodeo cowboy, is dragging along Cherie, the sweet but soiled chanteuse he has picked up in Kansas City. She is to marry him and share his Montana ranch, a prospect she abhors. Taking Cherie's side is Virgil, Bo's chief ranch hand and best friend, an older and wiser man, though not one for the ladies. And there is Dr. Lyman, a drunken, elderly, Harvard-educated lit prof, unemployed because of his penchant for very young co-eds.

The interplay of this sequestered octet, with tempers and libidos coming to the fore, makes for a charming comedy edged with wistfulness. Dr. Lyman tries to make a date with Elma in the city, but merely declaims and drinks himself to sleep. Next morning, Elma, told of her narrow escape, is delighted that so distinguished a scholar intended to dishonor her. Meanwhile, Grace and Carl adjourn to her upstairs room, her elaborate attempts to disguise the fling fooling no one. Bo and Cherie have at each other: he, overeager and inexpert; she, experienced yet insecure. Their courtship takes a few jolting turns as it winds its way to a dopily touching conclusion. Virgil, a somewhat ambiguous figure, chooses to fade out of the picture.

From these modest elements, Inge composes a tuneful fugue. Disparate voices succeeding one another in playful conjunctions and disjunctions create a sort of music of friction for homemade instruments such as washboards, water glasses, and frying pans. Yet how it warms a winter night! The snow is eventually cleared, the roads unblocked. Will hearts, similarly unblocked, form lasting relations or merely become part of the snows of yesteryear? Who knows? But Inge conjures a world in which love—however tenuous, transient, even tenebrous—stands up to the stormy dark.

Josephine Abady has directed with a fine feel for the ebb and flow of the action, and she and her designers have even overcome the handicaps of theater in the round. The supporting cast could not be bettered—thus Patricia Dunnock as a gently heartbreaking Elma, Larry Pine as a wise but perhaps too caring Virgil, and Kelly Bishop as a quietly commanding Grace, whose very earthiness soars. In the leads, the excellent Billy Crudup is too slight of stature for Bo, and the delectable Mary-Louise Parker a Cherie too tall for him. Their accents, too, may be a tad exaggerated, but mostly it is that visual imbalance that directors should reckon with more.

THE ENGLISH PLAYWRIGHT HOWARD BARKER HAS CAST HIS critique of the arts in Britain, **Scenes From an Execution,** in the form of a Renaissance satire. It titubates haplessly between complacent comedy and upwardly immobile farce. Originally a radio play, *Scenes* takes place in Venice, just after its navy has defeated the Turks at Lepanto, and a huge painting commemorating the victory has been commissioned from a woman painter, Galactia (already requiring a hefty leap of faith). Her lover and fellow painter, Carpeta, is chosen to supersede her when her work proves too gorily realistic for political comfort. The Machiavellian Doge Urgentino, the casuistic cardinal Ostensible, and the blustering Admiral Suffici are the heavies here, along with the powerful woman critic Gina Rivera and other in-jokey figures of putative relevance to the British arts landscape. The humor extends to characters named Dementia, Lasagna, and Pastaccio, which should clue you in to the credibility, or edibility, of the proceedings.

A co-production of Blue Light Theater Company and Potomac Theatre Project, the two-headed enterprise reeks of overambitiousness and underfinancing. The heroine is played by Naomi Jacobsen, with a voice like a cheese grater and the personality of a giddy grade-school teacher. As the villainous doge, Alex Draper comes across as a maniacally persistent encyclopedia salesman. One or two others in the motley cast—in especially motley costuming by Jule Emerson and Lin Waters—manage to pass with colors flying at more than half-mast. The scenery may have cost less than $25, but was no bargain at any price. A few scenes are played in pitch darkness, from which the entire production might have benefited.

"…'Dancing on Her Knees' *may be the* worst *play I've ever seen. Call it Tony Kushner meets Harvey Fierstein in* Hispanic Miami…"

Dancing on Her Knees AT THE PUBLIC WAS WRITTEN by the resident playwright, Nilo Cruz, and directed by the acclaimed Graciela Daniele. It is given what its perpetrators must consider a stylish production. I regret to say I find it probably the worst play I have ever seen, and certainly the dumbest. Whereas from most wretched plays it is possible to decipher at least what the author had in mind, here there is no discernible point, assuming the playwright had one. Call it Tony Kushner meets Harvey Fierstein in Hispanic Miami.

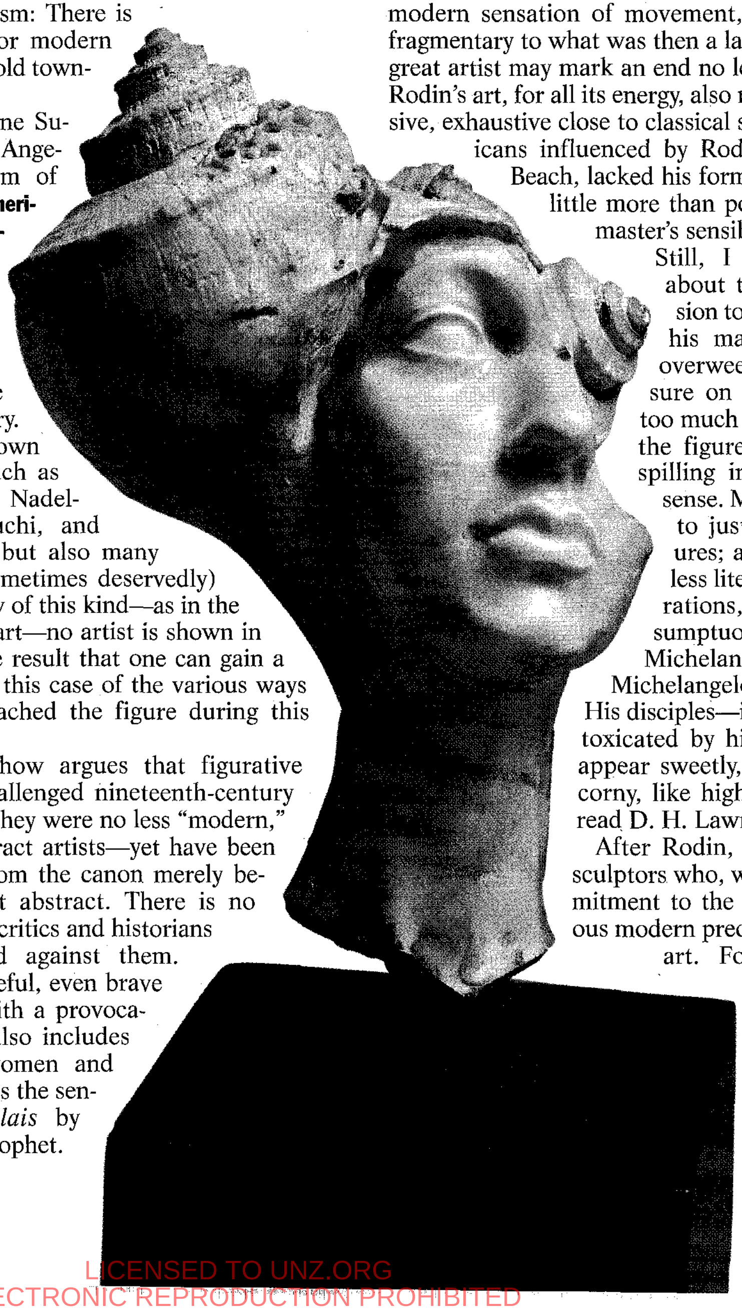
A Latino drag queen is visited on All Souls' Day by a deceased ballroom team pursued by a pair of dancing angels, neither couple eager to return to Heaven on time. When all else fails, which is often, along comes a semi-demented German refugee mistaking the drag queen for his late wife. Much is made of how humiliating it is for professional dancers to work on a cruise ship; it is as nothing compared with professional actors (which most of the six-person cast can pass for) having to work in a Cruz play.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

ART MARK STEVENS

Go Figure

A brave, revisionist exhibit at the National Academy of Design reveals how elusive, awkward—even anachronistic—the human figure has become in the twentieth century.



Making a case for modern figurative sculpture: José de Creeft's *Head of Gertrude Lawrence* (1931).

JUST A BLOCK FROM THE GUGGENHEIM'S LARGE SURVEY of abstract art, the National Academy of Design is now presenting an exhibition of modern sculptors who did *not* abandon the figure. The contrast between the shows is sharply telling about the twentieth century and its predicaments. The abstract artists in Frank Lloyd Wright's visionary building appear confident, fluent, expansive, and mainstream, whereas the figurative sculptors often look awkward and uneasy—knotted up between past and present—in the elegant townhouse occupied by the National Academy. Which is an observation, not a criticism: There is much to be said for modern awkwardness in an old townhouse.

Organized by Ilene Susan Fort for the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, **The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity** includes about 100 works from 80 artists who worked during roughly the first 50 years of the twentieth century. Some well-known artists are here, such as Paul Manship, Elie Nadelman, Isamu Noguchi, and Alexander Calder, but also many who have been (sometimes deservedly) forgotten. In a show of this kind—as in the exhibit of abstract art—no artist is shown in any depth, with the result that one can gain a panoramic view, in this case of the various ways artists have approached the figure during this century.

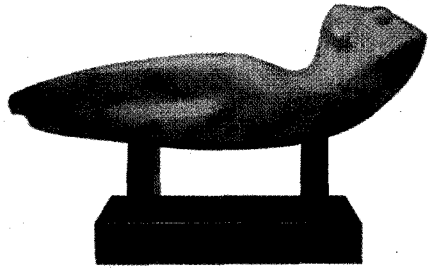
The Academy show argues that figurative artists radically challenged nineteenth-century conventions—that they were no less "modern," in short, than abstract artists—yet have been unfairly omitted from the canon merely because they are not abstract. There is no doubt, in fact, that critics and historians have discriminated against them. This exhibit is a useful, even brave revisionist show with a provocative catalogue; it also includes much work by women and black artists, such as the sensitive bust *Congolais* by Nancy Elizabeth Prophet. But I came away less impressed by what has been forgotten than by the difficulty of the figurative enterprise in modern sculpture—by how hard it has been in our century to locate a settled human image, to find a convincing way "to cast in stone."

The exhibit is organized thematically and begins, not surprisingly, with the influence of Auguste Rodin upon American sculptors early in the century. (For the New York showing, the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor collection has lent seven works by Rodin.) In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Rodin, it was thought, opened a new path for modern sculpture. He brought a modern sensation of movement, ambiguity, and the fragmentary to what was then a largely static art. But a great artist may mark an end no less than a beginning: Rodin's art, for all its energy, also represented an explosive, exhaustive close to classical sculpture. The Americans influenced by Rodin, such as Chester Beach, lacked his formal bravura—and did little more than polish aspects of their master's sensibility.

Still, I may be unreliable about this: I have an aversion to Rodin's work, for all his mastery. He put such overweening romantic pressure on the human figure—too much pressure, I think, for the figure to sustain without spilling into portentous nonsense. Michelangelo has God to justify his elevated figures; abstract artists, being less literal in their high aspirations, also seem less presumptuous. Rodin, to me, is Michelangelo lording about, Michelangelo on amphetamines. His disciples—in particular those intoxicated by his erotic sculpture—appear sweetly, ardently, cosmically corny, like high-school virgins who read D. H. Lawrence.

After Rodin, the exhibit presents sculptors who, while retaining a commitment to the figure, brought various modern preoccupations into their art. For example, certain sculptors of the time, like certain painters, addressed social themes in the twenties and thirties. As with the followers of

Rodin, many of these artists lacked the formal and visual wherewithal to create more than humdrum illustrations of, say, social injustice. A great exception is Isamu Noguchi's *Death,* a horrifying image that is an imaginative, not just a literal, evocation of a lynching. Noguchi's understanding of the way Cubist faceting lets the eye slide among dimensions enabled him to imbue his figure with the sensation of writhing, of a body trying to twist out of its own pain. The contrasting texture of the metal and the rope—an actual rope—is chilling.



"...Figurative sculptors drew upon the main modernist ideas. Alexander Archipenko's seemingly weightless 'Torso in Space' could almost be a work of abstract art...."

Figurative sculptors drew upon the main modernist ideas, making use of new and rough-hewn materials, for example, and looking to ancient, tribal, folk, archaic—and Cubist—art for inspiration. William Zorach's *Torso* might almost have been excavated on a Greek island. Chaim Gross made intelligent use of Cubism; Alexander Archipenko's seemingly weightless *Torso in Space* could almost be a work of abstract art. The problem more often than not is that the sources are not fully incorporated and transformed, the way that Rodin and tribal and folk artists were in Brancusi's work. Instead, the sources seem used, compromised, borrowed, with the result that the art is often thin-blooded and decorative.

Or, to put it differently, power yields to elegance. Much of the best art in this exhibit is highly polished in both form and spirit. Marion Walton's handsome *Alone* is inspired by African art, for example, but smooths away the troubling force of much great African work. The same is true of Jacques Schnier's use of Asian art in his beautifully carved *The Kiss.* Perhaps because classical art was itself often elegant, those artists who drew upon the classical usually seem most at home. Elie Nadelman, like Brancusi, brought visual wit and formal brilliance to bear on his work, so that his art is never merely decorative. Paul Manship, too, had whimsical verve.

In general, European artists achieved more during this period than Americans did, so the exhibition does not actually make the best possible case for modern figurative sculpture. (Some of the finest work on display is by Europeans who emigrated rather late in life to the United States.) Not much Expressionist work here can compare, for example, to what the Germans did. Nor is there much Surrealist or Dadaesque play with the figure, although José de Creeft's *Head of Gertrude Lawrence,* in which a broken classical bust seems to emerge from a spiraling shell—or perhaps the woman has brought the shell to her ear—is an unforgettable and witty work. Can Athens hear the ocean?

A great artist not only responds powerfully to an inherited tradition but also develops an instinct for the metaphysical truth of the time. The presiding difficulty faced by figurative sculptors is less institutionalized critical bias than the elusive character of the human figure in this century. In an aristocratic or classical culture, a king on a rearing horse embodies the presiding myths and aspirations of the time; in a Protestant culture like Rembrandt's, locating individual character in a figure seems essential. But the twentieth century does not have sculptural faiths. Our time believes in movement and light—and a flickering, weightless "figure" that sculpture is not especially well equipped to convey.

NO PAINTER HAS "PLACED" THE FIGURE WITH greater sculptural authority than **Nicolas Poussin** (1594–1665). The exhibition of 65 drawings from Queen Elizabeth's collection, now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has many fascinations—but none more intriguing to a modern sensibility than the profound manner in which Poussin works to clarify the figure in space.

He does this in many different ways, in works that are often freely handled preparatory drawings. He uses ink washes to map out the play of light. (Light, in Poussin, almost attains mass.) He adjusts the figures so that they and the spaces around them have serious visual vitality. He finds a stillness that is full of movement. Classical art and mythology were, to this artist, great teachers and still full of life; his subject matter also yields the clarity he sought. If Plato had known Poussin, perhaps he would not have expelled artists from his ideal republic. ■

Photograph courtesy of the National Academy of Design.

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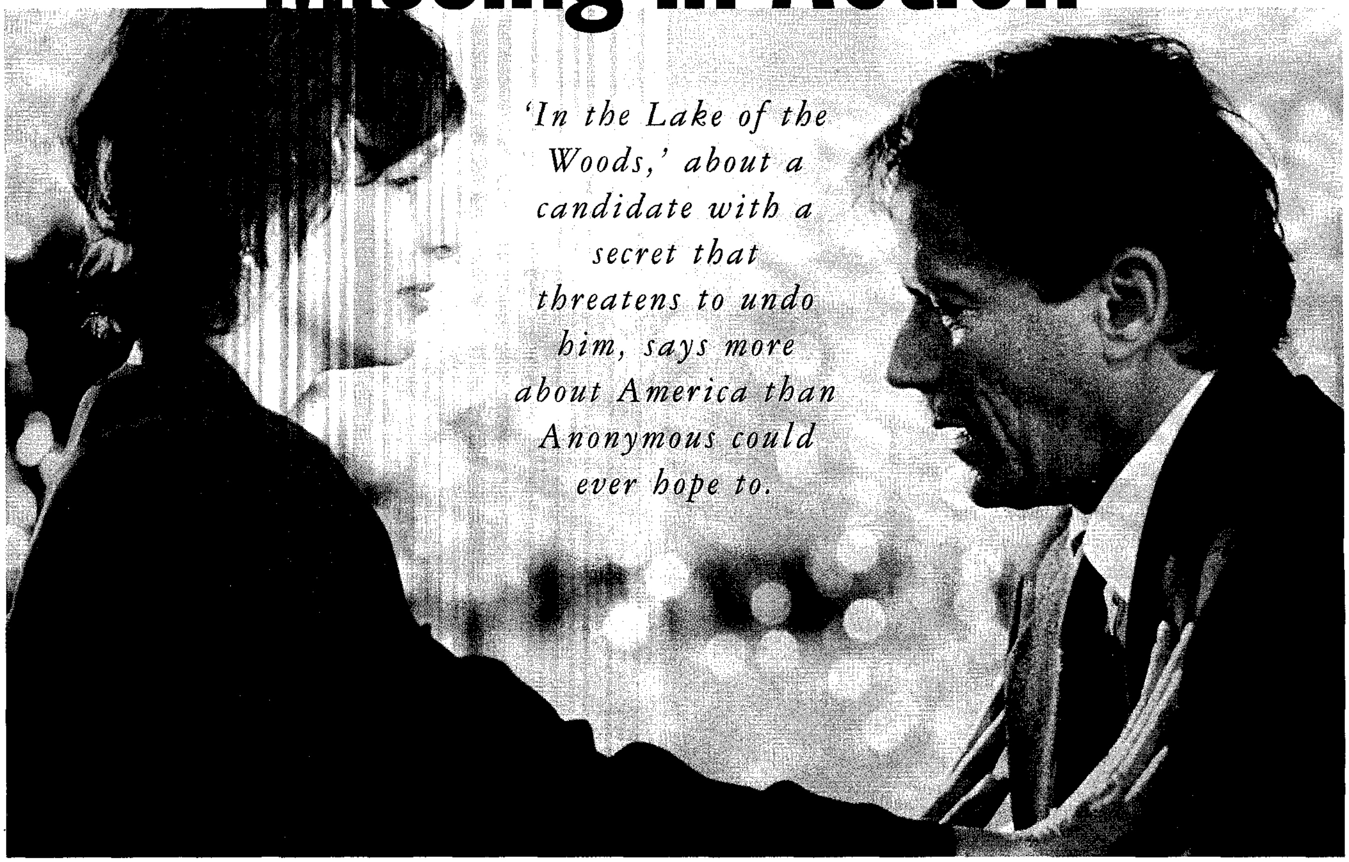


'In the Lake of the Woods,' about a candidate with a secret that threatens to undo him, says more about America than Anonymous could ever hope to.

Kathleen Quinlan and Peter Strauss try facing up to some ugly new realities in *In the Lake of the Woods.*

While there is not much else we can be absolutely, positively, sure about after a couple of grueling hours of **In the Lake of the Woods** (Tuesday, March 5; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox), at least we know that Tim O'Brien wrote the anguished novel from which it derives, not Joe Klein or Sally Quinn or Bartleby the Scrivener. To be sure, a charismatic candidate for exalted political office is riding high in the opinion polls on the eve of a crucial primary, when the vampire bats of the media bite him in his pineal gland. And no one will feel worse about it than his comely wife. And the riddle of his character is construed, at length, by his holier-than-thou campaign manager. But memory in *Lake of the Woods* is a precipice; to fall into the past is to be impaled or smashed. Neither the novel nor the TV movie panders to our prurient avidity for scuttlebutt, our need for the very latest inside lowdown on publishing deals and noms de guerre. To analogize from magazines: If *Primary Colors* is a *George* of a novel, *In the Lake of the Woods* is more like *The Atlantic.*

So Peter Strauss wants to be the next senator from Minnesota. So Peter Boyle knows how to micromanage his slick campaign. So an inquiring reporter discovers that Strauss, during a tour of duty in Vietnam, happened to be on hand, with a rifle, at a massacre of civilian villagers exactly like My Lai. Having snatched defeat from the jaws of victory, Strauss will hide out in a cottage on a lake, where he refuses to talk to his troubled wife, Kathleen Quinlan. It's what happens next that distinguishes an O'Brien from an Anonymous. In flashbacks and dream sequences, as if by pointillism, in juxtaposed spots of difficult childhood and impossible combat, we get to the green of the candidate's character—those magic disappearing tricks that failed to amuse or distract his abusive-alcoholic father; the in-country terror of 'Nam, where they called him Sorcerer; a jade pendant of two snakes devouring each other; a prestidigitation of "one plus one equals neither." While he insists on pulling out the telephone plug, and pouring boiling water on the house plants, and hallucinating ghosts, his wife disappears.

What a trick. Not even 200 boats, planes, dogs, and helicopter-mounted infrared scanners can find her. Searching himself, neither can Strauss. They drag the lake. (It is, of course, also a subconscious.) But Quinlan is MIA—like My Lai, vanished down a memory hole. "A few magic words, and a whole village disappears," someone says, or so Strauss imagines. To add to Boyle's savage joke: "A village is a terrible thing to waste." Nor have we stopped worrying about Kathleen when we are flummoxed in our expectations of conventional narrative. "Our whereabouts are uncertain," a voice-over tells us as the end credits roll; "there is only maybe."

Strauss by now has mastered a middle range, between Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey, of embodying modern man as strong, confounded, silent, and self-pitying. Quinlan, while once again an American Beauty rose, is more complicated than she was permitted to be in *Apollo 13,* where the hardware was more compelling than the people. Boyle is excessive, which is his signature. Nancy Sorel, Ken Pogue, and Richard Anderson are sharply etched, in lesser roles. For some reason, Philip

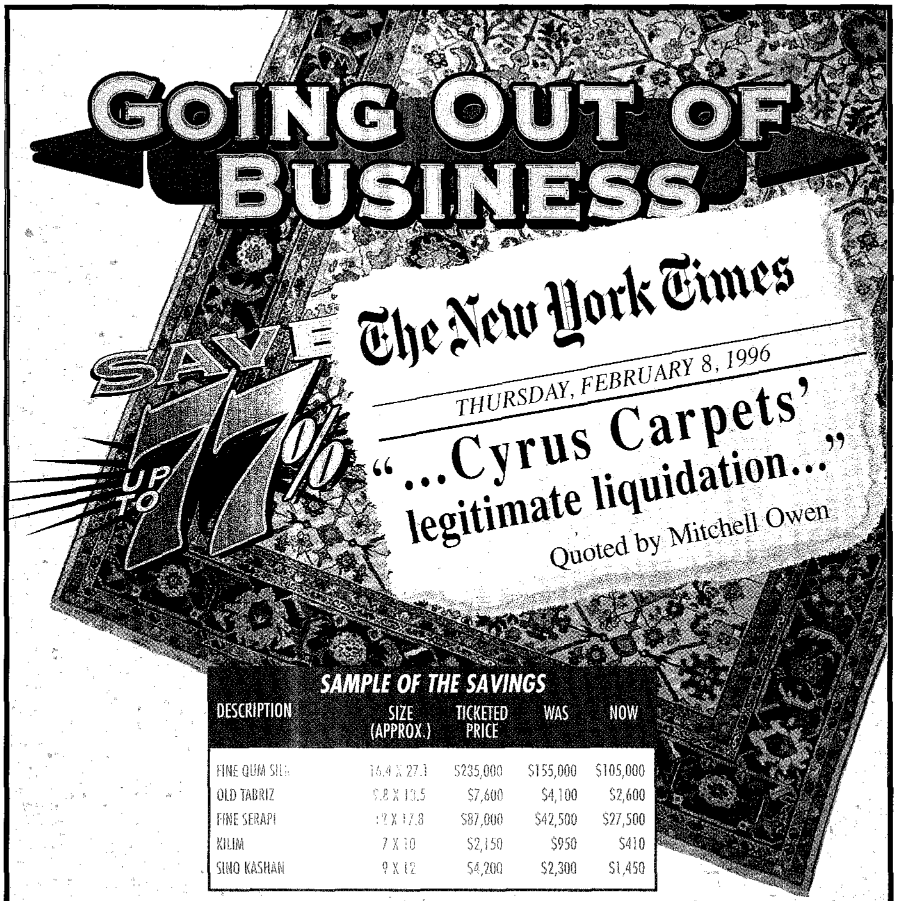
Photograph by Bob Akester/Fox.

Rosenberg has omitted from his adaptation of O'Brien's novel any notion of why "John Waylan" should want to be a senator, of what he stands for politically. In this sense only does the TV movie resemble the Anonymous novel. *Primary Colors* hates media "scorpions" because they don't care about principles or policy, merely process, tactics, and dirt. But aside from glancing references to adult literacy and Head Start, *Primary Colors* is all process without a single principle or policy—nothing profound (or even clichéd) about race, prisons, schools, immigration, capital flight, judicial reform, class war, or the rest of the world. There are, instead, wisecracks in Dogpatch. O'Brien at least suggests that we go to bed with history.

To be stuffy about it, this is the difference between literature and titillation. What O'Brien sees in the looking glass is the pollen that insists we all sneeze the same sneeze. Pete Hamill once reported in a magazine that Gabriel García Marquez used to give Castro books to read. One was so scary, Bram Stoker's *Dracula,* that Fidel couldn't sleep. Imagine all our pols looking into books as if they were mirrors, seeing Dracula, Hamlet, Ahab, Frankenstein, Robin Hood, Raskolnikov, Pinocchio, Oedipus, and Peter Pan.

WITH **Forgotten Sins** (THURSDAY, MARCH 7; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), network television has come full circle in only six years. *Do You Know the Muffin Man?* launched the prime-time craze for satanic ritual abuse in 1989. John Shea starred, as a cop who came to believe that his child had been molested at a preschool where the curriculum included porn Polaroids, Black Mass pentagrams, bloody altars, and murdered rabbits. Shea also stars in *Forgotten Sins,* again as a cop, who this time believes his daughters when they claim that he abused them, and that half his buddies on the force did, too. He is encouraged in this delusion, unto prison, by religious nuts, crazed prosecutors, bullying therapists, and, natch, the Vampire Media.

But "sociologist" William Devane has his bearded doubts. Bess Armstrong only pretends to go along with the witch hunt so she can keep her son. After a dozen TV movies that bought into the "recovered memory"/pedophile-conspiracy hysteria, at least one network has finally caught up to *Frontline* and HBO, not to mention Debbie Nathan in *The Village Voice* and Frederick Crews in the *New York Review.* We've more to think about than ABC provides—a psychology that insists on the sexual innocence of children; an economy that sexualizes those children; a need for Satan now that Stalin's gone; the perverse displacement of our fear of our own families onto surrogates like day care; Little Red Riding Hood and the seduction theory—but *Forgotten Sins* is a start. ▬



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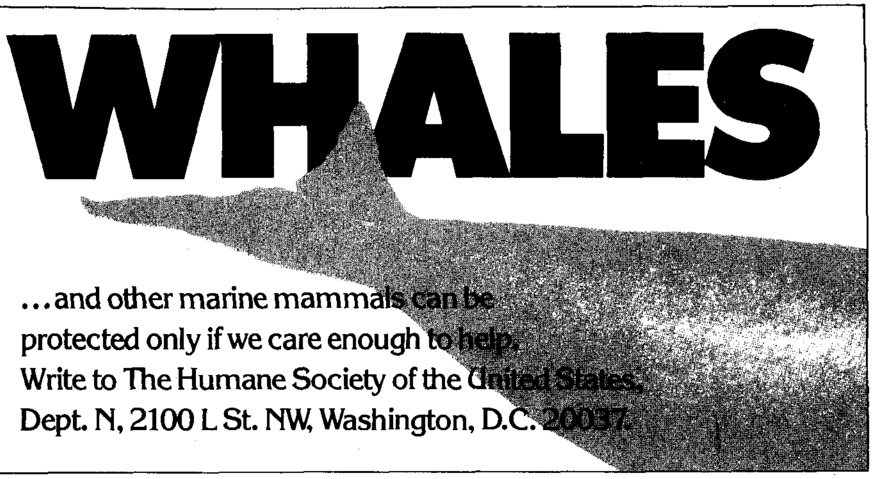

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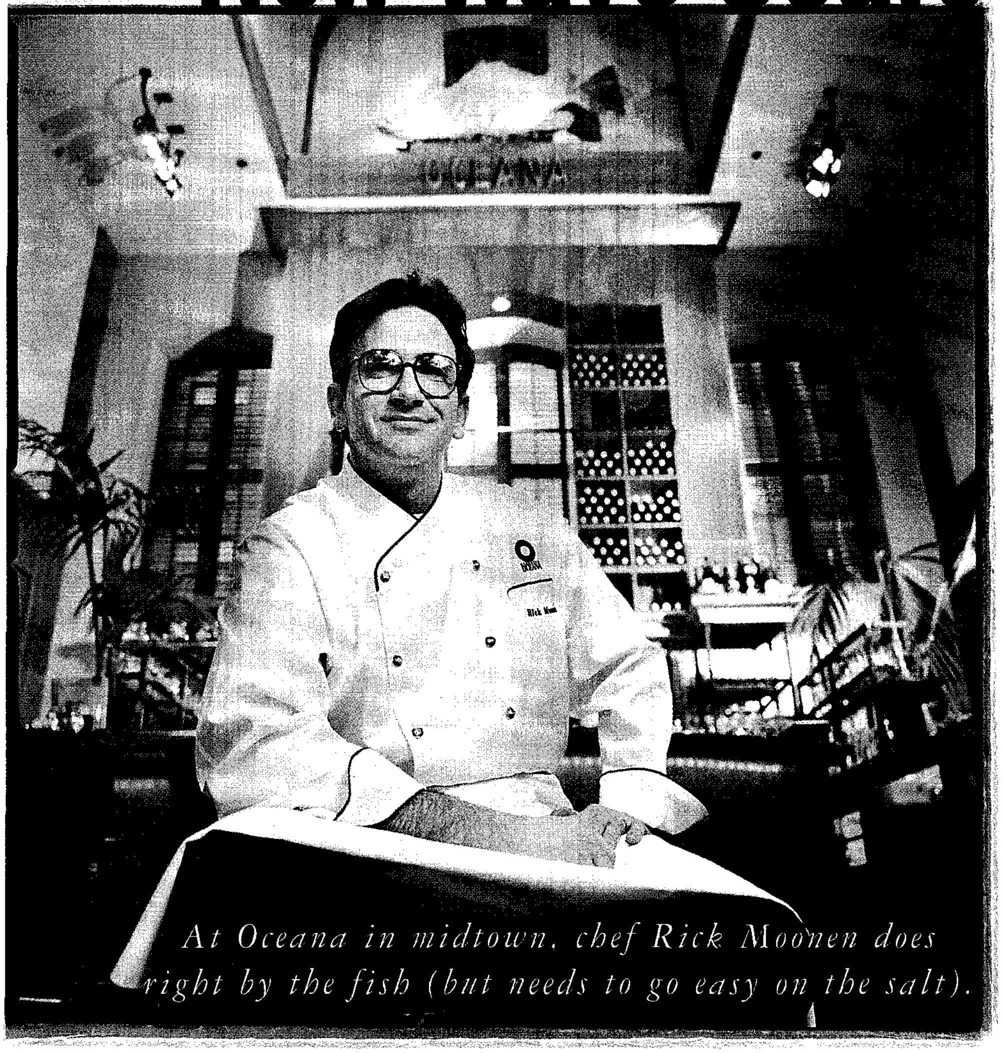

At Oceana in midtown, chef Rick Moonen does right by the fish (but needs to go easy on the salt).

Man overboard: Moonen dispatches farmed sea bass from the Bay of Fundy at Oceana on East 54th Street.

WHERE TO GO FOR FISH IN NEW YORK? THE choice should be confusing. New York chefs, after all, have their pick of the best seafood in the country. At a recent binge at Kyo-Ya, San Francisco's best sushi restaurant, I was startled to hear the men cutting the fish repeatedly reply to my question of where it came from: "East Coast." No wonder Nobu Matsuhisa thought after working for years in Los Angeles that he might as well open in New York.

Aside from Nobu and sushi bars, though, the choices are not so obvious. Back where I come from, Boston, we have Legal Sea Foods, a chain where tourists and locals line up for plain, reliably fresh fish. Probably the best Manhattan rendition of this formula is Docks, but its two locations face surprisingly little competition. The Oyster Bar is gloriously alive if noisy, and not always as clean as you wish it were; still, it's not much on cuisine.

Fish that qualifies as cuisine—that's where the choice really narrows. New York's reigning master seafood chef, Eberhard Müller, has other fish to fry (sorry) at Lutèce. Go to Le Bernardin, you say, where Müller's successor, Eric Ripert, carries on the tradition? Here are some of the highlights of a recent attempt to worship at that temple:

Fogbound, I telephone to cancel a reservation for six the next night. "It's too late," the young woman replies—35 minutes less than 24 hours in advance. "I can't give you your deposit back." When I reserved, I was immediately faxed a form to fill out with my credit-card number, agreeing to a $200 deposit. I plead airport delays and she relents. "I'll have to do it creatively," she says with anxiety, "so I won't get discovered."

The next day I receive an urgent fax telling me to call the restaurant to confirm. There is no record of my having canceled, I am informed; I will of course have to pay the deposit. "Didn't you read what you signed?" a different woman demands sternly. "I have what you faxed back to us in front of me. It says that *you have to cancel in writing*." I protest, with success. I am left with the clear understanding that heads will roll.

Several nights later, my smaller, reassembled party is told to wait at the bar. An hour and five minutes after the thrice-reconfirmed time, we are seated beside the busing station. The only explanation for the delay comes from the preening French maître d', who says with an utterly unapologetic smile directed somewhere over our heads, "I am a leetle bee-ind."

Once we are seated, the service is exemplary. And the food? All extremely competent, but the only stunning thing is the bill: Ours is almost $300 a head, including the equivalent of one extra meal, many supplements (half the dishes on the fixed-price dinner menu of $68 seem to carry them), and three expensive wines. The dozen oysters we ravenously ordered while waiting—four kinds on the tray, all domestic—appears as an "open food-dinner" charge of $42.

Heretics looking for refuge can try the Manhattan Ocean Club, which is central and operates with the requisite ceremony. But I find the insistently white décor hard-edged and the food formulaic and obviously cooked to be pumped out in high volume.

That leaves **Oceana,** where the service is careful, the setting is adult, and the fixed-price dinner is $52 (almost nothing carries a surcharge). Rick Moonen, who worked as a chef at the Water Club and Chefs Cuisiniers Club, has earned a reputation with his peers and the vendors at Fulton Fish Market as one of the only chefs who regularly picks his own fish at the market.

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

He also loves all kinds of vegetables, and makes sure that generous amounts appear in nearly every dish—other fish chefs, like Ripert, seem to treat vegetables as an afterthought if at all.

Since Moonen's arrival a year and a half ago, the owners of Oceana have spiffed up the former Le Cygne, with its two long, narrow teak-paneled rooms, and installed murals of steamships in the main downstairs room. Upstairs, there is a new bar with a theatrically soaring ceiling, where diners are invited to smoke after-dinner cigars, the idea being that the height will keep the bar relatively smoke-free. The dining rooms are cozy but not crowded, although when the rooms are full, the barrel-vaulted ceilings reflect noise all too efficiently.

Buying and handling fish is clearly no problem for Moonen. Oceana's oysters seemed the freshest and certainly tasted the best of any I tried. I'd happily pop upstairs on the slightest excuse for a dozen or two at the bar, along with one of the several white wines offered by the glass. Or I'd ask for a plate of glisteningly fresh salmon tartare topped with osetra caviar, served with a garnish of small, cresslike pea shoots.

> *"...Buying and handling fish is clearly no problem for chef Rick Moonen. Oceana's oysters seemed the freshest and certainly the best of any I tried..."*

Cooking fish is no longer a challenge, either. In several large meals at Oceana, I found hardly a hint of dryness. Moonen can sear thick fillets of salmon or rockfish or wolffish (loup de mer, if we're being dressy) or grill thin pieces of true Mediterranean rouget (a rarity in New York) so that the skin is crackling, the thick flesh moist but completely cooked. He steams oysters with ginger, shallots, and chilies just long enough to warm them through, sending them out as an appetizer over seaweed in a wooden Chinese steamer—a zesty improvement on the usual tough broiled oysters buried in some creamy sauce. Farmed Chilean sea bass, an entrée, also arrives in a steamer box, with ginger, soy sauce, and cilantro.

The problems are two: salt and flavorless fish. So salty was a strangely sweet, pasty tomato soup offered one night as an appetizer special that I had to rinse out my mouth. The steamed sea bass arrives drowned in soy sauce and thus inedible one night; another night it is merely tolerable. Since I am unusually sensitive to salt, I ask the opinion of Mark Bittman, an expert (he wrote *Fish,* a guide and cookbook) who has been accused of being too fond of salt; even he can't eat a few dishes served at lunch. Other friends leave some dishes virtually untouched because of the salt.

No matter how carefully cooked, fish needs to taste of something. The farmed sea bass doesn't, and neither does the salmon, which Moonen buys from a farm in the Bay of Fundy that wants to institute a tag program guaranteeing its perfectly clean water, organic feed, and rigorous inspection. All well and good—Atlantic salmon on menus is always farmed, and better to know that it's clean. But the groomed salmon, served over lentils with a lightly seasoned "Moroccan" tomato sauce, is pretty and dumb. (Chopped herbs and onions enliven the salmon tartare, not to mention the caviar.) The "East Coast" bouillabaisse is a rich man's rendition of what should be a lusty, authoritative dish made with plenty of cheap rockfish—cheap where you can get it, that is, which is the Mediterranean. The luxurious shellfish and grouper make this soup bland.

Nevertheless, Moonen can conceive wholly satisfying dishes. The daily specials consistently avoid these pitfalls, and so do a few dishes on the menu. Mahimahi comes with potatoes whipped with butter, cream, and chive oil and is served with a vinaigrette that tastes powerfully of black truffles—rich, sure, but the potatoes are wonderful and the seared fillet has character. Wild-caught black sea bass, firm and fine-flavored, comes as a special one night with jade-green broccoli rabe and baby corn, in a tomato-and-cream sauce so good it's hard to know which to finish first, the fish or the vegetables. Lobster ravioli in tomato-basil broth (watch the salt in the broth; it varies by the day) are lovely dumplings filled with lobster, cream, and semolina—but those are wonton skins, not fresh pasta.

People demand great desserts in fish restaurants, convinced that they've been so virtuous they should treat themselves. The superb desserts at Le Bernardin helped make its reputation (they're less reliable now), and Oceana has made sure to hire a competent pastry chef, Brendt Rogers. One night we have the upstairs room to ourselves and a sympathetic, attentive waiter from Ecuador. "Have the banana-brioche bread pudding," he urges. "You'll love it. It's been sucked." What was that? The pudding is indeed delicious, if *soaked* a little too long in syrup. Still, our minds are set running, marveling at just how far a restaurant might go to please a customer.

Oceana, 55 East 54th Street (759-5941). Lunch, Monday through Friday, noon to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Saturday, 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

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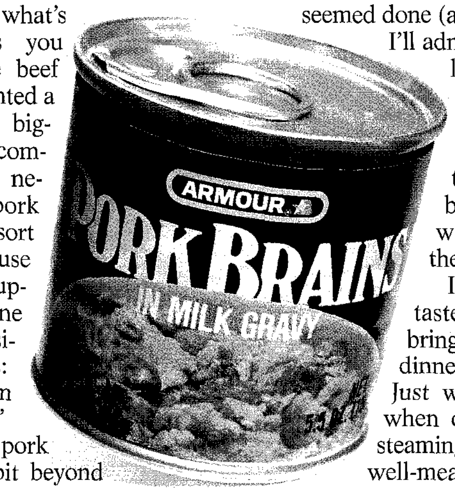
LET'S FACE IT: THE PORK INDUSTRY HAS some serious image problems to contend with. Politicians denounce every piece of spending legislation they don't like as "full of pork." Most people run around under the mistaken impression that pigs are filthy animals when in fact they're no dirtier than you or I. And let's not even get started on *Babe*.

The National Pork Producers Council recently responded to these problems by airing a bunch of promotional spots during the Super Bowl. Unfortunately, the bland new slogan unveiled for the occasion—"Pork: Taste what's next"—really makes you wonder whether the beef lobby has secretly planted a mole amid the pork bigwigs. Moreover, the commercials inexplicably neglected to mention pork brains, definitely the sort of product that could use a bit of advertising support. And just imagine the sloganeering possibilities: "Pork brains: The gray matter from the other white meat."



The thinking person's hog offal.

The very notion of pork brains may seem a bit beyond the pale, but they're a fairly common sight in the canned-goods aisles of the South. They're harder to come by around these parts, however, which is why I was so pleased when my friend Marie brought back two cans of Armour Star Pork Brains for me after visiting her family in Virginia.

The package design, dominated by a not-very-appetizing photo of a brains-related dish (along with the obligatory SERVING SUGGESTION notation), is unremarkable. A quick peek at the nutritional information, however, reveals the interesting factoid that a single serving of pork brains (i.e., one can) provides *1,170 percent* of our recommended daily cholesterol intake. All the more brilliant, then, that the label includes a recipe for scrambled eggs and brains, which sounds like the kind of meal that keeps bypass surgeons in business. The recipe leads off with instructions to "drain brains"—I'll bet someone at Armour is still chuckling over that one.

Curious to learn more about pork brains' culinary applications, I called the Armour consumer-response line (where a recording helpfully reminded me that the firm's product line includes Armour Star Ground & Formed Sliced Dried Beef, one of those unfortunate product names that have way too many adjectives for their own good). Sadly, the only recipe they had was for the aforementioned eggs 'n' brains. So, operating under the theory that almost anything tastes good once it's fried, I just tossed the brains into a hot skillet with some oil, cooked them until they seemed done (a subjective notion, I'll admit), and tentatively brought a forkful to my mouth. A moment later, my cats were enjoying the rest of the brains and I was working on a new theory.

In short, brains taste nasty. Which brings up a question of dinner-party etiquette: Just what does one do when offered a plate of steaming pork brains by a well-meaning host? I'm pretty sure Emily Post never covered this one, but Armour has conveniently provided a built-in excuse. The brains are canned in milk gravy, giving squeamish diners the perfect opportunity to say, "Oh, *brains*! You know, I really do love them, but I'm lactose-intolerant—the milk gravy would give me fits. Could you pass the biscuits, please?" By interesting coincidence, Marie—the one who procured the brains for me in the first place—is lactose-intolerant herself. Or so she claims. *(The Dial Corp, Food Division, 15101 North Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale, Arizona 85077; 800-528-0849.)* ■

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Photograph by Wayne Simpson

BEST Doctors in New York

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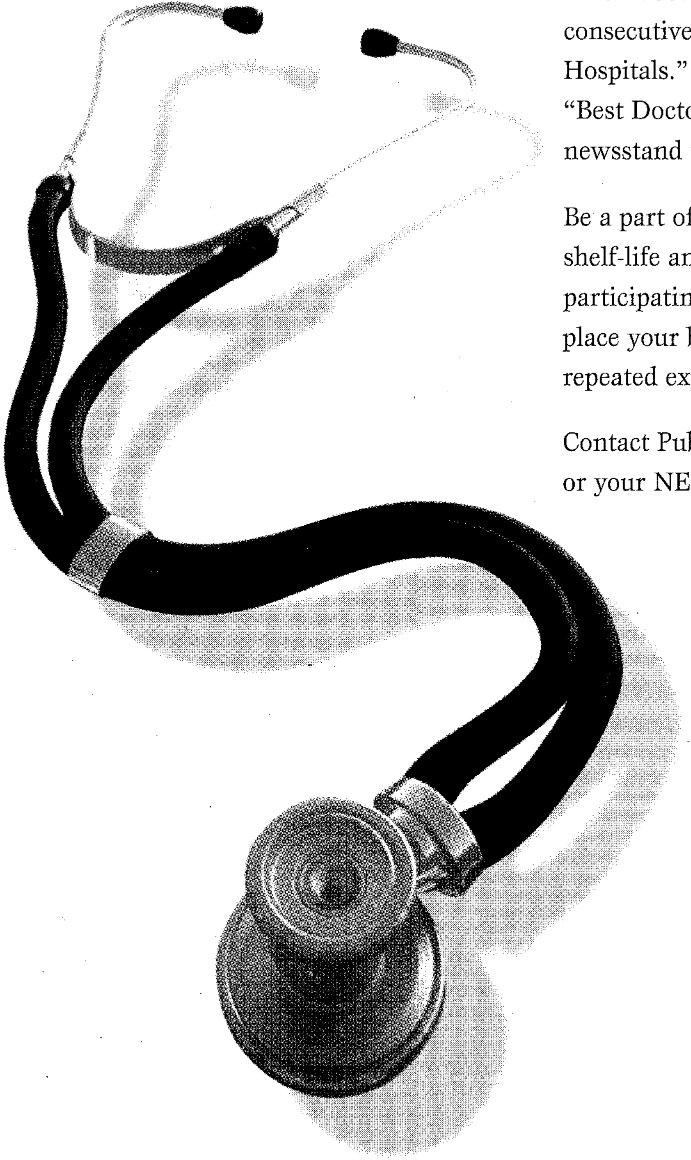

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Keeping Up With Joan's

JOAN'S NEEDLECRAFT STUDIO IS HAVING A twentieth-anniversary sale on hand-painted needlepoint canvases. A selected group is now 50 percent off; many other pillow-, rug-, and picture-size canvases are 20 percent off. Patterns include florals, animals, geometrics, medieval, Art Deco, Orientals, modern artists and old masters, scenery, and children, were $5–$400, now $4–$320. *Joan's Needlecraft Studio, 240 E. 29th St. (532-7129); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Tues.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; 3/5–3/9.*

Père's Got a Brand New Bag

THE HANDBAGS AT THIS WHOLESALER'S showroom come from France, and for a limited time the public is invited to buy them at prices below wholesale: Small vinyl straw satchels in bright colors such as hot orange, turquoise, and pink, and neutrals such as natural, white, black, and navy, wholesale $37.50 (retail at least $75), here $32.50; black bags with white vinyl-patent trim in three styles, wholesale $65, here $35; small box bag vanity case, wholesale $42, here $37; black-and-white mini-bag with box bottom and checked purse top, wholesale $42, here $37; *faux animaux* collection (zebra, leopard, and python) in shiny vinyl in several styles, including a flap-over purse, wholesale $25, here $20. *Focus Paris, 17 E. 37th St., ground floor (545-1535); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 10:30 a.m.–4 p.m. (for sale only); through 4/15.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

Grand Central

THIS PIANO COMPANY SPECIALIZES IN SECondhand, rebuilt, and refinished instruments (five-year warranty on parts and labor) and has some twenty pianos for sale at reduced prices: three vintage 5-ft.-10-in. Steinway grands, ca. 1916, satin-ebony finish with traditional cases and matching benches, were $34,500 each, now $28,000; vintage 5-ft.-2-in. Baldwin baby grand, ca. 1930, with harpsichord sketch and a high-gloss ebony finish, original ivory keys, was $16,000, now $14,500; Steinway 5-ft.-7-in. grand piano, ca. 1958, brown mahogany finish with Louis XV cabinet, matching bench, was $54,900, now $38,000; five-year-old Bösendorfer grand piano in high-gloss ebony finish, modern-style case, leather bench, was $44,900, now $34,000. Less expensive pianos include a Knabe, was $2,600, now $1,900; Poole or Winter, either was $1,900, now $1,500; 48-in. 1995 Kawai upright in high-gloss ebony with matching bench, was $4,200, now $3,200. Sale prices include piano delivery (elevator buildings or ground floor only) and in-home tuning. *New York Piano Center, Inc., 121 W. 19th St., seventh floor (229-2600); A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. by appointment; through 3/15.*

Ellis Island

THIS SHOP HAS MEN'S SUITS AND BLACK TUXedos at downtown prices, in men's sizes 36–52R, 36–46S, and 39–54L (portlies in 42–50R, 40–46S, and 42–48XL). Wool tuxedos include Perry Ellis, Ralph Lauren Chaps, Bill Blass, and Studio 0001 Gianfranco Ferré, were $259.95–$774.95, now $119.95–$574.95. Suits by many of the same designers plus Marzotto and Dior, were $149.95 for a poly-cotton summer suit to $399.95 for wool, now $85–$299.95. *Eisenberg & Eisenberg, Inc., 85 Fifth Ave., at 16th St., sixth floor (627-1290); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible on unaltered merchandise; alterations extra; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5:45 p.m., Thurs. till 6:45 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Portrait of a Young Man and His Dog

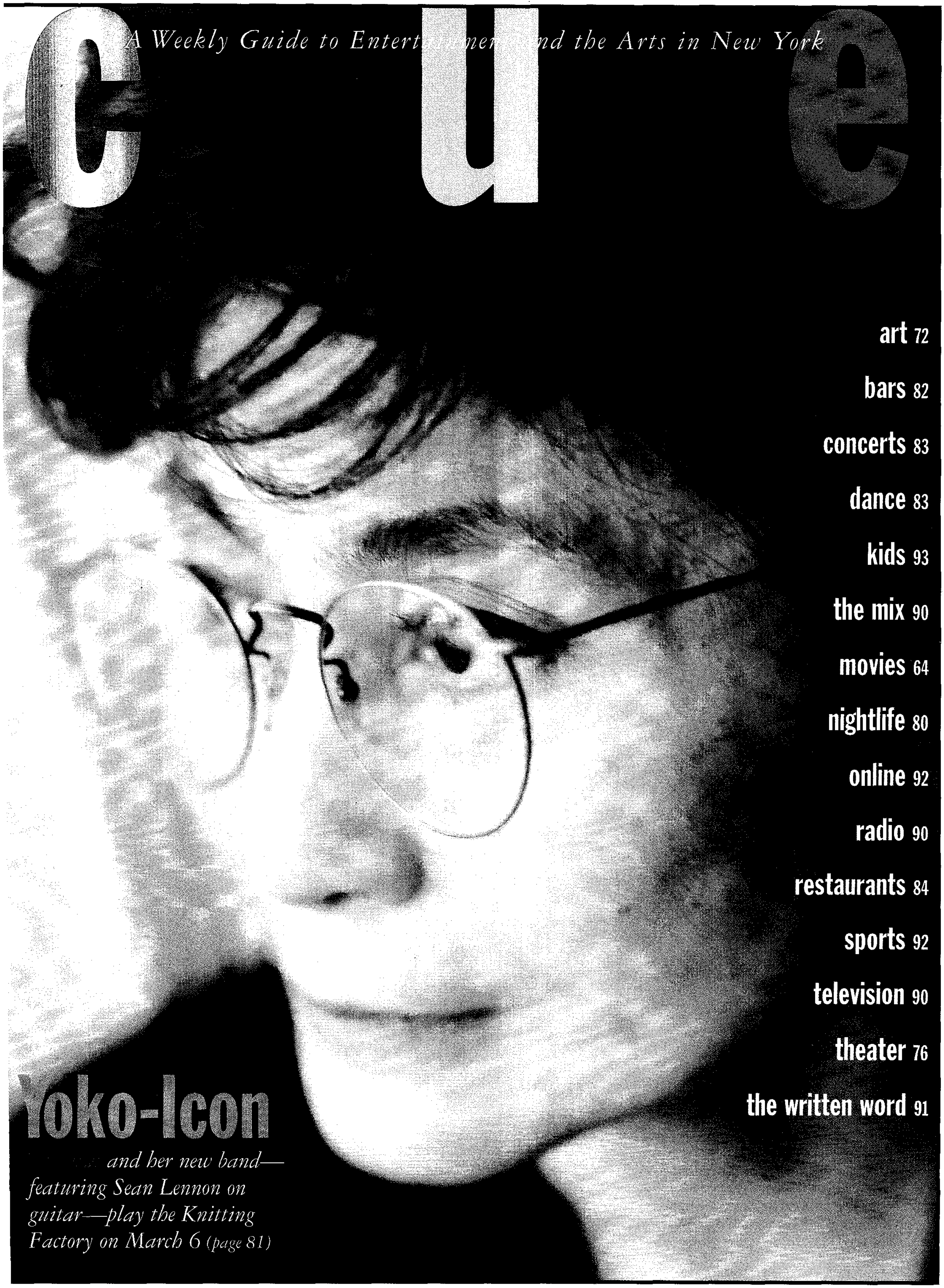
MICHAEL FISCHER IS AN ACADEMICALLY trained painter and sculptor who's had shows here and in Europe; now he's discounting his oil-on-linen and oil-on-wood portraits for a limited time. He will do portraits of anything from the conventional single-subject bust (head and shoulders) 24-by-32-in., was $2,300, now $1,950, to a portrait of you with your pet, 26-by-34-in., was $2,600, now $2,200. Two-person 40-by-30-in., was $4,000, now $3,400. The artist works from Polaroids that he takes in his studio or in your home. Travel expenses are additional and payable in advance (outside the tri-state area is an additional $250 per day). A 20 percent deposit is required; the balance is due on delivery. Visit his Website for samples (http://www.thing.net/~mfischer). *Michael Fischer, 601 W. 26th St., eighteenth floor (645-9848); New York, N.Y. 10001.*

Up in Armoires

THIS FURNITURE STORE HAS ABOUT 25 ONE-of-a-kind floor samples of armoires, which can be used as either wardrobes or entertainment centers, on sale. Southwestern-look pine armoire with rod and shelves in antique green finish, was $1,325, here $750; three-bay cherry wall unit, with center entertainment armoire, was $3,490, here $2,350 for the sample; pickled pine armoire, was $1,575, here $925 for the sample; country distressed antique-finish pine china cabinet, was $1,595, here $1,050 for the sample. *Schrager Furniture, 1624 First Ave., between 84th and 85th Sts. (879-0400); A.E., M.C., V., accepted; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; delivery at additional cost; Mon., Wed., and Fri. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. till 6 p.m.; through 3/17.*

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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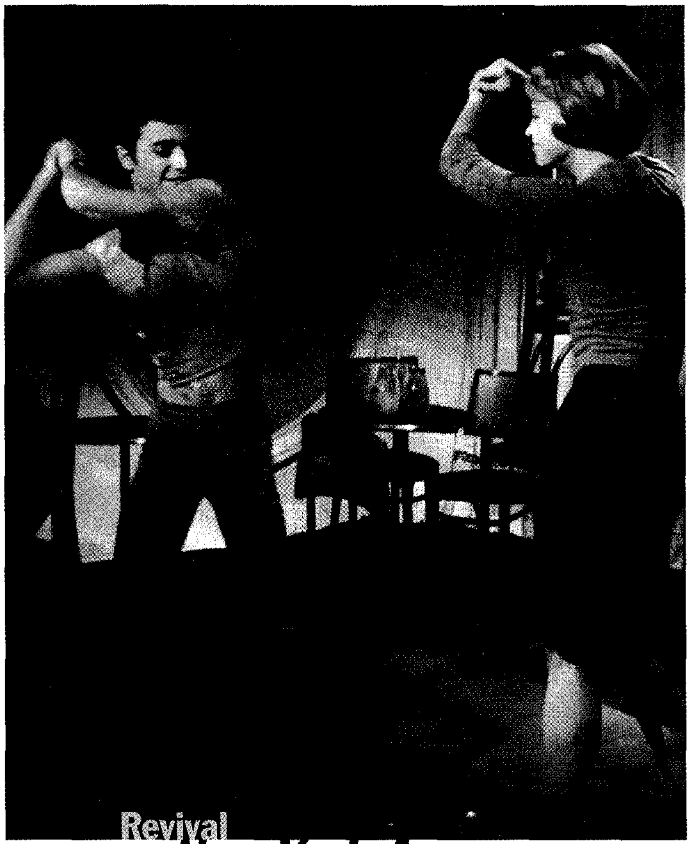
Yoko-Icon

and her new band—featuring Sean Lennon on guitar—play the Knitting Factory on March 6 (*page* 81)

movies

The Brothers Quay and Coen . . . *If Lucy Fell*



Revival

New York A-go-go

***Who Killed Teddy Bear?* (starring Sal Mineo and Juliet Prowse, above), a lascivious look at New York's throbbing sixties youth subculture, runs as an enjoyably loser-ish companion piece to *Taxi Driver* at Film Forum, beginning March 8.**

New Films

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas and his wife, Belinda, have adapted a marvelous 1992 A. S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. Although this movie appears to lack humor, the portentousness pays off in the end. Our initial impatience later gives way to admiration for Haas's daring to play his cards so close to the vest. He's got a real secret. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; Tower East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Anne Frank Remembered—A documentary by Jon Blair, produced with the full, unprecedented cooperation of the Anne Frank House, which provided previously unseen photos, letters, and access to the annex where the Franks hid from the Nazis. Narrated by Kenneth Branagh and Glenn Close. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Babe—A wonderful, well-done fable about a pig (Babe) who doesn't fit in with all the other animals on his farm. So he defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *Manhattan Twin.*

Beautiful Girls—Matt Dillon gives a lovely performance as Tommy, a former high-school star who spends his nights plowing snow; his old girlfriend (Lauren Holly) won't stop pursuing him, and he doesn't have the strength to resist her—a sick situation that leaves his regular girlfriend (Mira Sorvino) dieting herself into anorexia. Tim Hutton plays a morose cocktail-hour piano player who left town, flopped, and has now returned; Michael Rapaport is a misogynist dope who dreams of supermodels. These young men are often pathetic, and the movie (written by Scott Rosenberg and directed by Ted Demme) looks at them with affectionate rue. Rosie O'Donnell, the town hairdresser, sets everyone straight, and so does Uma Thurman, improbably passing through town, who takes the men's measure and turns each of them down. The movie is called *Beautiful Girls* because the men dream of perfect beauty and can't accept the flesh-and-blood women right in front of them, who are meant to be the true beauties. Rosenberg and Demme nod toward feminism and accomplished women, but they also hold to the dreary idea that men are by nature rhapsodists and fantasists, whereas women represent the solid earth of family and work. It's time, perhaps, to retire the sentimental genre of male-bonding movies. (Denby; 2/26/96) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Before and After—A suburban couple (Meryl Streep and Liam Neeson) are torn between loyalty to their teenage son and the desire to know the truth when he is accused of murdering his girlfriend. With Edward Furlong. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

The Birdcage—See David Denby, p. 50. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Bottle Rocket—A remarkably well-written first feature by the young Owen C. Wilson (who also stars as would-be ringleader Dignan) and Wes Anderson. Dignan is a well-meaning, if thickheaded, young man who fixes his sights on a life of adventure financed by crime. What saves this film from being another boys-coming-of-age-in-suburbia movie is the dialogue, which is endearingly loopy and believable. Directed by Anderson. Executive produced by James L. Brooks. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Braveheart—William Wallace (Mel Gibson, who also directed) returns home to Scotland after long wanderings and falls in love with a village girl, Murron (Catherine McCormack). Standing naked in an icy grove, their breath frosting in the night air, the couple consummate their union, thereby depriving an English lord of his "right" to deflower the bride on her wedding night. Soon Murron gets her throat cut, and all hell breaks loose. In the large-scale battle scenes, Gibson the director does decent work, but the battles are heavy on the hacking and hewing, with much gouging, slashing, and lopping as well. Why are we being worked up by this furious violence? At the end, we have to sit through an interminable scene in which the hero is choked, racked, and disemboweled. Gibson puts us in the peculiar position of longing for him to die. (Denby; 6/5/95) (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Astor Plaza; New York Twin.*

★**Broken Arrow**—If you've never experienced a Hong Kong action movie, you might as well see this John Woo film. Woo has moved to Hollywood, so *Broken Arrow* takes place in the Arizona desert and features stars like John Travolta and Christian Slater. There's sort of a plot (about a nihilistic Air Force pilot and a couple of stolen nukes), but none of that means much. What matters here is movement: not only is everyone and everything moving, but everything moves in relation to other things (car, trains, helicopters) that are moving. People jump, tumble, leap, fall, drop from planes, bridges, and moving trains. The movie is a paradise of kinetic bravura—sheer air ballet—and the gross realities of pain, blood, and dust never intrude for a second. *Broken Arrow* is silly and empty, but it's a great show. (Denby; 2/26/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

The City of Lost Children—A fantasy about a mad scientist named Krank who, aging prematurely because he cannot dream, kidnaps children and taps

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

"Cue" cover photograph by Stewart Ferebee.

"A TERRIFIC TWISTED COMEDY!
I was helpless with laughter."

- Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

"TWO THUMBS UP!"

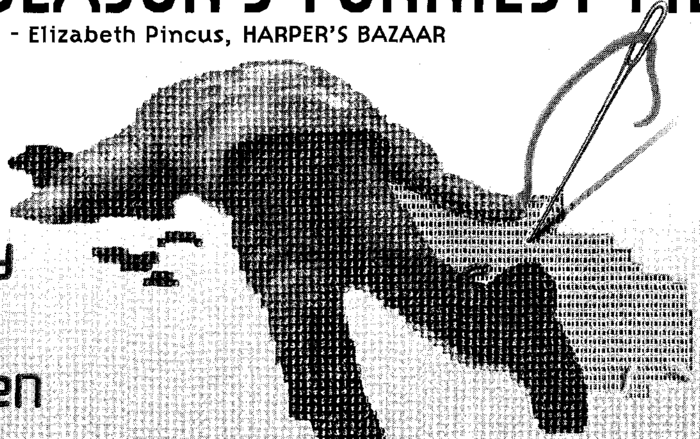
- SISKEL & EBERT

"A HILARIOUS THRILLER!
Frances McDormand is perfect as the world's unlikeliest detective."

- Lisa Henricksson, GQ

"IT'S THE SEASON'S FUNNIEST FILM."

- Elizabeth Pincus, HARPER'S BAZAAR



a film by
Joel &
Ethan Coen

Fargo

a
homespun
murder
story

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WORKING TITLE FILMS

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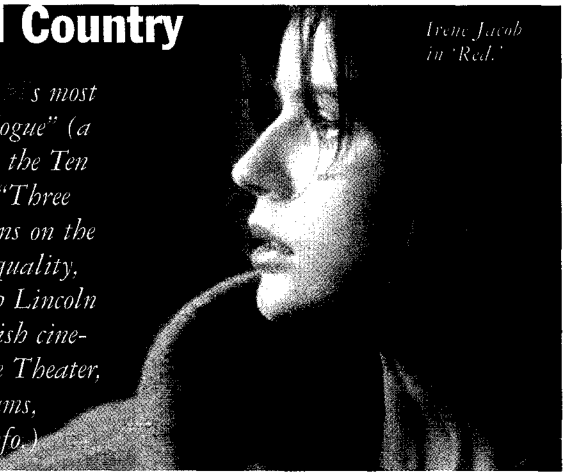
DOLBY STEREO® IN SELECTED THEATRES **Travel To FARGO @ http://www.reellife.com** into their dreams. Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Chungking Express—In these two very loosely connected love stories, lovelorn characters desire the wrong partners, obsess over the ones who remain slightly out of reach, and eventually connect in what seems to be the slightest of encounters. In the first story, a jilted cop, known to us only as No. 223, wanders the city aimlessly, gorges himself on canned pineapple marked with the sell-by date of May 1 (his birthday), and wills himself to fall in love with a mysterious blonde. In the second half of the film, No. 223 brushes by another cop, No. 663, who has just been deserted by his lover. Cop No. 663 also lives ritualistically; he eats each night at the same fast-food stand, oblivious to the young waitress who is obviously pining for him. Through a series of events, the waitress winds up with the key to No. 663's apartment; each day, on his lunch hour, she lets herself in and joyously cleans. Writer-director Wong Kar-Wai weds striking visuals to two stories that somehow manage to be both disheartening and romantic; he knows the difference between the way we would like life to be and the way it is, and without compromising his characters, ties up both tales with a thread of hope. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**City Hall**—We are taken through a crisis in the popular mayorship of John Pappas (Al Pacino), a shrewd politician who is half Mario Cuomo, half Fiorello La Guardia. On a rainy day, under the El in Brooklyn, a small black boy is killed in a shootout between a cop and a minor mafioso. Pappas's deputy mayor, Kevin Calhoun (John Cusack), a young Louisianan with strong political instincts, runs through the city bureaus and agencies trying to figure out what went wrong. That mafioso, it turns out, shouldn't have been on the street. A normally tough-minded judge (Martin Landau) let him out on probation; the thug was a nephew of a Mafia kingpin who hangs out with city pols, and the judge in question is a longtime friend and ally of the mayor's. The emotional heart of the movie is the relationship between the mayor and his young deputy; Pappas directs Kevin, advises him, but also performs for him, for he sees his younger self in Kevin. This is a wonderful role for Cusack; he has authority now, and his Kevin has real drive and intelligence, so his opinion is worth having. And his disillusion is worth grieving over. (Denby; 2/19/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Retrospective

God and Country



Irene Jacob in 'Red.'

Two of Krzysztof Kieślowski's most ambitious works—"Decalogue" (a morality series inspired by the Ten Commandments) and the "Three Colors" trilogy (meditations on the French ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity)—wrap up Lincoln Center's celebration of Polish cinema. (At the Walter Reade Theater, March 8–14. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cutoff, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man—but if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin.*

Down Periscope—A comedy about a hapless Naval crew aboard a dilapidated submarine. With Kelsey Grammer. Directed by David Ward. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; National Twin; Orpheum; New Coliseum; Regency; Plaza.*

Fargo—Joel and Ethan Coen's darkly comic and highly entertaining story about a midwestern car salesman who arranges to have his wife kidnapped. The brilliant cast includes Frances McDormand as a very pregnant investigative cop and Steve Buscemi as one of the hit men. Based on a true story. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Flower of My Secret—In Pedro Almodóvar's latest comedy, Marisa Paredes plays a romance novelist who finds it impossible to write when her marriage falls apart. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

French Twist—A suburban housewife (Victoria Abril), turned off by her husband's relentless philandering, is suddenly turned on by a woman, with whom she begins an affair. The plot takes a series of twists and turns, exhausting nearly all options for an ending. Written and directed by the star, Josiane Balasko. (2 hrs. ; R) *Quad Cinema.*

From Dusk Till Dawn—Directed by Robert Rodriguez and based on an early screenplay by an insufficiently evolved Quentin Tarantino. It begins as a nastily amusing put-on gangster film, then changes into a vampire movie with a lot of naked ladies swinging themselves around, biting men. The movie is vicious in so casual a manner that it's not worth getting upset about. (Denby; 2/5/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Movieplex 42.*

From the Journals of Jean Seberg—In this fictionalized autobiography, Mary Beth Hurt portrays the late actress as she reviews her life and her work. Directed by Mark Rappaport. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Happy Gilmore—A comedy starring Adam Sandler as a displaced hockey player turned golf pro. Directed by Dennis Dugan. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 23rd Street West Triplex; Baronet/Coronet; 86th Street; Lincoln Square.*

Headless Body in Topless Bar—A thriller about an ex-con who holds the patrons of a seedy New York city strip joint hostage. Directed by James Bruce. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

★**Heat**—Director Michael Mann has mounted the production on a grand scale. There are not one but two obsessional figures—Neil McCauley (Robert De Niro), the head of a frighteningly determined group of thieves, and Vincent Hanna (Al Pacino), a haggard but still potent LAPD detective. The mental duel between the hunter and quarry, redoubled by the implicit rivalry between Pacino and De Niro, holds the film together. *Heat* is yet another explanation of that perennial movie subject, the male mystique of professionalism and violence, yet it's one of the best—an action film with an intellectual grip that never lets go. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Homeward Bound II—Sort of a *Home Alone* with animals. Two dogs and a cat get separated from their owners at an airport and find themselves lost in San Francisco. With the voices of Michael J. Fox, Sally Field, Sinbad, and Bob Uecker. Directed by David R. Ellis. (1 hr. 29 mins.; G) *Embassy 2–4.*

If Lucy Fell—Sitcom-ish romantic comedy about two friends who make a pact to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge if neither of them finds true love in 30 days. You can probably guess the ending. Written and directed by Eric Schaeffer, who stars with Sarah Jessica Parker, Elle Macpherson, and Ben Stiller. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

La Haine—A multicultural trio of alienated young men—a Jew (Vincent Cassel), an Arab (Said Taghmaoui), and a black (Hubert Kounde)—spend a very long day lounging around, brawling, pulling off minor drug deals, and attempting to see a friend brutalized by police after a riot. The young director, Mathieu Kassovitz, is very talented: He shoots in black-and-white, often with a handheld camera, and the movie captures the moody recklessness, the volatile, offhand brutality and loyalty of the 'hood, French-style. Kassovitz, however, takes cool to the point of meaninglessness. We never find out why there's been a riot in the projects, why the young men have no work, no hopes, no interests—or even how three men from such different backgrounds can get along so well. The movie is powerful but irritatingly vague. (Denby; 2/12/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; 84th Street Six.*

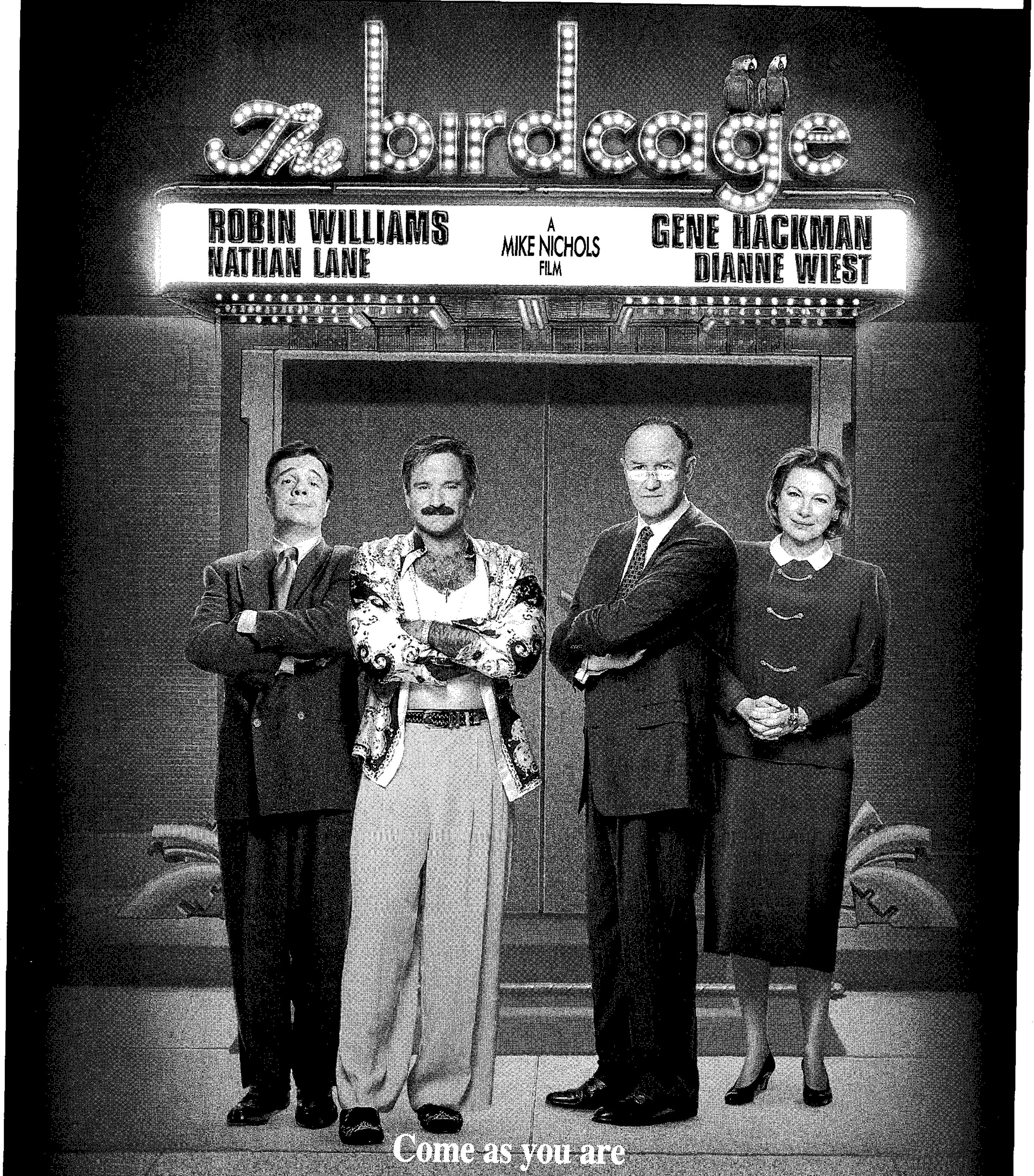
★**The Juror**—During the trial of a Mafia kingpin, an elusive man called the Teacher (a glamorously effective Alec Baldwin) insinuates himself into the life of one of the jurors, Annie (Demi Moore), a single mother and artist. He follows her, buys the strange sculptures she makes, flatters her—and tells her she must persuade the other jurors to acquit a mafioso. If she doesn't, he will kill her 12-year-old son. The story has been contrived so that Annie is almost completely isolated; she has nothing to fall back on but her resourceful, single-mother toughness. Moore—who in the past has projected a generalized anger that seemed to relate more to her drive to be a star than it did to any character she was portraying—drops her look-at-me attitude and comes solidly into focus. Director Brian Gibson has got hold of a powerful contemporary theme—the power struggle between women and men—and keeps the film moving swiftly. (Denby; 2/12/96) (2 hrs.; R) *Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum.*

Last Summer in the Hamptons—Three generations of an acting dynasty convene at their annual summer retreat for the last time. Starring the late Viveca Lindfors, and Roddy McDowall. Directed by Henry Jaglom. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Angelika 57.*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret. Having dispensed with the usual suspense of such movies (when will the hero hit bottom and pull himself out of it?), director Mike Figgis is free to open his film to mystery and art. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl

"★★★★ SCREAMINGLY FUNNY! HYSTERICAL! I LAUGHED 'TIL IT HURT!"

Bill Diehl, ABC RADIO


The birdcage
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Come as you are

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES PRESENTS A MIKE NICHOLS FILM ROBIN WILLIAMS GENE HACKMAN NATHAN LANE AND DIANNE WIEST "THE BIRDCAGE" EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS NEIL MACHLIS AND MARCELLO DANON MUSIC ARRANGED AND ADAPTED BY JONATHAN TUNICK SCREENPLAY BY ELAINE MAY PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY MIKE NICHOLS READ THE PLUME NOVEL

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STARTS FRIDAY, MARCH 8 AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and they're not coming back. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life. It's the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Man of the Year—A "mock" documentary by former *Playgirl* Man of the Year Dirk Shafer about his reign in the closet. Not amusing. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR). *Quad Cinemas.*

Mary Reilly—The Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde story with a twist; it's told through the eyes of Dr. Jekyll's timid chambermaid, Mary Reilly (Julia Roberts). With John Malkovich and Glenn Close. Directed by Stephen Frears. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

A Midwinter's Tale—A comedy about a struggling actor who attempts to mount a serious production of *Hamlet*. Written and directed by Kenneth Branagh. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Mr. Holland's Opus—Richard Dreyfuss stars as a musician who somewhat unwillingly becomes a teacher—and therein finds his greatest satisfaction.Directed by Stephen Herek. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Sutton; Lincoln Square.*

Muppet Treasure Island—A live-action send-up of the Robert Louis Stevenson book. Directed by Brian Henson. (1 hr. 39 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas.*

The Neon Bible—The coming-of-age of a young boy in the South of the forties, told in flashback: life with his cruel father, his sensitive mother, and his eccentric chanteuse of an aunt (Gena Rowlands), who profoundly changes the young boy's life. With Jacob Tierney as David. Directed by Terence Davies, who adapted the screenplay from the novel by John Kennedy Toole. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Nico-Icon—A top model of the sixties, Warhol superstar Nico (as the young Christa Paffgen was renamed by a photographer) went on to flirt with a film career, have affairs with quite a few artists, seriously pursue music, and get her son hooked on heroin. Suzanne Ofteringer's documentary is neither sneering nor too reverential; all she wants to do, it seems, is learn more about this compelling creature. But for all Ofteringer's digging, only one thing about Nico is certain: She was most brilliant at being enigmatic. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

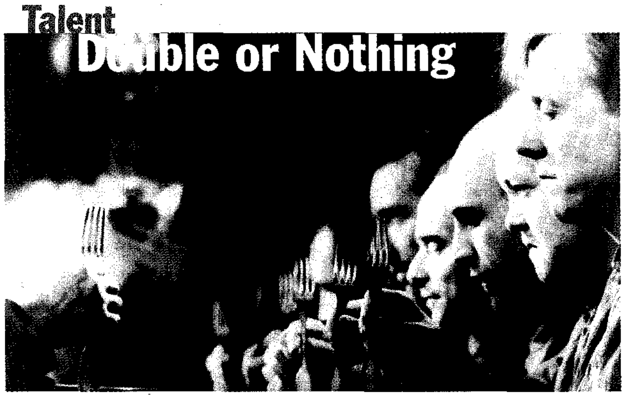
Nueba Yol—The tragi-comic story of an aspiring immigrant from the Dominican Republic who will do anything to remain in New York. Directed by Angel Muniz. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Embassy 2–4; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

Othello—In this production, everyone is very young and inexperienced. Othello and Desdemona are in love—each, perhaps, for the first time—and so little known to each other that their passion seems unconnected to anything else in their natures. Iago's subtlety and cruelty, we feel, are not even needed to destroy their love; anything, even ordinary life, would have brought it down from this thoughtless height. Iago has been made almost superfluous, yet Kenneth Branagh's performance is the best thing in the movie—he speaks the verse as if he and Shakespeare had just spent time together at a local tavern. Laurence Fishburne, however, pronounces his part rather than acts it, and director Oliver Parker has simplified the play in ways that reduce it. (Denby; 1/15/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

★**Persuasion**—A generally intelligent and moving BBC adaptation of Jane Austen's last completed novel. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Cinema 3.*

Talent

Double or Nothing



"I'm extremely jealous," director Terry Gilliam admitted about the exquisitely ethereal *Institute Benjamenta* (opening March 13 at Film Forum), which won Best Film at last year's Stockholm Festival. The otherworldly work is the first live-action feature by the Brothers Quay, twin animators considered overabundantly talented by peers such as Gilliam, and cultishly adored by aspiring artists nursing their first existential dilemmas. The Quays, who dislike differentiation from each other (they refer to themselves only in the plural), had a conventional upbringing in suburban Philadelphia, where, in the words of one, "we were sweating with obedience." They moved to London at 22 and, after art school, found work as documentarians, animators, and set designers, fostering a reputation for eccentricity along the way. They bristle slightly at that description, but *Institute Benjamenta* will firmly cement it: Though it has a setting (the titular institute) and a protagonist (an aspiring butler), the film is nearly devoid of narrative. Instead, it is a great feast of fetishized imagery; the dim, shadowy halls and passageways seem to exacerbate the characters' all-consuming hunger for spiritual enlightenment. And while each frame is as excruciatingly detailed as a still life, the Quays have ensured that the film remains open to vastly disparate individual interpretations—something they are well aware will aggravate audiences. "We feel like most people go to films with just their tumescent heads, which obviously can't fathom certain things," says one. "But we'd rather evoke doubt—that state between knowing and not knowing. Only then does the potential for *realizing* something exist, and then you can feel the film go through your heart." MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; UA East.*

Restoration—Robert Downey Jr. stars as a wayward doctor who much prefers the orgiastic life-style afforded him as King Charles II's private physician to actually tending the violently sick masses stricken by the Black Plague. Overblown and way too long; Downey, as a supposedly tortured man of medicine, bumbles his way through the Plague. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *62nd and Broadway.*

★**Richard III**—Director Richard Loncraine and actor Ian McKellan have cut and rearranged the text of Shakespeare's melodramatic potboiler, and moved the power struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York from the fifteenth century to the England of the mid-1930s. Indeed, there is something in the play that illuminates the despair of between-the-wars Europe—the sense that affairs of state are slipping out of control, the nauseating realization that the most energetic and decisive person in the country is also the most evil. Richard takes over because the good people are too tired to stop him. McKellan gives a startlingly candid performance. He is the most supremely conscious of Richards, an adventurer playing the cards that have been dealt him—physical deformity, intellectual superiority—without illusions. Director Loncraine uses realistic settings in a theatrical manner, pushing beyond realism, but not too far. The movie is not serious or essential, but it's thoroughly alive. (Denby; 1/15/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Metro Cinema.*

Rumble in the Bronx—A crossover vehicle for Hong Kong action star Jackie Chan that fails to do him justice. Much of the problem lies in the setting and what passes for a storyline: Keung (Chan) comes to the Bronx to visit his uncle and has to fight a lot of New York punks, who themselves look and act like a tourist's idea of New York–style thugs. But Chan doesn't get to display his martial-arts chops to the best effect, because here he's fighting guys who can only throw the crudest of punches. It's a big, garish cartoon; though we never feel like Chan's above it, he deserves better. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson is the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

Shanghai Triad—Director Zhang Yimou (*Ju Dou, Raise the Red Lantern, To Live*) sets this gangster tale in thirties Shanghai, and we experience everything through the eyes of a 14-year-old country boy named Shuisheng (Wang Xiaoxiao), who must faithfully and attentively serve a ganglord's spoiled, petulant moll. Their relationship becomes the crux of the film, and Yimou craftily avoids clichés in rendering a double coming-of-age tale. With Gong Li. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Starmaker—A would-be talent scout scours remote Sicilian villages with a camera and the promise that those he films will become famous. Directed by Giuseppe Tornatore (*Cinema Paradiso*). (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

Target—Based on the last screenplay written by Satyajit Ray and directed by his son Sandip. The story centers around Singh, a drunken, wealthy landlord who has lost his skills as an expert marksman. Singh hires a professional hunter to hunt for him on his next safari, and the professional—an untouchable—confronts the injustices of the caste system. In Hindi with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Twelve Monkeys—James (Bruce Willis) is a prisoner who is barely living in the future, and his only option for survival is this: Travel back in time to 1996, just before the endtimes, and determine the exact cause of the near-annihilation of humans from the face of the earth. With Madeleine Stowe and Brad Pitt. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex.*

Unforgettable—A thriller about a widowed medical examiner (Ray Liotta) who, with the help of a sexy neurobiologist (Linda Fiorentino), taps into his dead wife's memory bank to find the person who killed her. Directed by John Dahl (*The Last Seduction*). (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Up Close & Personal—Michelle Pfeiffer plays a tense, ambitious Reno weathergirl who fakes a demo tape and gets an interview at a bustling Miami TV station, where she falls under the tutelage of Robert Redford's newsroom pro, a man of great integrity who is mysteriously on his way down. On camera, Michelle makes terrible blunders, but at a certain moment in any story she pulls herself together and delivers something—an emotional experience of the news—to the viewer. Redford bullies his protégée, but he always helps her; despite many missteps, she flourishes as he sinks. *Up Close & Personal* is big, dull, and familiar; the story is another go-round for *A Star Is Born*, one of whose earlier versions was written by the same screenwriting team (Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne). Directed by Jon Avnet. (Denby; 3/4/96) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

The White Balloon—Seven-year-old Razieh has a singular goal: to buy a goldfish. She has only a few hours before the city shuts down for New Year's Day, she has lost the money her mother has given her, and none of the street vendors seem to grasp the enormity of her problem. Shot in real time. Winner of the Camera d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival. Directed by Jafar Panahi. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Young Poisoner's Handbook**—Writer-director Ben Ross linked up with another writer, Jeff Rawle, who shared his interest in an actual murderer—Graham Young, the chem-lab wizard who killed a number of people and became a Brit tabloid celebrity of the sixties and seventies. Graham is 14 when we first see him, a nerdish boy from the London suburbs with pale skin and wide-open eyes. Hugh O'Conor, who was the young Christy Brown in *My Left Foot*, plays Graham with the polite manners of a dry-goods clerk. But there's a demonic element in Graham. What he lacks is the slightest empathy; he puts people in agony and looks on in wonder, as if the spectacle had nothing to do with him. Methodically, Graham begins to eliminate the members of his ghastly family, a group of nasty vulgarians completely unconscious of themselves or of the blankly vicious boy who lives among them. Against every scruple, we root for Graham; he's a monster, but he's also weirdly appealing. When he gets caught and sent to the state funny farm, the comedy deepens, and at the end, Graham thaws a little and tries to experience the pain he has caused others. But despite the shift in meaning, *The Young Poisoner's Handbook* maintains its unearthly poise. This is a remarkable first feature; if the experience doesn't hurt too much, you may find yourself laughing all the way through it. (Denby; 3/4/96) (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Beautiful Girls; Shanghai Triad; The City of Lost Children; The Young Poisoner's Handbook; Things to Do in Denver.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Braveheart; Broken Arrow; Richard III.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *From the Journals of Jean Seberg.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Nico-Icon; Target.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Anne Frank Remembered; French Twist; The Neon Bible; The White Balloon.* Opening 3/8: *Man of the Year.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Up Close and Personal; Before and After; City Hall; Down Periscope; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; The Postman.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Angels & Insects; Bottle Rocket; Dead Man Walking; La Haine; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; Sense and Sensibility.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Georgia; Happy Gilmore; Unforgettable.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Before and After; City Hall; Dead Man Walking; Rumble in the Bronx; Sense and Sensibility; Unforgettable.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Happy Gilmore; Muppet Treasure Island; Twelve Monkeys.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Richard III.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Dead Man Walking; Leaving Las Vegas; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Up Close and Personal; Beautiful Girls; Bottle Rocket; Broken Arrow; Down Periscope; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; The Postman.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Before and After; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Apollo 13.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Headless Body in Topless Bar; Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Braveheart.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Happy Gilmore; Sense and Sensibility.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; The Young Poisoner's Handbook.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Persuasion.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Up Close and Personal; A Midwinter's Tale; Before and After.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Broken Arrow; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Down Periscope.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Postman.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Before and After.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Beautiful Girls; Nixon; Nueba Yol.* Opening 3/8: *Homeward Bound II.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Up Close and Personal.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Babe.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Broken Arrow; From Dusk Till Dawn; Mary Reilly; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Down Periscope; Casino.*

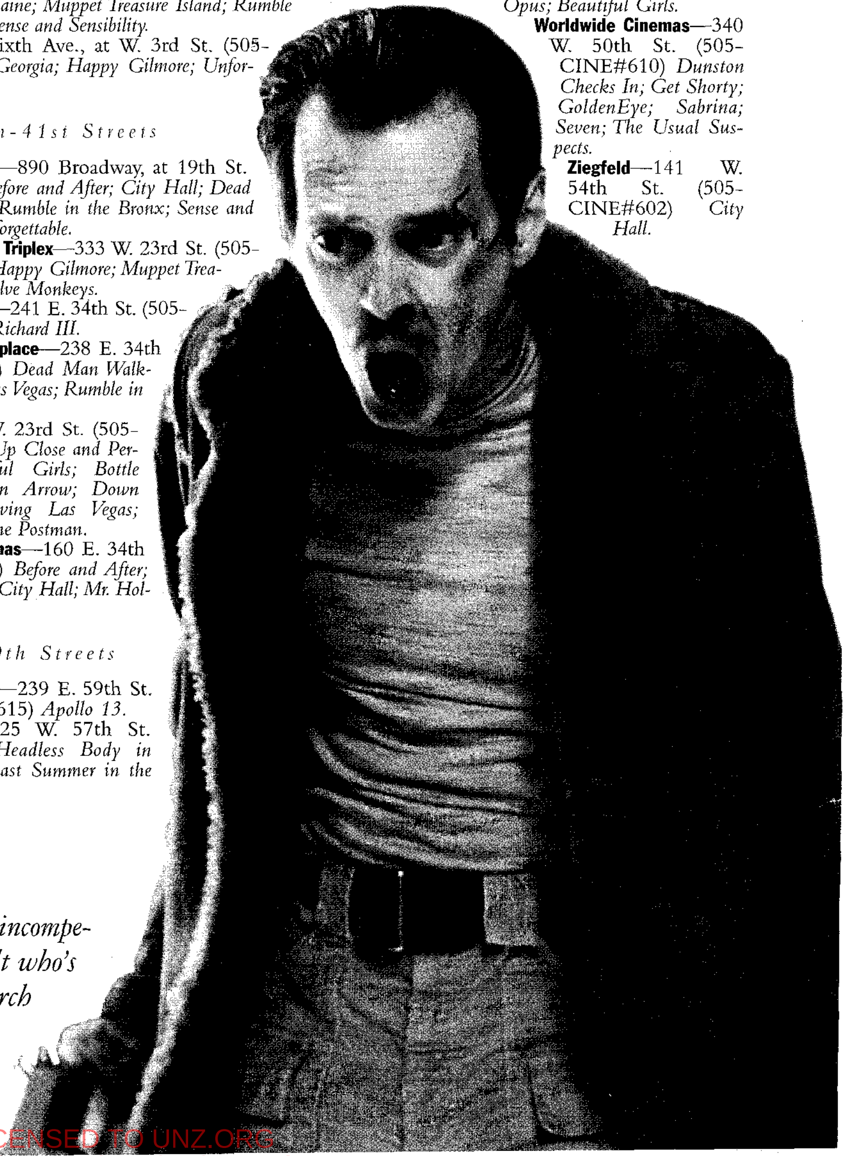
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Othello.* Opening 3/8: *The Starmaker.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Mr. Holland's Opus; Beautiful Girls.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Dunston Checks In; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Sabrina; Seven; The Usual Suspects.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *City Hall.*

Opening
Bloody Good Fun



Steve Buscemi (right) is a hit man whose spectacular incompetence is matched only by the hapless plotting of the dolt who's hired him to kidnap his wife in 'Fargo' (opening March 8), the latest black jewel from the Coen Brothers.

Photograph by Michael Tackett/Gramercy Pictures.

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Mighty Aphrodite.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Happy Gilmore; Broken Arrow.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Before and After; Muppet Treasure Island.*
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *City Hall.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Leaving Las Vegas; Unforgettable.*
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Mighty Aphrodite; Mary Reilly.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Braveheart; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Up Close and Personal; Beautiful Girls; City Hall; Down Periscope; Leaving Las Vegas; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror.*
Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Angels & Insects.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Postman.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Restoration.*
84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Beautiful Girls; Before and After; City Hall; La Haine; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; Anne Frank Remembered; L'America; Mighty Aphrodite; Shanghai Triad; The White Balloon.*
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Up Close and Personal; Across the Sea of Time; Bottle Rocket; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Happy Gilmore; Into the Deep; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; Mr. Holland's Opus; Muppet Treasure Island; Sense and Sensibility; Unforgettable; Wings of Courage.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Leaving Las Vegas; Richard III.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Down Periscope; Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Muppet Treasure Island; Broken Arrow.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Down Periscope.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Up Close and Personal; . . . When We Were Colored; Before and After; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Dead Man Walking; Down Periscope; From Dusk Till Dawn; Happy Gilmore; Jumanji; Mary Reilly; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Up Close and Personal; Babe; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*
Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Happy Gilmore; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Up Close and Personal; Mary Reilly; Sense and Sensibility.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Up Close and Personal; When We Were Colored; Babe; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Down Periscope; From Dusk Till Dawn; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Wrong; Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror; Unforgettable.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Up Close and Personal; Before and After; Dead Man Walking; Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Holland's Opus; Muppet Treasure Island.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Broken Arrow; Unforgettable.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Down Periscope; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Up Close and Personal; Angels & Insects; Babe; Before and After; City Hall; Muppet Treasure Island.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Mary Reilly; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *When We Were Colored; Down Periscope; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *City Hall; Down Periscope; Muppet Treasure Island.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Broken Arrow; Down Periscope; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; Waiting to Exhale.*
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Up Close and Personal; Before and After; City Hall; Happy Gilmore; Mary Reilly; Unforgettable.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Muppet Treasure Island; The Postman.*
Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *. . . When We Were Colored; Broken Arrow; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Rumble in the Bronx; Toy Story.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Broken Arrow; Down Periscope; Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Copycat; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Money Train; Nick of Time; The American President; Toy Story.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Up Close and Personal; Dead Man Walking; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Mr. Wrong; Muppet Treasure Island.*
Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Leaving Las Vegas; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Before and After; Muppet Treasure Island.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Mary Reilly.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *. . . When We Were Colored; City Hall; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Up Close and Personal; Before and After; Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Mary Reilly; Muppet Treasure Island.*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Before and After; City Hall; Mr. Holland's Opus; Rumble in the Bronx.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Sense and Sensibility; Leaving Las Vegas.*
Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Up Close and Personal; Before and After; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Dead Man Walking; Mary Reilly; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Muppet Treasure Island; Nueba Yol; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Opening
Love Story

Eric Schaeffer (with Sarah Jessica Parker, above), auteur behind the indie favorite 'My Life's in Turnaround,' takes a stab at light romantic comedy with 'If Lucy Fell' (opening March 8).

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Broken Arrow; Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Waiting to Exhale.*
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Babe; Beautiful Girls; Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; The Juror; Unforgettable.*
Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Up Close and Personal; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Holland's Opus; The Postman.*
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Mr. Holland's Opus.*
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Down Periscope; Nueba Yol.*
Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Rumble in the Bronx; The Juror; Unforgettable.*
Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Babe; Dead Man Walking; Down Periscope.*
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Broken Arrow; City Hall; Jumanji; Mary Reilly; The Postman.*
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Up Close and Personal.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Up Close and Personal; Before and After; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Happy Gilmore; Mr. Holland's Opus; Unforgettable.* Opening 3/8: *Homeward Bound II; The Birdcage.*
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Up Close and Personal; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Down Periscope; Rumble in the Bronx.*
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at

Photograph by Gene Page/Columbia/TriStar.

Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Up Close and Personal; Beautiful Girls; Before and After; Broken Arrow; City Hall; Down Periscope; Happy Gilmore; Leaving Las Vegas; Mary Reilly; Mr. Holland's Opus; Mr. Wrong; Muppet Treasure Island; The Postman; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—3/9 and 3/10: *A Personal Journey With Martin Scorsese Through American Movies* (1996). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Brooklyn Museum—3/8 and 3/9: "Self-Discoveries: A Festival of Latin American Cinema." *Return to Aztlan* (1991). 3/10: *Patakin!* (1982). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Donnell Media Center—3/5: *Jewish American* (1970) and *Hester Street* (1975). 3/7: *Portrait* (1973), *L'Adolescence* (1966), and *What Maisie Knew* (1975). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

A Different Light—3/10: *Springtime in the Rockies* (1942). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 3/7: *Taxi Driver* (1976). 3/8–3/14: *Who Killed Teddy Bear?* (1965). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 3/7: "Polish Cinema From 1930 to the Present." 3/4: *Sunday Pranks* (1983) with *Anything Can Happen* (1995). 3/4–3/7: *Crows* (1994) with *89 MM From Europe* (1993). 3/5: *Austeria* (1983). 3/6 and 3/7: *Pigs* (1992) and *The Miraculous Place* (1993). 3/8–3/14: "Krzysztof Kieslowski's Three Colors and Ten Commandments." 3/8 and 3/9: *Decalogue One* and *Two* (1988) and *Decalogue Three* and *Four* (1988). 3/9: *Decalogue Five* and *Six* (1988). 3/10: *Decalogue Seven* and *Eight* (1988) and *Decalogue Nine* and *Ten* (1988). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—3/5: *L'Argent* (1983). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 3/15: "Asta: The Tenth Muse." 3/5: *The Abyss* (1910), *The Black Dream* (1911), *The Ballet Dancer* (1911). 3/7: *The ABC of Love* (1916) and *Dora Brandes* (1916). 3/8: *The Treacherous Woman* (1911) and *The Queen of the Stock Exchange* (1918). 3/9: *Asta Nielsen* (1968) and *Impossible Love* (1932). 3/10: *Joyless Street* (1925), *Frontstairs, Backstairs/Vertigo* (1914), and *White Roses* (1914). Through 3/17: "Samuel Fuller." 3/7: *The Steel Helmet* (1951) and *Pickup on South Street* (1952). 3/7 and 3/8: *Forty Guns* (1957). 3/8: *Merrill's Marauders* (1962). 3/8 and 3/9: *I Shot Jesse James* (1949). 3/8 and 3/10: *Park Row* (1952). 3/10: *The Baron of Arizona* (1950). 3/8 and 3/9: "The Century of Cinema." *Cinema of Tears* (1995). 3/4–3/5: "Academy-Nominated Films—Foreign Language Feature." 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Directed by John Frankenheimer: The Television Work." 25 West 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Symphony Space—"The Best Films of Our Lives, Part II." 3/5: *Olympiad* (1936). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Beginning 3/6: "Gregory J. Markopoulos." 3/6: *A Christmas Carol* (1940), *Christmas USA* (1949), and *The Dead Ones* (1949). 3/7: *Du sang, de la volupte et de la morte* (1947). 3/8: *Flowers of Asphalt* (1951), *Eldora* (1953), and *Swain* (1950). 3/9: *Serenity* (1961), *The Filming of Twice a Man* (1963), and *Twice a Man* (1963). 3/10: *Galaxie* (1966). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Movie Listings Online

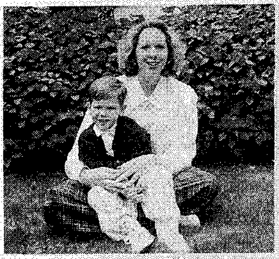
New York Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at _go_ NYMAG.

continued from page 21

sion, just as his "anger" is a kind of theatrical projection. For instance, his delineation of a New World Order driven by such organizations as the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission is a play to the followers of Pat Robertson. His sneering enunciation of Jewish names—"Rubin," "Greenspan," and "Ruth Bader Ginsburg"—is by no means an innocent coincidence. Recently, a memo surfaced from the Nixon White House in which Buchanan suggests a "dirty trick" for the 1972 campaign: Give a fake contribution to link Nixon's primary opponent, Pete McCloskey, to "New York Jewish money." Since his "code" has come under scrutiny, Buchanan has been more judicious, putting Goldman, Sachs after Citibank and Chase Manhattan when he talks about the beneficiaries of the Mexican bailout. Regardless, this is not genteel country-club anti-Semitism but a considered ideological posture.

When challenged on these matters, Buchanan budges not one inch. On his campaign plane, flying from Phoenix to Atlanta, I asked him about Bob Dole's comment that the Republicans wouldn't get a single Jewish vote with Buchanan as the nominee. He started to answer, then let it go. "I'm not going to touch that," he said. "Look, I've gotten in arguments with folks before and I'm sure I will again, but I stand my ground and I don't withdraw anything I've said." Asked what he could do to assuage Jewish concerns on the eve of the New York primary, Buchanan replied: "Everybody's got the same constitutional rights, and nobody can change that, and I don't plan to." Feel better?

Buchanan's other tack has been to take a cue from his mentor Richard Nixon, who employed Rabbi Baruch Korff as a house Jew. Buchanan has named Rabbi Yehuda Levin of Brooklyn as a national co-chairman of his campaign. Levin was onstage in Marietta, alongside Buchanan and the old Georgia segregationist Lester Maddox, but I couldn't get much out of him after the show. He was bathed in sweat and very agitated. Buchanan may also draw a bit of support from the intriguing-sounding organization Jews for the Preservation of Firearms Ownership, which Larry Pratt cited in his own defense when accused of supporting bigotry. Lox and load, anyone? In view of Buchanan's totally unrepentant fringe wackiness, a certain amount of levity is understandable, if not required. But don't forget not to laugh. ▬



Alicia McNulty and son Joseph

I had just given birth to my fourth child, when I heard my doctor say, "For God's sake, she's hemorrhaging. I can't stop the bleeding." The baby was fine, but I was bleeding to death. For ten days I lay in a coma as a team of doctors, surgeons and nurses fought to keep me alive. But in the end, what ultimately made the difference were 165 total strangers who I only know as type AB Positive.

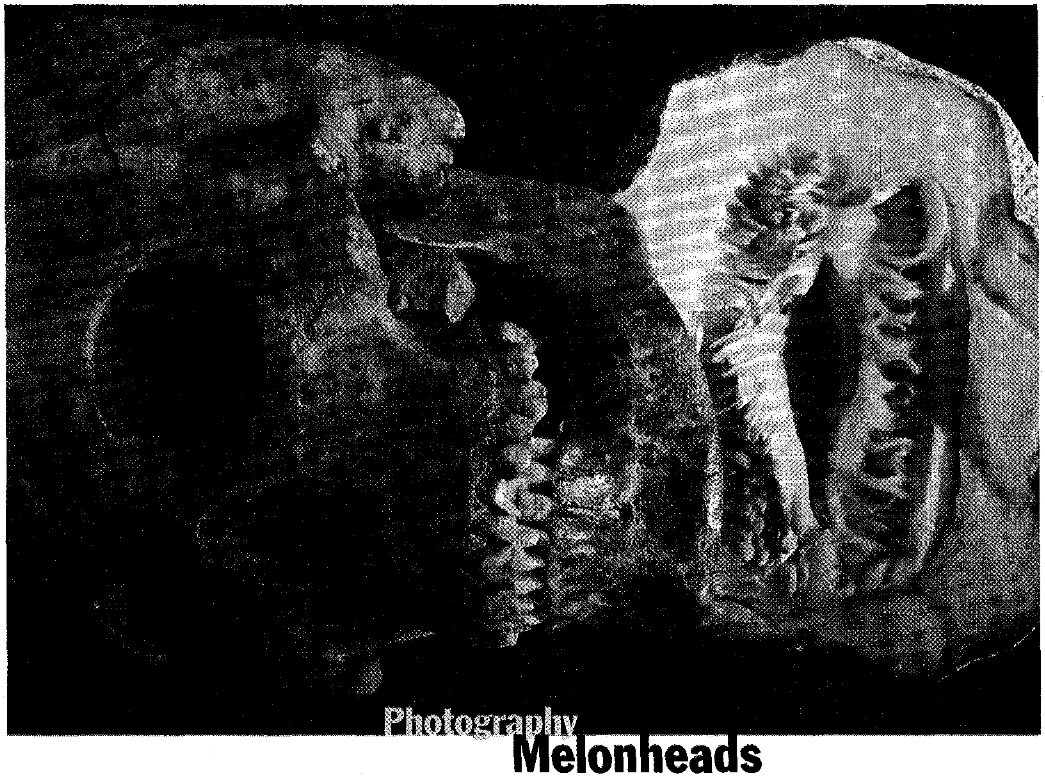
Thank you. Your blood saved my life.

New York *Blood Center*

Blood donors save lives. Alicia McNulty is living proof. To give blood call 1 800-933-BLOOD (2566).

art

Too Jewish...Jed Devine...Works on Paper



Photography

Melonheads

Under the surface, heads and melons have more in common than most of us might like to think. But as photographed by Jed Devine, the pairing is a surprisingly elegant memento mori. At Bonni Benrubi Gallery, 52 East 76th Street; through April 13.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Watercolors and drawings ranging in date from 1891 to 1945, including, among other works, studies for commercial posters, designs for four folding screens, designs for sheet covers for the music of his brother-in-law, and a project for an illustrated alphabet for children; through 3/23. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (517-4715).

Rolf Julius/Hans Otte—A collaborative sound installation by these two German artists that was curated by Wulf Herzogenrath, director of Bremen's Kunsthalle; through 3/30. Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700); Tues. and Thurs. 10–7, Wed. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. 12–5.

John Lees—New paintings from which the images of a pond, a saxophone, a mountain, and a figure emerge, plus related drawings and sketchbooks; through 3/23. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Robert Arneson/Philip Wofford—A survey of the late ceramicist's works on paper and canvas/Small-scale relief paintings. Through 3/30. Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Steven Assael—New figurative paintings and drawings; through 3/23. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Drew Beattie and Daniel Davidson—Recent paintings by this collaborative team, which works without a preconceived composition on the same canvas at the same time and using the same materials to produce works that simultaneously evoke Brueghel and Bosch, Surrealism, and the cartoon imagery of Philip Guston. Through 3/30. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Robert Berlind—Paintings that focus on the patterns and rhythms of nature, as seen in a tree's twisting branches or the ripples and reflections in a pond; 3/7–4/6. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Wendell Castle—New art furniture; 3/7–4/20. Joseph, 745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500).

Vija Celmins—Night sky paintings and drawings from 1994–96; through 4/5. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Mark Dagley—Paintings of multicolored geometric configurations; through 3/19. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings, drawings, and sculpture from the fifties, including examples of his butterfly and leaf collages; through 3/23. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Morris Graves—Paintings and drawings made between 1935 and 1955; through 3/30. Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Keith Haring—A selection of paintings and sculpture made between 1981 and 1989; through 3/23. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Valerie Jaudon—Recent abstract paintings; through 3/23. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

David Kroll/Eric Blum—Recent paintings of still life set against romantic landscapes/Oil-and-beeswax portraits of nymphlike girls. Through 3/30. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

John Laub—Paintings of landscapes in the Adirondacks, Fire Island, and Martha's Vineyard; 3/7–4/6. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Andrew Masullo—Pop-ish, thick-surfaced paintings of bars, stripes, lozenges, heraldic shields, and other geometric and emblematic shapes; through 3/30. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Jon Schueler—A survey of his abstract paintings from the fifties made in New York, Scotland, and Paris; 3/9–30. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Steve Wheeler—An exhibition that pairs the late artist's library of rare and out-of-print books with his paintings—colorful, puzzlelike works that draw on, among other sources, Cubism, ethnographic art, and the paintings of Paul Klee; through 3/16. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Dan Asher—Figure drawings and related clay sculptures; through 3/30. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Louise Belcourt—New abstract paintings; through 3/23. Sundvik, 26 Grand St. (226-6361).

Stefano Bicini—Large-scale abstract paintings that are characterized by luminous opalescent color and the artist's use of renaissance techniques for fresco painting and glazing; through 3/30. Silverstein, 591 Broadway (226-0640).

Janet Biggs—A multimedia installation of video and still photography that explores girls' fascination with horses; through 4/6. Chassie Post, 453 Broome St. (966-4229).

Linda Burgess—Paintings inspired by the artist's travels through Southeast Asia and the tropics; through 3/30. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Chiara Dynys—Three-dimensional geometric wall pieces made from marble, resin, and porcelain; through 4/13. Cristinerose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

Leon Golub—New paintings from the series "Snake Eyes" and paintings from the series "Sphinx & Other Enigmas" that were made between 1952 and 1956; through 3/30. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of Bonnie Benrubi Gallery.

Luke Gray—Recent abstract paintings that use the brushstroke as a building block for sprawling, collagelike configurations; through 3/30. Erben, 284 Mott St. (966-5283).

Robert Grosvenor—Two large-scale sculptures produced within the past two years, through 3/23, at Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766), and a selection of the sculptor's drawings from 1969 to 1994, through 3/23, at Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Rohan Harris/Lucy Mackenzie—Small-scale wall sculptures of beeswax, metal, fabric, and wood/Small paintings, drawings, and assemblages. Through 4/17. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Y. Z. Kami—New works, including painted portraits and blown-up manipulated photographs; through 3/30. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Dennis Kardon—Recent figurative paintings; through 3/30. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Alex Katz—A show that pairs two of the artist's recent, large-scale landscapes of Maine with his small 1959 painting, *Provincetown*; through 3/16. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Edward Kienholz and Nancy Reddin Kienholz—A survey of works created at the Los Angeles–based artists' workshop, Gemini G.E.L., first solely by Kienholz and then later in collaboration with his wife, Nancy Reddin Kienholz; through 3/30. Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Lani Maestro—Three installations that question preconceived notions about immigration, exile, origin, and identity, by an artist who lives in Montreal; through 4/13. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Matt Marello—Altered movie posters and trailers; through 3/23. Collins, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Beatriz Milhazes—Sumptuously colored paintings whose decorative motifs of ruffles, medallions, flowers, necklaces, and other images are transferred onto canvas using a monotype-like technique; 3/9–4/13. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Robert Murray—Selected small sculptures from the eighties and nineties; through 4/6. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

Leonard Nelson—A retrospective of prints by this abstractionist (1912–1993) who showed his work at Betty Parsons Gallery and at Peggy Guggenheim's gallery, Art of This Century, and was later a professor at Moore College of Art in Philadelphia; through 3/2. Teller, 568 Broadway (941-7335).

Debra Priestly—Paintings from the artist's "Caddisworm Chronicles" series that draw on her childhood memories; through 3/28. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Bill Richards—Mixed-media paintings of urns adorned with the doodles of the physically and psychologically traumatized children the artist has worked with over the past 30 years, and since 1989, as the director of the Harlem Horizon Art Studio; 3/7–4/13. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Julia Scher—A multimedia installation titled *American Fibroids;* through 4/6. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Julian Schnabel—Recent large-scale paintings in a series titled "The Conversion of St. Paolo Malfi" that were painted in memory of Paolo Malfi, an Italian artist and friend of the artist's who was tragically killed in Rome in 1995; through 3/23. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224), and Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Gary Simmons—Three large-scale chalk drawings executed directly on the gallery's black, chalkboard-surfaced walls that expand on the artist's familiar vocabulary of cartoon imagery laden with racial stereotypes; 3/9–4/13. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Sowon Kwon—Mixed-media installations of digital collages, large-scale blueprints, and sculptural reliefs that address the commodification of art; through 3/30. Lombard Fried, 470 Broome St. (334-5060).

Judith Streeter—Mixed-media abstract paintings on wood panels; through 3/30. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Peter Voulkos/Darren Waterston—Recent wood-fired ceramic works in the artist's signature "plate" and "stack" forms/Atmospheric landscape paintings that depict nature between twilight and night. Through 3/23. Cowles, 415 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Kara Walker—Cut-paper silhouettes that depict black figures in melodramatic narratives on the theme of slavery; through 4/13. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Daniel Weiner/Robert Melee—Biomorphic polychromed sculptures that hang from the ceiling/An installation inspired by haunting childhood memories. Through 3/30. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Kevin Wixted—Paintings whose abstract renderings of invented space make reference to architectural forms; through 3/23. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Steve Wolfe/Stephen Prina—Studies for his book and book-in-carton sculptures/A series of photographs combined with computer graphics. Through 3/30. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Betty Woodman—New ceramic works, including a series of wall pieces titled "Balustrade Vases" that combine window motifs, architectural details, and vases, as well as a 23-foot-by-three-foot wainscotting inspired by Egyptian wall painting, and a selection of drawings; through 3/23. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Jan Zakrzewski—Paintings and drawings of landscapes and people overlaid with abstract passages; through 3/30. TZ'Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Other

Roni Horn—Five new installations that utilize a wide range of materials and media, among them gold, rubber, plastic, and photography; through 4/14. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Mike Parr—A series of 48 drypoint etchings from the ongoing work, *The Self-Portrait Project*, that examine conventions and assumptions of self-portraiture through the medium of printmaking; through 4/6. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466), Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 10–4.

Randy Walz/David Storey—Large-scale paintings whose colors and bold, abstract shapes are inspired by the artist's trips to Mexico and the Southwest/In his first solo show of drawing, the artist takes a wry look at some of the pillars of modernism, among them Wifredo Lam, Picasso, and Miro. Through 3/24. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). Paintings and works on paper by three generations of Bloomsbury artists, including paintings and drawings by Vanessa Bell (1879–1961) and pottery by her son Quentin Bell (born 1910) and by his daughter, Cressida Bell (born 1959); through 4/13.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "200 Years of Printmaking in America," with works by Audubon, Bellows, Hassam, Lazzell, Lozowick, Storrs, Whistler, and others; 3/7–4/20.

Shepherd—21 E. 84th St. (861-4050). Nineteenth-century European paintings, drawings, and sculpture by Carolus-Duran, Delacroix, Gèrôme, Puvis de Chavannes, Valadon, Vuillard, Vedder, and others; through 4/27.

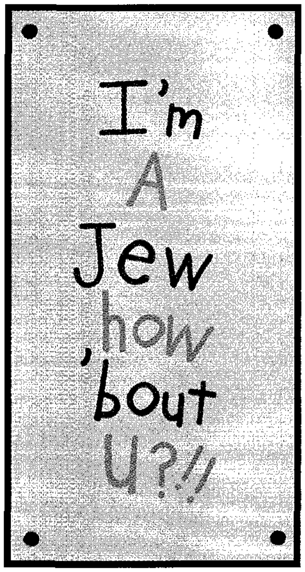
57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Works that incorporate animal imagery by Curtis Anderson, Donald

On View
Tough Shtick

Studio visits are made of awkward moments—for Norman J. Kleeblatt, the fine-arts curator of the Jewish Museum, one such moment occurred in 1989, at the studio of painter Archie Rand. Familiar as he was with Rand's humorously subversive subject matter, Kleeblatt found himself embarrassed by the content of the artist's latest series, a group of works that poked fun at the 54 weekly chapters of the Jewish Bible. Possibly hoping to put his guest at ease, Rand observed that his paintings might be too Jewish for the Jewish Museum. The remark so unsettled Kleeblatt that he thought about it for months. "I kept asking myself, 'How could that possibly be?' *Too Jewish* for the Jewish Museum?"

Seven years later, nothing is too Jewish—or too controversial—for the Jewish Museum's "Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities." Kleeblatt's exhibit, which opens this week and gathers works by eighteen Jewish artists (Rand among them), asserts that no Jewish subject matter is off-limits for contemporary Jewish artists—this is work that tackles everything from nose size to name change. It also reveals a common cultural identity among its artists, all of whom make ample use of humor, irony, and parody. The spiritual sublime has no place in this show, and that is its point. "These are works that are asking why Jewish subjects tended to be excluded from the newer configurations of diversity in the art world," says Kleeblatt, and "questioning how much the whole formal mind-set has been responsible for that." That said, the show is timely and provocative—and entirely appropriate for its museum. **EDITH NEWHALL**


I'm A Jew, how 'bout U?!/

Photograph courtesy of Jewish Museum.

Baechler, Joseph Beuys, Michael Byron, Ingrid Dinter, Malcolm Morley, Pablo Picasso, and others; through 3/23.

Fitch-Febvrel—5 E. 57th St. (688-8522). Prints and drawings by Desmazières, Goldyne, Meckseper, Milton, Pascin, Redon, Yake, and others; through 4/30.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of the Ohio River and its landscape by Atkinson, Bogosian, Briggs, Schweigart, Sullivan, Wagener, Zigmond; 3/6–30.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885), Mon.-Fri 8–6. "Six Bridges: The Making of the New York Megalopolis." An exhibit that was organized in collaboration with the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum and is the first to examine the impact of six major bridges erected between 1927 and 1964 that radically reshaped the relationship of New York City to its surrounding region; through 4/19.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). This gallery's third survey of twentieth-century African-American art includes works by Charles Alston, Beauford Delaney, Augusta Savage, Bob Thompson, Hale Woodruff, and others; through 4/6.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "In Praise of Women: Images of Leisure and Independence in American Art, 1860–1940," with paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Mary Cassatt, William Merritt Chase, William Glackens, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others; through 3/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Boone—417 W. Broadway (431-1818). Large-scale wall reliefs by Leonardo Drew, paintings by Mark Francis, and knitted Mylar sculptures by Oliver Herring; through 4/27.

Bronwyn Keenan—494 Broadway (431-5083). "Wish You Were Here," with works by Ashkin, Blackburn, Blackwell, Carstens, Drury, Kahlhammer, Krepfle, Paine; through 3/30.

Clocktower—108 Leonard St. (233-1096); Thurs. and Fri. 4–10, Sat. and Sun. 1–7. "Model Home," an exhibit that explores issues of style, taste, design, and aesthetics in the domestic environment, with works in various media by more than 60 artists, among them Angela Bulloch, Sarah Charlesworth, Robert Gober, Frank Moore, Elaine Reichek, Haim Steinbach, and Lawrence Weiner; through 3/31.

Einstein—591 Broadway (226-1414). Prints that depict the face and figure, by Jack Beal, Eric Fischl, Red Grooms, Philip Pearlstein, Larry Rivers, and others; through 3/30.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). Curated by Brian Wallis, "Counterculture: Alternative Information From the Underground Press to the Internet" examines the role of the alternative media in fostering social, cultural, and political change in America from 1965 to the present; through 4/13.

Golden—39 Wooster St. (274-0080). "The Human Condition," with works by Michael Brewster, Eileen Cowin, Yunhee Min, Jason Phillips, John Souza, and others; through 4/6.

Golden—39 Wooster St. (274-0080). "The Human Condition," with works by Brewster, Cowin, Friedman, Min, Perna, Phillips, Sanchez, Segalove, Souza, Troger; through 4/6.

Harwood—304 Mulberry St. (343-1503). Works that explore the possibilities of encapsulated time by Mott, Rodriguez, Sherman, Zeller; through 4/20.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Images of the Empire State Building by 24 artists; 3/7–4/27.

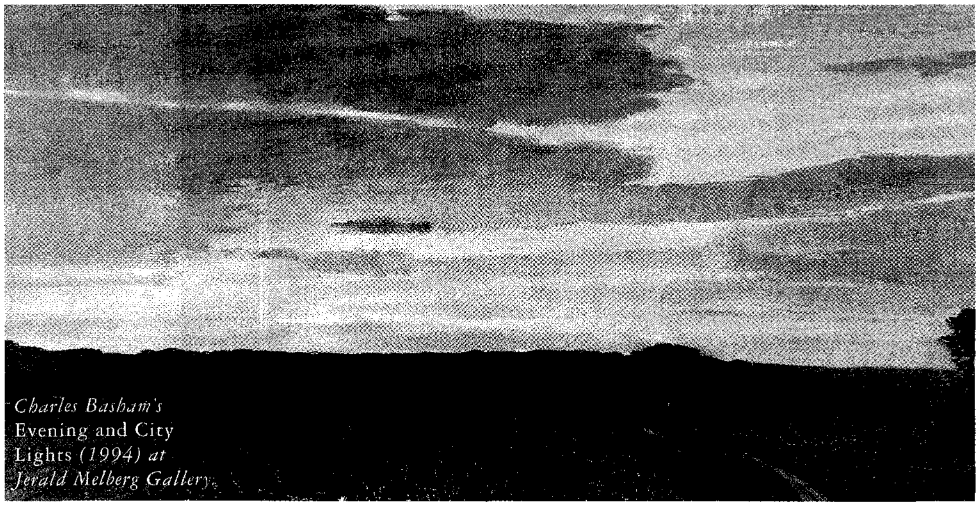
Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Large-scale drawings by Birch, Fasnacht, Leach-Jones, Marks, Napierala, Newman, Rabkin, Spero, Thompson, Wye; through 4/13.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Abstract paintings and sculpture by Boardman, Celis, Mackintosh, Peters, Van der Grijn, others; through 4/13.

Stellweg—87 E. Houston St. (431-5556). Works that are born out of obsession with method by Robert Adams, Chakaia Booker, Agnes Denes, Maria Elena Gonzalez, Mr. Imagination, and others; through 3/30.

Other

Columbia University—Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288); Wed.–Sat. 1–5. "Building the Collective: Soviet Graphic Design, 1917–1937, Selections From the Collection of Merrill C. Berman" features more than 100 posters by such artists as Gustav Klutsis, El Lissitzky, and Alexander Rodchenko; through 3/30.



Charles Basham's Evening and City Lights (1994) at Jerald Melberg Gallery.

Preview **An art fair for collectors of grand or modest means, "Works on Paper" takes its title seriously—it's a treasure trove of prints, posters, watercolors, drawings, photographs, and illustrated books offered by dealers from all over the world. At the Park Avenue Armory, at 67th Street, on March 8, 9, and 10 (Friday and Saturday 11–8, Sunday 11–7). Admission is $10.**

St. Marks Position—20 St. Marks Place (475-1644). The gallery's inaugural exhibition features new installations by Sol LeWitt, Lisa Hein, and Elana Herzog; through 4/6.

Photography

Robert Adams—Recent photographs that depict the shore where the Columbia River meets the Pacific Ocean; through 3/23. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Thomas Barrow—Vintage diptychs from the early seventies that comprised the series "Pink Stuff and Pink Dualities" and drew their primary imagery from objects of popular culture; through 4/13. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Harry Callahan—Photographs from the forties to the present, including works that have not been previously exhibited; through 4/6. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Bruce Cratsley—A retrospective of work from 1976 through 1995, including portraits of friends and images of tabletop arrangements of curious objects, mannequins in street windows, museum interiors, and Gay Parade participants in drag; through 3/23. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

Jedd Devine—Recent photographs that pair still-life objects, such as skulls and melons, for their unexpected resemblances to each other; through 4/13. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Macduff Everton—Recent panoramic views of Iceland, Chile, India, France, and America; through 3/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Candida Höfer—Recent color photographs of zoological gardens and the interiors of public buildings; through 3/23. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Dennis Hopper—Recent photographs of abstracted views in London, Los Angeles, and New York; through 3/16. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Fazal Sheikh: A Sense of Common Ground." Portraits of refugees from Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda, and Mozambique living in the African camps; "Highlights from the ICP Permanent Collection: One Hundred Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 3/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. "Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View." Photographs that depict the minute, specific aspects of nature; through 3/22. . . . "Country Beside Itself: Lars Tunbjörk." Photographs of Swedes enjoying leisure time; through 3/22.

Connie Imboden/Victor Friedman—Images of nude figures photographed in water/Large-scale photographs of still life and nudes; 3/6–4/13. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Bill Jacobson—Black-and-white images of landscapes and figures that continue his themes of love, elusiveness, and loss; through 3/23. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Fred W. McDarrah—Photographs of Barnett Newman, Franz Kline, Andy Warhol, Jasper Johns, and other New York artists taken between 1958 and 1978; through 3/23. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Ray K. Metzker—Black-and-white abstract cameraless photographs that were made using light as a source for drawing; through 4/13. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Sheila Metzner/Judith Joy Ross—Large-scale photographs taken in Venezuela, Alaska, the Brazilian rainforests, and the American West/A series of photographs taken at the Hazelton Public Schools in Hazelton, Pennsylvania, between 1992 and 1994. Through 4/6. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Catherine Opie—Platinum photographs of Los Angeles freeways and large color photographs of the façades of houses in Beverly Hills; through 3/30.

Richard Pousette-Dart—The photographer, who was better known as an abstract painter, began taking these pictures of people in and around his circle of New York artists in the mid-forties; 3/6–4/13. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Leeanne Schmidt—Images of nude men and women submerged in moving water; through 3/23. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Black-and-white photographs of cities by Abbott, Feininger, Kertesz, Steichen, others; through 3/30.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by seven contemporary Swiss photographers; through 3/30.

David Vestal—Photographs of New York from the forties through the sixties; 3/7–4/27. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Photograph courtesy of Jerald Melberg Gallery.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Mei-Ling Hom: Offering." A mixed-media installation that reflects on the ancient Chinese ritual of grave sweeping, which is part of Chinese ancestor worship; through 4/6. . . . "Saiman Li: Photography." Self-portraits inscribed with digitally manipulated text and graphics appropriated from immigration and other identification documents; through 4/6. 594 Broadway (226-2158), Tues.—Sat. 11–6; $3 donation suggested.

American Academy of Arts and Letters—Audubon Terrace, Broadway at 155th St. (368-5900); Tues.–Sun. 1–4. "American Academy Invitational Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture." Works by 30 contemporary American artists, eight of whom will be chosen to receive awards from the Academy; through 3/31.

American Museum of Natural History—"Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Points of View: Selections From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Bronx Spaces." Works by 23 Bronx-based artists; 3/8–6/23. . . . "Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martinez Celaya and Alberto Rey": 3/8–6/23. . . . "Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference"; 3/8–6/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 7/14. . . . "Alone in a Crowd: Prints of the 1930s–1940s by African-American Artists From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams"; through 4/21. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. . . . "Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 3/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Leandro Katz: Two Projects/A Decade." Two photographic installation works by the writer, filmmaker, and visual artist; through 5/5. . . . "Portrait: A Site-Specific installation by Carla Preiss"; through 4/7. . . . "Recent Acquisitions: Works From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/6. . . . "Historia de la Isla: Graphic Works by Puerto Rican Artists, 1968–1980"; through 4/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Abstraction in the Twentieth *Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline.*" The history of abstraction, from paintings made as early as 1912 by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich, to works made by Frank Stella and Richard Long specifically for this exhibition; through 5/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"Rainbows and Shimmering Bridges: Contemporary Japanese Lacquerware"; through 4/7. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities"; 3/10–7/14. . . . "Recent Acquisitions 1993 to 1995" ; through 5/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Fabergé in America." All of the 400 objects in this exhibition were collected by Americans, including 15 of the 44 extant Imperial Easter Eggs commissioned by the last Russian czars; through 4/28. . . . "Poussin: Works on Paper, Drawings From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"; through 3/31. . . . "French Seventeenth-Century Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 3/31. . . . "Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . "Pergamon: The Telephos Frieze From the Great Altar." Forty marble sculptures from the Pergamon Museum in Berlin that once decorated the Great Altar of Pergamon in the citadel of Pergamon in northwest Asia Minor; through 4/14. . . . "Haute Couture"; through 3/30. . . . "Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . . "Picturing Paradise: Colonial Photography of Samoa, 1875–1925"; through 4/4. . . . "Enamels of Limoges"; through 6/16. . . . "Works Progress Administration Color Prints in the Metropolitan"; 3/5–6/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:3440–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Discovering Ellis Ruley." Paintings by the self-taught African-American artist (1882–1959) from Norwich, Connecticut; through 4/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Brancusi: Selected Masterworks from the Musée National d'Art Moderne and the Museum of Modern Art, New York"; through 4/23. . . . "Roy DeCarava." A survey of the photographer's works, from his pictures of everyday life in Harlem, through the civil-rights protests of the early sixties, to his recent lyrical studies of nature; through 5/7. . . . "Projects: Oliver Herring/Leonilson." Ethereal, elegiac knitted and embroidered works that commemorate loss and mortality in the era of AIDS by Herring, an artist who lives in New York, and Leonilsen, a Brazilian artist who died of AIDS in 1993; through 3/12. . . . "Sol LeWitt Prints 1970–1995." More than 200 of the artist's prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . . "Michael Schmidt: U-NI-TY." Black-and-white photographs by the German photographer that are a meditation on national identity and history; through 3/26. . . . "Lilly Reich: Designer and Architect." Drawings and documentary photographs of exhibition installations and furniture and product designs by the influential German architect and designer (1885–1947); through 5/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker.*" Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by *The New Yorker's* first art director, from the museum's own collection; through 5/5. . . ."Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31.. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity." Organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, this exhibition explores the basic concepts of early twentieth-century modernism through the works of eighty figurative sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, José de Creeft, Harriet Frishmuth, Malvina Hoffman, Paul Manship, and Isamu Noguchi; through 5/5. . . . "Rodin: Sculpture From the Collection of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor"; through 5/19. . . . "American Masterworks From The National Academy of Design Collection"; through 5/25. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Tues.–Sat. 11: 30–5:30 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"A Labor of Love." Works by more than 40 contemporary artists who use handmade folk- or craft-oriented processes to create their work; through 4/14. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Then and Now: The Upper West Side." Vintage photographs of New York's Upper West Side from the Society's permanent collection; through 5/19. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts." Drawings and manuscripts by Charlotte, Anne, Emily, and Branwell Brontë; through 4/14. . . . "A Great Heritage: Renaissance and Baroque Drawings from Chatsworth"; through 4/21. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965"; through 6/2. . . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Kienholz: A Retrospective." The first museum retrospective of the artist's own work and his 20 years of collaborations with his wife and partner, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, including more than 100 pieces ranging from intimate objects to house-scale environments; through 6/2. . . . "Collection in Context—Joseph Cornell: Cosmic Travels"; through 3/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Matthew McCaslin: Harnessing Nature"; through 3/29. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 3/7 at 10: "19th-Century Furniture." On view from 3/2.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 3/7 at 10: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 3/2. 3/9 at at 11: "Works on Paper." On view from 3/3.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 3/6 and 3/7 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Stamps & Coins." On view from 3/2.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/6 at 2: "19th-Century Furniture." On view from 3/1.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 3/7 at at 10:30: "Travel and Sporting Books." On view from 3/2.

theater

Tennessee Williams...Gerard Alessandrini

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Getting Away With Murder—The ads and press for this show take pains to emphasize that it *isn't* a musical—and for what other writer would it be considered necessary to point that out besides Stephen Sondheim? With collaborator George Furth, Broadway's preeminent purveyor of sophisticated dissonances has turned his attention to a straight play in the comedy-thriller vein, in which a crew of neurotic New Yorkers gather on the Upper West Side for a group-therapy session only to learn that that their psychologist may have encountered foul play. With John Rubenstein, Terrence Mann, and Christine Ebersole; directed by Jack O'Brien. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 , Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/17 opening. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Inherit the Wind—Since it opened on Broadway in 1955, there's been literally no time when Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's fictionalized version of the Scopes "Monkey" trial—the 1925 court case pitting biblical against scientific accounts of creation—hasn't been playing *somewhere*. Ironically, its first Broadway revival ever comes at a time when the debate over creationism, originally used by the play's authors as a mere cover for registering outrage against the political depredations of Senator Joseph McCarthy, has (re)emerged as a compelling public issue in its own right. Tony Randall's National Actors Theatre version stars George C. Scott and Charles Durning in the roles based on Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan; theater veterans may recall that Randall himself played E.K. Hornbeck, a character based on H.L. Mencken, in the original production. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/18 opening; through 4/14. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

The Night of the Iguana—$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Beginning performances 3/6 for a 3/21 opening. *Roundabout Stage Right, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony award–winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bus Stop—After a string of Broadway hits in the fifties including *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs,* William Inge saw his carefully drawn portraits of emotionally frustrated, often inarticulate Midwesterners fall out of fashion in the sixties, when they (literally) ceded the stage to flashier sorts of technical experiment. (Back then, playwrights like Lanford Wilson working the same vein of lyrical realism were commonly dismissed by hip theater types as "the Inge fringe.") It's a fate he didn't deserve. This play, one of his best, examines the secret dreams of a saloon singer and a cowboy thrown together in a cafe by a raging snowstorm. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50 through 3/5; $47.50 thereafter. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jeff Trachta (*The Bold and the Beautiful*) as bad boy Danny Zuko and Joe Piscopo (*Saturday Night Live*) as the deejay. $30–$67.50. Mon.-Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. John Bolton fills in as Finch this week; after that, Matthew Broderick returns to the starring part in which he opened this production last spring, this time opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the

Opening

Forbidden, Continued

In 'Forbidden Hollywood,' Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running 'Forbidden Broadway,' has redirected his satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. Opening Sunday at the Triad, 158 West 72nd Street (799-4599)

Photograph by Rhonda Birndorf.

subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. "You will be glad to see a play as fine as brian Friel's *Molly Sweeney;* you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright." (Simon; 1/22/95.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (On 3/5, Lynn Redgrave and Robert Goulet take over for seven weeks; Ms. Burnett and Mr. Bosco will be back on 4/17.) $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

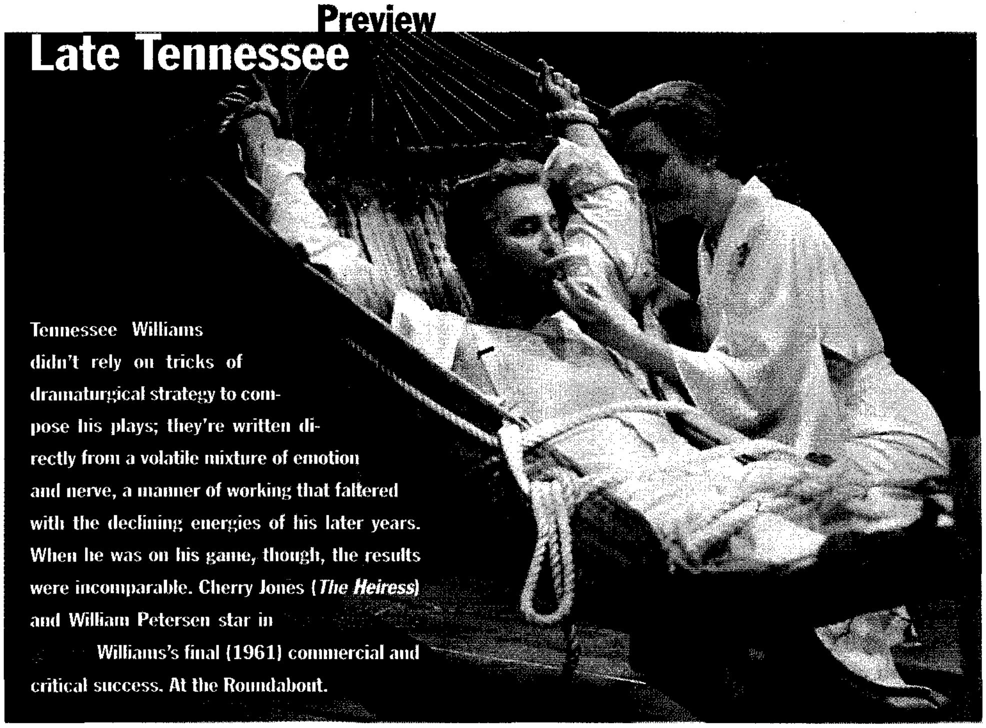
Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $95–$150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. There's also a Sunday brunch performance at 1 with a special price of $50 for children 12 and under. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is

Preview

Late Tennessee



Tennessee Williams didn't rely on tricks of dramaturgical strategy to compose his plays; they're written directly from a volatile mixture of emotion and nerve, a manner of working that faltered with the declining energies of his later years. When he was on his game, though, the results were incomparable. Cherry Jones (*The Heiress*) and William Petersen star in Williams's final (1961) commercial and critical success. At the Roundabout.

Photograph by Liz Lauren.

rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bein' With Behan—Michael L. Kavanagh's one-man re-creation of the life of Brendan Behan. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 3/6 for a 3/10 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Below the Belt—As the fanatic, unanticipated popularity of the comic strip "Dilbert" has shown over the past couple of years, the corporate battlefield, with its viciously trivial backstabbing and petty ironies, has advanced to a point in the popular imagination beyond anything dreamed of by Franz Kafka (who would have *liked* Dilbert, we bet). In Richard Dresser's new, blackish comedy, Judd Hirsch (*Taxi, Conversations with My Father*) and Robert Sean Leonard crunch numbers, climb the business ladder, and watch their backs (and each other) in a remote industrial outpost. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/14 opening. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Hollywood—$25 in previews, $35 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. Opening 3/7. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

The Green Bird—In such works as *Juan Darien, The Transposed Heads,* and an unforgettable *Titus Andronicus* at Theatre for a New Audience two seasons ago, director Julie Taymor (soon to be the driving force behind Disney's stage-musical version of *The Lion King*) and composer Elliot Goldenthal (*Batman Returns*) have evolved a theatrical style unmistakably their own: a sort of magic realism, frequently taking off from literary texts, that concretizes poetic metaphor into a dizzying mixture of live actors, puppets, masks, and hallucinatory sonorities. Their newest piece is a musical adaptation of Carlo Gozzi's mythic rite-of-passage drama. $10–$25. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6; special performances 3/5 and 3/6 at 7. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

In a Different Light—A one-man show based on the letters of Vincent Van Gogh. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Beginning performances 3/6; through 3/31. *Playquest Theater, 4 E. 28th St. (779-0170).*

New Latino Voices—*Inkarri's Return, Forever in My Heart,* and *In the Land of Giants,* three Hispanic-themed plays presented in rotating repertory; call for detailed schedule. $15 for one show, $25 for two, $30 for all three. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/10 opening; through 3/31. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Nixon's Nixon—After a successful run at MCC Theater last fall, Russell Lees's two-character play about a certain former ketchup-on-cottage-cheese-eating U.S. president and his national-security adviser has transferred uptown. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 3/5 for a 3/12 opening. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43rd St. (315-2244).*

Overtime—In A. R. Gurney's comic sequel to *The Merchant of Venice,* the author of *Love Letters* and *The Dining Room* leaves his usual subject of dysfunctional northeastern Wasp gentility for something new: a comic fantasia that not only looks in on Shakespeare's Venetians just after the trial scene but transmutes them into a gumbo of contemporary, issue-driven ethnic characters including Jews, blacks, Latinos, and Irish-Americans. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 3/5. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Preview

Shrink, Rapt

Based on Aldo Carotenuto's book 'A Secret Symmetry,' 'Sabina' explores the breach engendered between psychoanalytic pioneers Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung by Sabina Spielrein, Jung's first analysand and later his lover. At Primary Stages.

Photograph by James Leynse

Sabina—$33 Tues.–Thurs., $35 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 3/6 for a 3/19 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Working Title—$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7; no show 3/11, 15, 21, 25–26, 4/3, 4. Beginning performances 3/9 for a 3/19 opening. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west. Following several months of playing one of the two female roles, Ms. Meara—what's life without variety?—has decided to step into the other one. Her replacement in the vacated part is MGM grandee Jane Powell (*Royal Wedding, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*). Also with Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

The Amazing Metrano: An Accidental Comedy—In 1989, while performing minor house repairs, comic actor Art Metrano (*Police Academy*) suffered a fall from a ladder that left him paralyzed and (according to the doctors) unlikely to walk again. His new one-man show tells the story of how a sense of humor helped him to beat the odds. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Bed and Sofa—The creative team responsible for 1986's *Goblin Market*—Polly Pen and Andre Ernotte—is back on the scene, this time with a musical adaptation of Abram Room's 1926 cult film about the birth of the modern age in 1920s Moscow. "*Bed and Sofa* is somewhat unsure about what it is spoofing. Silent movies? The housing shortage and general chaos of the early days of Bolshevism? Finally, though, none of this matters, because the show makes up for its discursiveness by being fresh in both senses of the word. It's a cheeky farce that is as original as it is impudent." (Simon; 2/19/96.) $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 3/10. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Blue Window—"All art aspires to the condition of music," claimed Walter Pater, and every so often a writer—the Chopinesque Proust, that consummate jazz stylist Jack Kerouac—will take the suggestion more or less literally. In this play, originally presented Off Broadway in 1984, Craig Lucas (*Prelude to a Kiss*) bends language into intricate, Bachlike counterpoint by simultaneously following the inhabitants of five neighboring Manhattan apartments as they converge for a dinner party. Directed by Joe Mantello, whom you may recall as Louis from *Angels in America.* $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 West 55th Street (581-1212).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Coyote Bleeds—A drama by Tony DiMurro about police misconduct. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. *Worth Street Theater, 173 W. Broadway at Worth St. (279-4200).*

Dancing on Her Knees—As last spring's *Chronicle of a Death Foretold* showed, no one's better than director/choreographer Graciela Daniele at grafting theatrical *mises en scène* onto the hypnotizing rhythms of Latin dance. Daniele and playwright Nilo Cruz have teamed up for this piece about two tango champions rediscovering their love in a dreamlike afterworld. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *LuEsther Hall, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Double Identity—The Folksbiene Playhouse, which proudly bills itself as "the only remaining Yiddish Theatre in the United States," is honoring the eightieth anniversary of Sholom Aleichem's death with a new, post-*Fiddler on the Roof* musical based on his stage comedy *Hard to Be a Jew.* It's performed in Yiddish, with simultaneous translation provided into English and—can there be any *doubt?*—Russian. $20–$25. Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Folksbiene Playhouse, 123 E. 55th St. (755-2231).*

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—The late Joe Orton, whose high-camp japes at sexual prudery restored a long-absent comic frankness to English theater in the sixties, never encountered a taboo he didn't feel like exploding. In this script, the play that first brought him to public notice, Orton has a high old time *épater*ing the middle-class British bourgeoisie and their hypocritical (as far as the author's concerned, anyway) attitudes of cloistered morality. $25–$27; Quick Tix $15, students/seniors $10, high-school students in grades 9–12 admitted on a pay-what-you-can basis. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/17. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

A Fair Country—The enduring subject of the young dramatist Jon Robin Baitz is a currently unfashionable one: the demands of what used to be called Conscience. In such dramas as *The Substance of Fire, Three Hotels,* and *The End of the Day,* Baitz has impressed critics and hypnotized audiences with a kind of modern morality play featuring characters caught between a morass of compromising circumstances and their own elusive sense of what it means to Do the Right Thing. His latest script, based on a childhood experience, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Floyd Collins—In the early days of America's transition from a paper-media culture to one based on film and radio, national attention was focused on individual horrors in a peculiarly grotesque manner. Adam Guettel and Tina Landau's new musical is taken from the real-life 1925 story of a farmer, trapped in a cavern, whose plight engenders the first modern media circus. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat.–Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Lion in the Streets—Canadian playwright Judith Thompson's take on the contemporary urban nightmare, as seen from the ghostly/posthumous perspective of a young murder victim. $20. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/17. *29th St. Repertory Theater, 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/2. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—Hours after his newest production's first dress rehearsal, the talented young writer and composer Jonathan Larson died—suddenly, unexpectedly, and sadly—of a heart attack. The show—a reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village—in the best theatrical tradition, goes on. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Scenes From an Execution—From Diego Rivera's left-leaning murals—ripped out of Rockefeller Center's lobby in the thirties by right-leaning Nelson himself—to Richard Serra's recent *Tilted Arc*, New Yorkers have a long history of experiencing firsthand the conflicts that arise when art begins to rub politics the wrong way. With the story of a fifteenth-century Venetian painter whose evocation of the Republic's warlike past enrages her Establishment patrons, British playwright Howard Barker takes up the issue in the second production of the recently formed Blue Light Theater Company. Previews begin Saturday. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sleep Deprivation Chamber—The Signature Theater Company's Adrienne Kennedy season continues with the world premiere of the playwright's latest script (written in collaboration with her son Adam), a story of upper-class blacks coming into contact for the first time with the rougher edges of the criminal-justice system. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/24. *Susan Stein Theater at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

The Universe—Unlike Pascal, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's new stage piece isn't frightened by the eternal silence of those infinite spaces: After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, he finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. $15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Unto the Innocent—An absurdist comedy about Greenwich Village radicals, 1917 vintage. $25–$27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. Through 4/14. *Chernuchin Theatre, American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (307-7171).*

Wasting Time With Harry Davidowitz—The story, pace its flippant title, of one Jewish man's spiritual journey from disbelief to renewal. $20. Sat. and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Winter's Tale—The (sort-of) comedy by Shakespeare. $21–$26. Tues., Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/16. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Place (598-9802).*

Off-Off Broadway

And Things That Go Bump in the Night—A revival of Terrence McNally's first Broadway play. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/9. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (604-4741).*

Black Coffee—$12; $8 students. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/9. *Creative Place Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., Suite 602 (388-2772).*

Booby Hatch Jive—$10; on Thursdays 3/7 and 3/14, admission is on a pay-what-you-can basis. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/16. *Ground Floor Theatre Lab, 107 Suffolk St., bet. Rivington and Delancey (330-6884).*

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

The Club Champion's Widow—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/17. *Common Basis Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., Room 500 (340-1112).*

The Corner Bar's My Lover Since You Ran Out on Me—Tues.–Sat. at 8. Opening 3/7. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (769-7194).*

Creditors—The play by Strindberg. $12. 3/6–9 at 8. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. (966-9371).*

The Ends of the Earth—$15/TDF. Wed.–Sat., Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/24. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (886-1889).*

Freestyle Repertory Theatre—A rotating bill of four improvisational-comedy shows; call for detailed schedule. $15 Thurs.–Sun.; free Mondays. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. Through 4/21. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202).*

Haphazard—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/17. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

The Impostor—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St., bet. Church St. and Broadway (967-0400).*

The Lady's Not for Burning—Christopher Fry's verse fantasy—much, if not all, of the overheatedly vivid stage poetry has held up surprisingly well—about medievalism, life, love, reality, and other stuff like that. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (841-0366).*

Locofoco—$12/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Through 3/10. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Motherland—Following World War II, existentialist philosophers sensed the new anxiety of a world in which everything was permitted. A similar anomie besets the characters of this play, who find themselves caught in the paralyzing freedom unleashed by Czechoslovakia's Velvet Revolution during the late eighties. $15. 3/7–9, 14–16, 21–23 at 8; 3/3, 3/10, 3/17 at 6. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (604-4222).*

The Odd Couple/The Mousetrap/California Suite—"Couple," Fri. at 8; "Mousetrap," Sat. at 8; "California," Sat. at 10. $15, plus two-drink minimum. Through 5/25. *Trocadero, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Quixote—$10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/9. *One Dream Theatre, 232 W. Broadway (479-7335).*

Radio Free New York—Free. Fri. at 8. Through 3/15. *The Fort at Sidewalk Cafe, 94 Ave. A (718-832-8436).*

The Rivals—The comedy by Sheridan. $10. 3/5–9 at 8, 3/10 at 3. *The Hamlet of Bank Street Theater, 155 Bank St. (501-6124).*

Rockland County No Vaudeville—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (929-5285).*

Split Ends/...And She Cooks Too!/The Housekeeper—A mixed bill of three separate shows offering cabaret, murder mystery, and lighthearted comedy. $15 (groups over 20: $12), plus a two-drink minimum; all three shows, $30. Call for detailed schedule. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

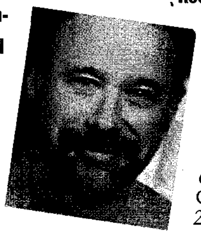
Two Cities—$12. Beginning performances 3/7. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/24. *30th Street Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (875-7772).*

Valhalla—$12/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

Working Class—Following its enthusiastic reception there, the Mint Theater has decided to extend its production of Richard Hoehler's award-winning portrait gallery of working-class Americans through 3/10. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd. St., 5th Floor (315-9434).*

Talent
Enter Laughing, Mostly

Theatrical and literary lore both insist on it: The smiles of every great wit hide a wellspring of secret melancholy. And if that's true for Charlie Chaplin and James Thurber, how much more so—one feels compelled to ask oneself—for the Ph.D. (American history) who wrote the campfire farting scene in Mel Brooks's *Blazing Saddles*? ("We all wrote it *together*," he modestly declares.) New Yorker Andrew Bergman, known principally as a film director and screenwriter whose recent films include the comic *Soapdish, Honeymoon in Vegas,* and Castle Rock's forthcoming *Striptease,* with Demi Moore, has given the more ruefully bittersweet side of his writer's métier equal time in *Working Title,* which begins performances Saturday at the American Jewish Theatre. The play's the story of an unsuccessful screenwriter who, spending a weekend in the Hamptons awaiting a response to the first draft of his hoped-for breakthrough script on the Holocaust, uses the time to reflect on issues of marriage, career, and (of course) Jewishness. With the string of successful hits on his résumé, Bergman could have peddled the idea at any studio in Hollywood, but he's openly contemptuous of the professional pigeonholing that restricts writers to this or that medium. "I think it's mainly critics who are responsible for the 'apartheid' thing: 'Oh, he's a screenwriter *and yet* he's writing a play.' As if that were somehow against the laws of nature." The inevitable question: Does his story of a mediocre screenwriter's anxieties contain elements at all, er, autobiographical? "It's my own worst vision of myself," he says, laughing. Dourly.



RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

nightlife

Yoko Ono...Benny Carter...AC/DC

Concerts

AC/DC—While forsaken in some minds to faded black concert tees and junior-high graffiti, AC/DC actually remains a force to be reckoned with. In today's bottom-line-oriented rock universe, they continue to get by in much the same way as the Ramones: flawless shtick, formulaic perfection, and a dependably brutal live show. The added bonus of a 37-year-old duckwalking guitarist in private-school cap, tie, and shorts certainly doesn't hurt. 3/15 at 7:30 P.M. *Madison Square Garden Arena, 33rd St. between Seventh and Eighth Aves. (307-7171). $25–$35.*

Allman Brothers Band—Soldiering on for 27 years—through deaths, drug addiction, and disco—these kings of southern rock have a right to play the blues, which, in fact, they do very well. 3/5–3/6, 3/8–3/10, 3/12–3/13 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (496-7070). $35.50.*

"Face the Music & Dance"—The series presents the thrillingly inventive avant-jazz saxophonist Steve Coleman and his groove-minded improvisatory group, Five Elements, playing new music for dancers Maia Claire Garrison and M'zawa Danz. 3/7 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $15–$40.*

Gavin Friday—3/9 at 8 P.M. *Westbeth Theatre, 151 Bank St. (691-2272). $15.*

Dick Hyman and Friends—The pianist joins forces with George Shearing for two-piano collaborations and solos. 3/16 at 8 P.M. *92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). $20.*

k. d. lang—Once the Canadian reincarnation of Patsy Cline, then a sultry torch-songstress, now a crafty songwriter and, in fact, all of the above, the beloved k. d. lang enchants New York City with songs from her latest opus, *All You Can Eat.* 3/7–3/9 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $41–$61.*

Ladysmith Black Mambazo/Tuck & Patti—Thanks to Paul Simon, they're most famous African music group in the world. (An appearance in Michael Jackson's *Moonwalker* video helped, too, though we're not so sure about their gig with Andreas Vollenweider.) Whatever the cause, this 32-year-old South African glee club certainly deserves the acclaim. And with the lovely guitar-vocal team of husband-and-wife Tuck & Patti, they're sure to offer a pretty life-affirming evening, which is something everyone could use this time of year. 3/8 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $22.50–$35.*

Oasis—The Muhammad Ali of nineties rock, this band is actually fulfilling its once-extravagant claims to pop rulership. They came out swinging with a single that declared "I'm a rock'n'roll star," followed it with an album full of hooks titled *Definitely Maybe,* and now, with the arena-ready grandiosity of songs like "Don't Look Back In Anger" and the ubiquitous "Wonderwall," look to be claiming the title. Oasis raids the national vaults of Who, Kinks, and Beatles tropes, adding enough noise and attitude to make it current, and spinning clever enough references to make it all seem like a grand joke. Textbook pop conquest, circa 1996. 2/13 at 8 P.M. *Paramount Theater at Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. between Seventh and Eighth Aves. Sold out.*

Rod Stewart—Da ya think he's sexy? *Someone* must since, at 51, this Scottish glam-stud is one of the only rockers who dares take on Madison Square Garden "in the round," with full 360 degree exposure. 3/11–3/12 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden Arena, 33rd St. between Seventh and Eighth Aves. (307-7171). $30–$75.*

Donna Summer—Endless Summer, the "Last Dance" that never ends. 3/6 at 7 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall. $31–$51.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/8–3/9: The Blues Project with Roy Blumenfeld, Danny Kalb, Al Kooper, Andy Kulberg, and Jimmy Vivino. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 3/5: Menthol. 3/8: Ultra Bide. Shows nightly at *9.169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. (Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere, with higher-end tap beers and quieter, if no less impassioned, acoustic acts. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 3/6–3/7: Zora Young. 3/8–3/9: Fenton Robinson. 3/11: Slam Allen Band. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—Pioneer of that ecstatic D.C.-born party music, go-go, Chuck Brown brings his Soul Searchers to these cozy confines. If that elastic beat does what it's supposed to, this is going to be one hot, sweaty basement on 3/8. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist. 3/11–3/12: Jeffrey Gaines. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 3/6:

Performance
Stand-up Unchained

Watch out: Daredevil comedian Paula Poundstone takes Town Hall on March 9. Her off-the-cuff audience interrogations are notorious—and can be hilarious.

Photograph by EJ Camp/Oultine.

Echobelly; Superdrag. 3/12: Foetus; Chavez. 3/13: L.A.'s brutal, boorish, and totally fun hardcore-punk heroes Fear, led by the mean, bullet-headed Tom Jones of punk, Lee Ving. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 3/6: Yoko Ono and IMA. 3/8: William Hooker Orchestra Project. 3/10: Medeski, Martin, and Wood. 3/11: David Murray Big Band. *74 Broadway, bet. Leonard and Church (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 3/7: Matt "Guitar" Murphy. 3/8: Mason Casey. 3/9: Shirley Lewis Experee–ance. 3/10: Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 3/11: George Wothmore and the Divebombers. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 3/5: Wayne Kramer, onetime guitar hero of the beloved Detroit punk progenitors MC5, rocks on, bolstered by that L.A. sanctuary of punk-rock purists, Epitaph Records. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. Thursdays through May, Johns Flansberg and Linnell—the George and Ira Gershwin of manic, melodic quirk-rock—put their delightful band They Might Be Giants through its paces. 3/8: Gary Lucas's Gods and Monsters. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 3/11: The Antihootenany with Lach. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 3/5: Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers; Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen. 3/7: Deep Rooted presents the Greyboy All-Stars. 3/8: Papa Jube, with special guests, the Fugees. 3/9: Katende and the Viva Brazil Dancers. 3/10: *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

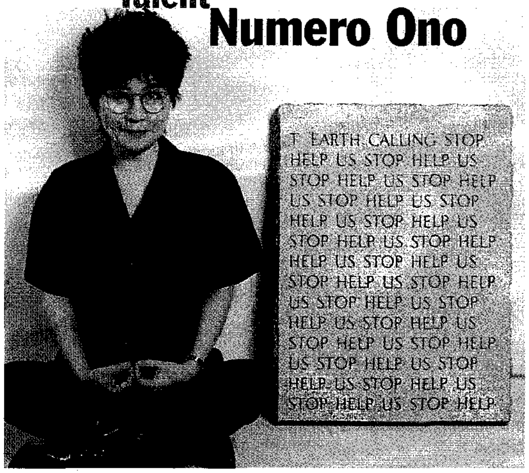
The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. Rubin's songbook is 1,000 arrangments strong, many of them transcribed from thirties and forties records. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 3/8: Boston's ridiculous, one-dimensional, and totally irresistible joke-rock band the Upper Crust. They wear powdered wigs, velvet britches, and silk stockings. They affect Louis XIV manners and British accents. They sing songs like "Let Them Eat Rock" and they sound like AC/DC. What's not to like? 3/9: Boss Hog. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid-activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Talent

Numero Ono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In the seventies, she endured the most egregious treatment America had ever given a pop figure: tacitly racist and overtly sexist dismissals of her work, rampant accusations of Beatlescide, an *Esquire* article titled "John Rennon's Excrusive Gloupie." Today, her trailblazing role is acknowledged by everyone from John Cage to Ornette Coleman to Sonic Youth. The six-CD *Onobox* (Rykodisc) won her canonization from the critics. Cibo Matto, Tricky, and other super-current hipsters line up to remix her songs. Sure, her trademark shrieks are an acquired taste. Certainly, her naked emotionalism can veer toward the sappy. And, yeah, she may make the occasional appearance on *Mad About You.* But face it: Yoko Ono is a rock icon. And it seems she's getting better. On the brilliant new *Rising,* Ono, 63, finds yet another successful collaborator within her own family. Ono's new band, IMA (Knitting Factory, March 6), includes Sean Ono Lennon, a 20-year-old guitarist who, on *Rising,* lays a spare and powerful foundation for his mother's harrowing and elemental discourses on Hiroshima, AIDS, and other takers of loved one's lives. As one might imagine, Ono's resources are deep on this subject, and, on songs like "Kurushi" (Japanese for suffering), the catharsis is grunge-esque, but with a candor and resilience unmatched by vocalists 30 years her junior. Recently asked by a journalist what her greatest achievement is, Ono answered, "Something I would achieve in the future." Typically, her response—an annoying dodge from the question—just may prove prophetic. CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Jayne Wexler/Outline.

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. An uptown jazz outpost, with excellent jazz musicians that play nightly. 3/8–3/9: Brooklyn Rain Forest featuring Randy Brecker and Freddie Bryant. 3/10: Monika Brand Quartet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 3/5–3/10: The amazing alto saxophonist Bobby Watson leads the band Urban Renewal; Special EFX. 3/12–3/17: McCoy Tyner Trio with Michael Brecker; Diana Krall Trio. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 3/9: Russell Malone. 3/10: Mulgrew Miller and Ray Drummond. 3/11–3/16: Leon Parker with Steve Wilson, Bruce Barth, and Larry Grenadier. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy and well-heeled neighborhood restaurant that, occasionally, presents excellent jazz musicians. 3/9: Dave Burrell and Bob Stewart. *29 Cornelia St. (989-9317).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 3/7–3/9: The wonderful jazz singer and pianist Shirley Horn performs the warm-hearted and swinging songs off her new record, *The Main Ingredient. 7 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The bristling, fiercely inventive electric guitarist John Scofield leads a quintet. Scofield's always an engaging improviser and his bands often include terrific youngsters just coming into their own. Sometimes, they even include the tenor-sax dynamo Joe Lovano, who has an upcoming run at the Vanguard and just may be around when Scofield plays here at 3/5–3/10. 3/12–3/17: Stanley Turrentine Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—A cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 3/12–3/17: Jay Hoggard. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 3/5–3/10: tenor saxophonist Tom Anderson. 3/12–3/17: KT Sullivan. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 3/5–3/10 and 3/12–3/17: Tommy Flanagan, a spellbinding, consummate pianist whose memory of tunes is encyclopedic and who trains his trios to near-telepathy, plays here with Kenny Washington and Lewis Nash. Not to be missed. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and excellent, avant-ish jazz guests. 3/5–3/9: Dave Liebman's "Far North." 3/12: Bobby Previte Group. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant whose food is excellent and musical guests are often even better. Every Sunday in March it's Leslie Pintchik, Scott Hardy, and Rich DeRosa. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 3/5: New York Comedy Night. 3/6: "Funny Shorts" Film Festival. 3/7–3/10: Mario Cantone with Mike Royce and Frank Santorelli. 3/11: New Talent Night hosted by Eddie Brill. 3/12: New York Comedy Night. 3/13: Salsoul Comedy Troupe; All-Star Comedy Showcase. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 3/10: Ben Creed; Matt Burke; Lenny Varnedoe; Quentin Higgs; Billy Jaye; Nancy Redman. 3/11–3/17: Gregory Carey; Brian McFadden; Gabe Abelson; Ben Creed; Mike Robles; Quentin Heggs. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club —One of the more intimate comedy spots, with regulars on Comedy Central's "Stand Up Stand Up." *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Place. (475-5263).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's The Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." 3/10: Cigar Smoker Nite. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 3/6–3/7: Funniest Lawyer Contest. 3/8–3/9: Brian McFadden; Larry Amaros; Rick Crome; Jerry "Red" Wilson. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Town Hall—3/9: Paula Poundstone. *123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 4/6: Julie Wilson. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. Sundays in March, at 9:30 (dinner at 7:30): Lynda Jamison. $50 dinner and show, or $20 music charge plus $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 3/16: Dixie Carter. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downing. Thurs. and Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 1. No cover, no minimum. *156 Seventh Ave. (255-1955).*

Eighty-Eight's—Various performers nightly. $12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Flowers—Wednesdays at 9: Craig Pomranz. No cover, no minimum. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Tribute
Our Man Benny

Bobby Short, Joe Williams, Jon Hendricks, and others toast that lush, buoyant saxophone treasure, the one and only Benny Carter. The octogenarian hornman and songwriter joins them on March 9 at Avery Fisher Hall, performing classics from the new *Benny Carter Songbook.*

La Rivista Ristorante—Singer-pianist Chris Barrett, Tues.–Sat. from 8 to midnight. No cover, no minimum. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Linda Lavin (TV's "Alice"), who arrived at showbiz stardom with a featured role in Charles Strouse's 1966 musical *It's a Bird, It's a Plane, It's Superman,* is currently expressing her appreciation for the favor—as well as covering some of the most witty tunefulness in Broadway history—in "A Lot of Living!," a new cabaret show featuring Mr. Strouse's songs. Through 3/30. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. On Sunday evenings in March at 7:30 and 10, the room's also taking over as host to the special ASCAP series that's been a prominent feature for the past several years at the Russian Tea Room, featuring various cabaret luminaries for one-night-only engagements. The roster this time includes Kaye Ballard (3/3); Liz Callaway and Ann Hampton Callaway (3/10); Sara Zahn (3/17); Sharon McNight (3/24); and Laurie Beechman (3/31). $20 cover, with a $15 food-drink minumum; special prix-fixe dinner, $30. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently— is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Grange Hall—Primarily a restaurant, but the bar scene has its own appeal. Because of an ideological commitment to American beer, possibly inspired by a swell portrait of FDR hanging above the bar, you will find no imports here. There is a respectable top-shelf selection, plus attentive but not in the least intrusive service. Also, try a Takhuna martini. (Relax: It's supposed to be that color.) Exotic bar-food suggestion: the sausage-and-chutney appetizer. *50 Commerce St., nr. Barrow St. (924-5246).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

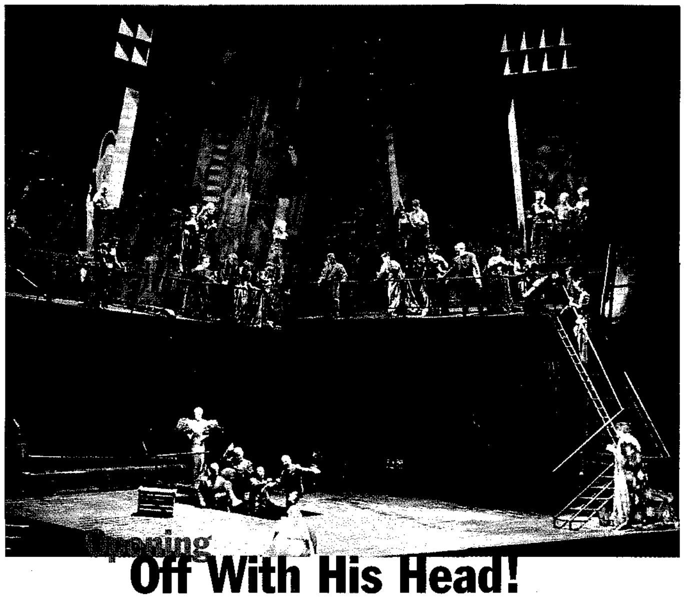
Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Steve Eichner.

in concert

Vladimir Feltsmann...Shostakovich...James Galway



Opening

Off With His Head!

The Metropolitan Opera delves into the seamier side of familial relationships when it opens Richard Strauss's 'Salome' on March 7. With soprano Catherine Malfitano in the title role, the production also features Lucinda Childs's new choreography for the sensual "Dance of the Seven Veils."

Classical Music

Tuesday, March 5

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Bernstein, Gershwin, and Chadwick; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Chamber Music at the Y—Performs works by Debussy and Fauré. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $22.50–$25.*

Wednesday, March 6

Naumberg Retrospective—With violinist Leonidas Kavakos, performs works by Beethoven, Respighi, and Ravel. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (721-6500), at 8; $16.*

Chamber Music at the Y—See 3/5.

Thursday, March 7

Bruce Glenny, Organ—Performs works by Bruhns, Bach, and Pinkham. *St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St., at noon; free.*

Brantano String Quartet—With cellist Gary Hoffman, performs Schubert's Quintet in C Major, Op. 163. *Rose Rehearsal Studio, Lincoln Center, 10th floor (875-5788), at 6:45; $15.*

New York Philharmonic—With percussionist Evelyn Glennie, performs works by Strauss, MacMillan, and Satie; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Carmina String Quartet—Performs the New York premiere of Rolf Urs Ringger's *Feuillages. Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 8; $20.*

Shostakovich Gala—A benefit for the American Opera Musical Theater, featuring Russian food, drink, and music. Maxim Shostakovich will be the guest of honor. *Russian Consulate, 9 E. 91st St. (594-1839), cocktails at 7, music at 8:15; $150.*

Friday, March 8

New York Philharmonic—See 3/7, at 2.

Paula Robison, Flutist—Performs works by Telemann, Bach, and Vivaldi. *Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $35.*

Maurizio Pollini, Pianist—Performs Beethoven's Sonatas 22 to 26. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $13–$60.*

Nancy Allen, Harpist—With harpist Barbara Allen. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.*

Marilyn Neeley, Pianist—Performs works by Brahms, Schumann, and Scriabin. *Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8; $10.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Saturday, March 9

New York Festival of Song—Perform "Teatros Espanoles," including works by Villa-Lobos and Chapi. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

Two Pianos—Marcia Eckert and Deborah Gilwood perform works by Stravinsky, Tailleferre, and Milhaud. *Concert Hall, Mannes College of Music, 150 West 85th St., at 8; free.*

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—With violinist Frank Peter Zimmermann, performs works by Beethoven and Sibelius; Jukka-Pekka Saraste, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

Paula Robison, Flutist—See 3/8.

Sunday, March 10

All-American Jamboree—Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center performs works by Alvin Singleton and Bruce Adolphe. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (721-6500), at 11; $17.*

Samuel Rhodes, Violist—Concludes the four-concert tribute to Hindemith. *Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 3; $15.*

Vladimir Feltsman, Pianist—Performs Bach's *Art of Fugue. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 3; $30.*

James Galway, Flutist—Performs works by Schubert, Briccialdi, and Doppler. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$40.*

Four Nations Ensemble—Performs "Le Gout Polonaise," including works by Haydn and Wölfl. *Kosciuskzo Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $15.*

The Met Orchestra—Performs works by Mozart, Cage, and Wagner with soprano Jessye Norman. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$75.*

Byron Janis, Pianist—Performs an all-Chopin program as a benefit for AmeriCares. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5050), at 4; $25–$100.*

Monday, March 11

Nancy Argenta, Soprano—Performs works by Haydn, Strauss, and American composers. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Juliette Kang, Violinist—Performs works by Beethoven, Corigliano, and Sarasate. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$40.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Mozart's *Cosí fan tutte*, 3/5 at 8, 3/9 at 8; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 3/6 at 8, 3/9 at 1:30; Strauss's *Salome*, 3/7 at 8; Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, 3/8 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$175.*

New York City Opera—Puccini's *Tosca*, 3/5 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 3/7 at 8; Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*, 3/8 at 8; Verdi's *La Traviata*, 3/9 at 1:30; Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, 3/9 at 8. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $17–$78.*

Amato Opera—Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. 3/9 at 7:30, 3/10 at 2:30. *Amato Opera Theater, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

Dance

Feld Ballets/NY—3/5–3/10 at 8, 3/10 at 4. Through 3/31. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

National Ballet of Spain—Merges classical ballet with traditional flamenco. 3/5–3/9 at 8, 3/9 at 2, 3/10 at 3. *City Center, 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212); $25–$55.*

Jiuta-Mai Classical Dance—Choreographer Suzushi Hanayagi presents a four-part program with actress-dancer Shiho Fujimura. 3/7 and 3/8 at 8. *Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $20.*

Breath—A dance-music-theater piece by Wichern-Wolfson based on the language of Emily Dickinson. 3/7–3/10 at 8:30. *St. Mark's Church, 10th St. and Second Ave. (674-8194); $10.*

Avant**Jazz and Dance**—Jazz artists Steve Coleman and Five Elements join dancers Maia Claire Garrison & M'Zawa Danz in a new collaborative piece. 3/7 at 8. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $15.*

homemade—A new collaboration by Brazilian choreographers Rosane Chamecki and Andrea Lerner. 3/7–3/10 at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288); $12.*

Photograph by Winnie Klotz.

restaurants

Clark's Library...Eating African...Tucci

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Opening
A Little Italy

Before chef Cliff Pereira (shown) opened Tucci (named after his fiancée's Italian hometown) last month, he stripped the overdone décor of the short-lived Cal-Italian Napa Valley Grill down to its brick walls and wooden floor. The brick oven stayed, and Pereira installed a Neapolitan pizza chef to round out his own Piedmontese menu. (206 East 63rd Street.)

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Exceptional American wine list and an eclectic menu featuring contemporary American dishes like crispy calamari with Vietnamese dipping sauce, wood-grilled Angus sirloin with basil mashed potatoes and bourbon sauce, and German chocolate cake with banana ice cream. *90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Apple Restaurant—This Village restaurant features two kitchens: one for vegetarians, one for carnivores. And a Vietnamese menu. *17 Waverly Pl. (473-8888). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect recreation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day (try the new Sunday brunch, with live Inca jazz) and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare, from crab cakes to Maine lobsters to Sunday brunch, is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

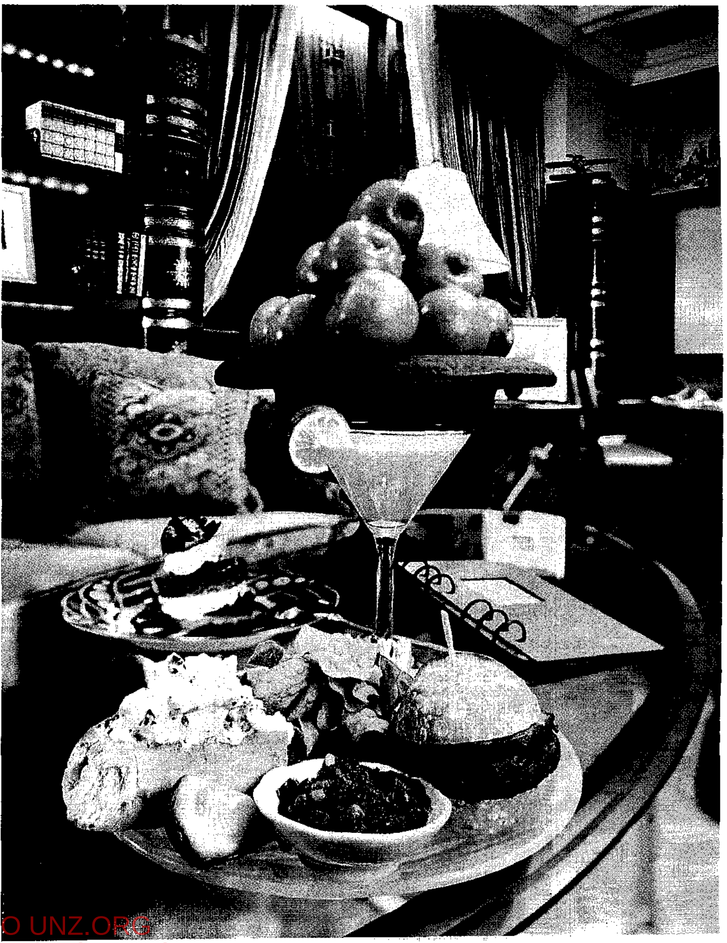
14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Opening Pub Date

After transforming the ground floors of midtown towers into sports shrines and copper cowboy ranges, design fantasist David Rockwell gets bookish at the Regency Hotel's new Library, where classics and current best-sellers are decoration, not exactly à la Chumley's. Food consultant Clark Wolf has created an all-day menu of ritzy snacks—lobster pot pie, tea-smoked chicken—for the power crowd to nibble during that long stretch between breakfast and dinner. (540 Park Avenue, at 61st Street.)



Photograph by Bernd Auers.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and John Schenk's Mediterranean-influenced American menu, with offerings like braised moulard-duck leg and mustard-crusted rack of lamb, propels the kitchen directly (and deliciously) into the twenty-first century. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ristorante De Grezia—A midtown spot, popular among the neighborhood's businessmen, serving gourmet Northern Italian cuisine. *231 E. 50th St. (750-5353). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This casually elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

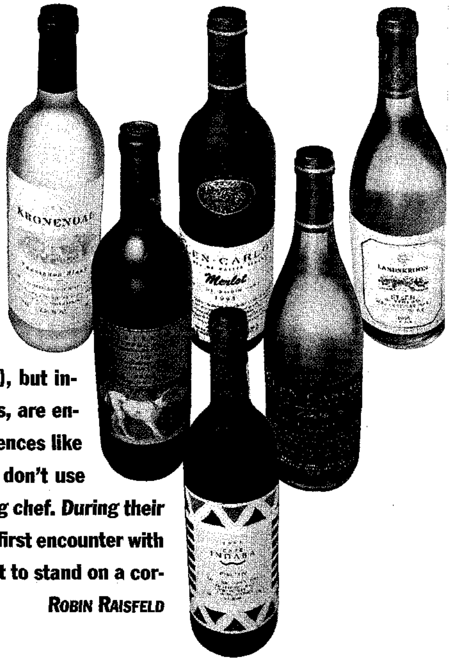
Cafe Un Deux Trois—Theater District landmark serving French bistro food like steak au poivre, steak tartare, and grilled salmon. *123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more af-

Happening
Rainbow Coalition



South Africa's burgeoning rainbow cuisine, named for Archbishop Desmond Tutu's designation "rainbow people of God," is truly a bracing and exotic blend of the foods co-existing there: Italian, French, Dutch, English, German, Malaysian, and—increasingly—contributions from eleven indigenous African cultures. "We're still trying to establish what we all eat," says Sandi Van Endt, a Cape Town chef who was recruited, along with four compatriots, to cook for the first-ever South African Food Festival this month at the United Nations Delegates' Dining Room. Oenophiles may be familiar with the festival's half-dozen wines (South Africa is the world's eighth-largest producer), but indigenous game like Karoo lamb and warthog, and produce like Marulla berries and William potatoes, are entirely new to an otherwise catholic New York food scene. Still, the menus, laden with European influences like cream sauces and truffles, reflect restaurant, rather than home, cooking. "One of our briefs was, don't use casseroles or stews; they won't be accepted in New York," says Trevor Basson, the team's supervising chef. During their tenure as culinary ambassadors, the chefs are hoping to experience a little bit of the local fare. Their first encounter with the cornucopia of the New World—Smiler's deli—left them spellbound. And hungry for more: "I want to stand on a corner and eat a bagel," says Basson, "and I'd like to try Wendy's as well."

ROBIN RAISFELD

fordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kodnoi Thai Cuisine—Authentic home-style food cooked by a real Thai mother, with traditional preparations of pad Thai, crispy red snapper, pineapple shrimp curry, tiger prawns, and lemongrass soup. Antiques and a fireplace cozy up the bustling East Side location, midway between Bloomingdale's and the 59th Street bridge. *208 E. 60th St. (688-2177). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

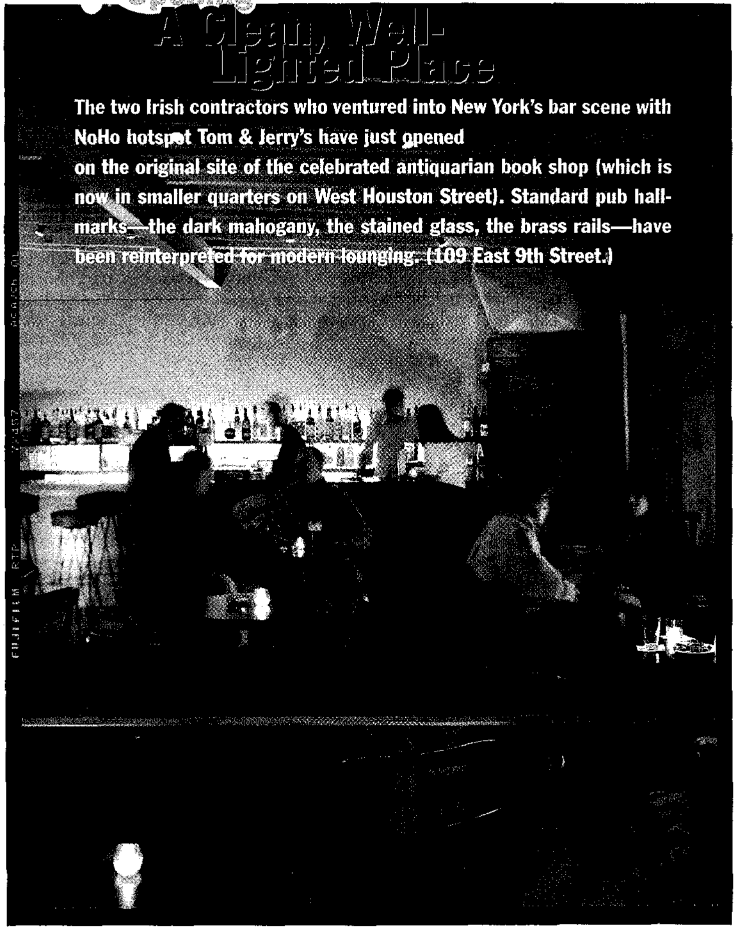
Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

A Clean, Well-Lighted Place



The two Irish contractors who ventured into New York's bar scene with NoHo hotspot Tom & Jerry's have just opened on the original site of the celebrated antiquarian book shop (which is now in smaller quarters on West Houston Street). Standard pub hallmarks—the dark mahogany, the stained glass, the brass rails—have been reinterpreted for modern lounging. (109 East 9th Street.)

hotograph by Kenneth Chen.

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make *many* mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Quisisana—This cozy Upper East Side Italian restaurant specializes in seafood. Try the grilled calamari, linguine with lobster, the John Dory, or anything out of the wood-burning oven. *1319 Third Ave., nr. 75th St. (879-5000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Seventies Revival

At Restaurant Two Two Two (222 West 79th Street), Frank Valenza brings back the regal dish that made his ultraluxe Palace famous in the seventies: an oak-fired prime-rib steak, smothered with fresh Périgord truffles and served with a Madeira reduction.

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tirami su. In warm weather, eat outdoors. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Main Street—This cavernous dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lin-

Photograph by Warren Salowe

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coln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Closed Monday. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Workers' Compensation...Curtis Mayfield

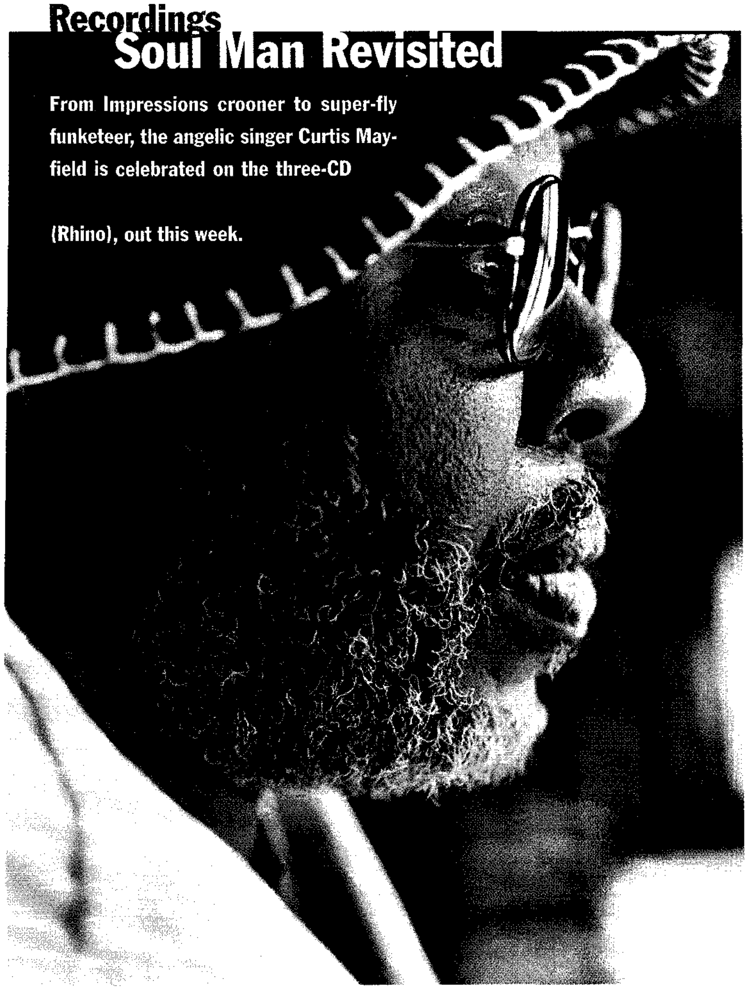
John Leonard's Television Notes

Buddies (3/5; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; Wednesdays thereafter; ABC) is another noble network-TV dream of integration, with Dave Chappelle (black) and Christopher Gartin (white) as best friends and filmmaking partners in Chicago, Tanya Wright and Paula Cale as the longtime girlfriend and the brand-new wife, Richard Roundtree as a disapproving father, and Judith Ivey as a trailer-trash mother-in-law. Likable enough, between jokes about Rosa Parks and *The Dirty Dozen.*

Sweet Temptation (3/6; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is no less than Rob Estes deserves for having quit on *Silk Stalkings.* So he feels neglected by older girlfriend Beverly D'Angelo, too busy with her catering business. And so does Beverly's teenage daughter, Jenny Lewis, feel neglected, as well as horny, even though she has a collie to play with. She plays instead with Rob. Everybody will live unhappily ever after.

Recordings

Soul Man Revisited



From Impressions crooner to super-fly funketeer, the angelic singer Curtis Mayfield is celebrated on the three-CD

(Rhino), out this week.

Photograph by Billy Howard

Hidden in Silence (3/6 and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) is the true-life story of a Polish Catholic schoolgirl who hid thirteen Jews for two and a half years from predatory Nazis all around them. Kellie Martin brings to the part everything that everybody's ever loved about her in *Life Goes On* and *Christy.* Marion Ross and Joss Ackland are, as always, splendid. So, oddly, is the scenery (Czech town and country), a cognitive dissonance, almost as if this TV movie and World War II had been "colorized"—when the only permissible tapes in our heads ought to be in black-and-white. Nevertheless, an affecting reminder that all Poles weren't cowards or anti-Semites, which is what we're also told in James Park Sloan's new biography of Jerzy Kosinski: They protected him from harm; he repaid them with the S&M fantasies of *The Painted Bird.*

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off (3/9 and other dates; 10 P.M. to midnight; A&E) is the fourth live-theater-filmed-for-television musical comedy in A&E's "Clairol on Broadway" series, with Peter Scolari (*Newhart*) as Anthony Newley and Stephanie Zimbalist (*Remington Steele*) as Anna Quayle. Neither quite has the voice for Leslie Bricusse's score ("Once in a Lifetime," "Gonna Build a Mountain," "What Kind of Fool Am I?"), though both are game and energetic, and the musical anyway is mostly banalities. But when Zimbalist impersonates Anya, the Soviet commissar, there should be (red) stars in your eyes.

Bonnie (3/10; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; CBS) returns to its Chicago television studio, retooled, to see if it chimes with *Cybill.* I like all these Second City people. Whatever makes them think they need George Hamilton as a guest-star network executive?

Frequent Flyer (3/10; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) sends Jack Wagner (*Melrose Place*) as an airline pilot through very friendly skies from Dallas to Honolulu to Chicago, where at every port a wife is waiting. Trigamy! Shelley Hack, the mother of his only child, is the first to figure out this death wish, after which she cuts him off at the credit cards and sells his T-Bird. Nicole Eggert and Joan Severance are also desperate enough to have fallen for the greedy little boy with some braid on his uniform. What this needs is Leslie Bricusse.

Peter, Paul & Mary: Lifelines (3/11; 8 to 10:25 P.M.; Channel 13) wasn't available at press time for preview, but I went to the recording session and I can tell you not to miss the collegial walk-ons and singalongs of Richie Havens, Ronnie Gilbert, Tom Paxton, and Odetta. And Susan Werner, a young unknown (to me, till now), brings back Newport in the late fifties, when some of us strummed the guitar of ourselves as though we'd never sell out or die.

A Face to Die For (3/11; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) makes me regret ever complaining about TV movies based on true stories. Let the writers make it up, and you get Yasmine Bleeth hideously scarred as a luckless child; falling as a young adult into hopeless love with a criminal bounder, James Wilder; ending up in prison with Robin Givens, who will introduce her to plastic surgeon Richard Beymer, also a bounder; from whom she will escape to design her own expensive clothes until Wilder comes back into her life, not recognizing her now that she's ravishing, but having in the meantime married her alcoholic sister, after which Yasmine plots a messy revenge . . . but you are already reading *Primary Colors.*

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—3/5: Mozart's Horn Concerto No. 4 in E flat and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5 in E flat. 3/6: Prokofiev's *Lieutenant Kije Suite* and R. Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra.* 3/7: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 1 in F and Ravel's *Ma Mere l'Oye.* 3/8: C.P.E. Bach's Cello Concerto in B-flat and Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in g. Weeknights at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Classic Radio—3/6 at 7 P.M.: The suspenseful *Deep Into Darkness,* starring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Writing the Southwest—3/7 at 7 P.M.: Terry McMillan wrote *Mama,* an autobiographical novel about an African-American auto worker. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Soundprint—3/11 at 7:30 P.M.: Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. ABC producer Nick Franklin follows David and others with OCD. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Mountain Stage—3/8 and 3/10 Fridays at 2, Sundays at 9: Buckwheat Zydeco; Todd Snider; Marshall Crenshaw; The Amazing Dolores. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

New York and Company—3/5: Robert Siegel, who edited *The NPR Interviews 1995;* Jack Rosenthal, editor of *The New York Times Magazine.* 3/6: Edvard Radzinsky on his book *Stalin;* Pedro Almodóvar on his new movie, *The Flower of My Secret.* 3/7: Journalist John Hess discusses what's wrong with the world at large; Hong Kong director Wong Kar-Wai on making *Chunking Express;* Andre Dubus on his new collection of short stories, *Dancing After Hours.* 3/8: Al and Larry Ubell, the self-appointed "Gurus of How-To" on the nuts and bolts of home repair; Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman on their documentary on gays in film, *Celluloid Closet;* David Shields on his book *Remote.* 3/11: David Crystal, who edited *The Cambridge Encyclopedia of the English Language;* Dixie Carter on singing at the Carlyle; Sylvia Herskowitz and Rhoda Terry on the emergence of the synagogue in the ancient world. 2/12: Stephen McCauley on his novel *The Man of the House;* Amy Gilman Srebnick on *The Mysterious Death of Mary Rogers;* Jeff Coplon on *Gold Buckle*

Previews

Pop Art

Still the largest international art marketplace, Artexpo New York '96 (Javits Center, March 7–11) will offer lectures for the neophyte on handling dealers and installing your acquisitions. Call 800-331-5706.

3/13: Etymologist and punster Richard Lederer; John Irving; Jon Robin Baitz on the play *A Fair County*. WNYC, 820 AM.

New Sounds—3/7 at 11 P.M.: John Schaefer features music by Meredith Monk, Victoria Jordanova, Pauline Oliveros, and other leading female composers. WNYC; 93.9 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—3/10: Mozart's *Lucio Silla*. With Peter Schreler, Edita Gruberova, Cecilia Bartoli, Dawn Upshaw, and Yvonne Kenny. Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Sophie Cabot Black and Vijay Seshadri—3/6 at 8: The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

David Lehman—3/6 at 7: Reading at Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 3rd St. (477-5271); free.

Russell Banks and Deborah Eisenberg—3/7 at 7: D'Agostino Hall, 108 W. 3rd St. Free.

Bruce Weber and Jay Chollick—3/7 at 7: Poetry and Prose at Picnic Place, 392 Fifth Ave. (bet. 36th and 37th Sts.). (795-8329); $4 and $2 min.

Bradford Morrow—3/7 at 7:30: Introduced by Rick Moody. Barnes & Noble at Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Denis Hamill—3/8 at 7: Introduced by Rick Moody. Barnes & Noble at Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Brooke and April Stevens—3/10 at 7: "An Evening of Sibling Revelry." KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); Free.

"If These Walls Could Talk"—3/10 at 1:30 P.M.: Dramatic readings about tenement life by actress Jessica Weglein. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $6 contribution.

Sandra Cisneros and Lois Anne Yamanaka—3/10 at 7: Nuyorican Poets Cafe, 236 E. 3rd St. (505-8183); $6.

First Novels—3/11 at 7:30: Writers Stephanie Grant, Jeff Marcus, Jacqueline Woodson, Lois-Ann Yamanaka, and Eric Zencey will read from their first fiction. Writers in Performance/Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

George Plimpton, Susan Sontag, Vijay Seshadri—3/11 at 7:30: Reading from their latest contributions to *The Paris Review*'s latest issue, which celebrates poetry. Barnes & Noble at Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

John Irving—3/11 at 8: Reading from his new book *Trying to Save Piggy Sneed*, a collection of stories and essays. Untenberg Poetry Ctr./92nd Street Y. 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $12.

Stephen McCauley—3/12 at 7: Reads from his new novel *The Man of the House*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (980-4850); free.

Objects Of Desire—3/13 at 6:30: Ron Nakahara will read *Relic* by Robert Olen Butler; Joan Rubenstein will read *The Violin* by Bernard Gotfryd; Michael Keck will read *Wanting an Orange* by Larry Woiwode; Paul Hecht will read *Flood Show* by Charles Baxter. Symphony Space, 95th St. and Broadway. (864-1414); $16, $11 members.

Photograph: bottom, Steve Wisbauer; painting by Peter Max.

Lectures And Panels

Louise Braverman and Carlos Zapata—3/7 at 6:30: The Architectural League of New York presents this lecture as part of the "Emerging Voices" series at the Urban Center Galleries. 457 Madison Avenue. (753-1722); $7. Reservations accepted.

Mad About the Media—3/5 at 6: This conversation between Floyd Abrams, First Amendment attorney; Cynthia McFadden, legal-affairs correspondent for ABC News; and Jonathan Alter, senior editor of *Newsweek,* focuses on First Amendment issues relating to the media. Sotheby's, 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (800-444-3709); $25. Proceeds benefit the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House.

Black Male Writers and the American Dream—3/5 at 8: An evening of reading and discussion by contributors to *Speak My Name: Black Men on Masculinity and the American Dream*. Writers include Don Belton (who edited the anthology), Randall Kenan, and Walter Mosley. Miller Theater, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799); $8, $5 students and seniors.

Hershel Parker on Herman Melville—3/10 at 11 A.M.: Part of the "Biographers and Brunch" series at the 92nd Street Y. 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $17, $15 members.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr.—3/11 at 6: The two-time Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award winner will lecture on "The Multicultural Debate: Where Are We Now?" Public Education Program/NYPL, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. Celeste Bartos Forum (930-0571); $7.

Tours

Radical Walking Tours: Ladies Mile and Chelsea—3/10 at 1 P.M.: A tour saluting, among others, the Industrial Workers of the World, Margaret Sanger, the New School, and Emma Goldman. Bruce Kayton leads this walk, which meets in front of the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St. The nearly three-hour tour costs $6. Call 718-492-0069 for further information; no reservations are required.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights—3/9 at 1: A walking tour across the Brooklyn Bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church, Walt Whitman's childhood home, the A. A. Low Mansion, and the Brooklyn Historical Society. Call 439-1090 for further information and meeting site. $9; $7 students and seniors.

Events

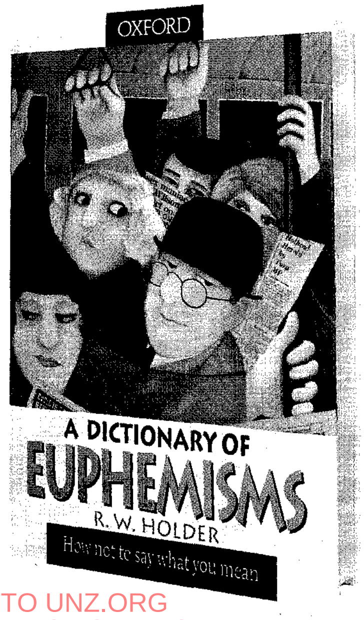
New York Flower Show—3/8–3/17: The theme of the 1996 flower show is "Broadway in Bloom." Along with its numerous displays of flowers and demonstration gardens, there will be floral design demonstrations and other how-to presentations. The Horticultural Society will offer four free daily lectures at eleven in the morning, and afternoon lectures at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30. The Coliseum, Broadway and 59th St. (800-553-2121); $12, $10 seniors and students, $6 children 6–12, children under 6, free.

In Print

Word for Word

Good books inspire larceny. The movies will always be a better place to lift winning overtures, but books can be cased for effective follow-ups—deft little aphorisms, lofty ruminations, bracing metaphors. The temptation to steal is greater, and much more perilous, if the reader is also a writer. And an especially perilous if unlikely mark is the reference shelf.

What books such as R. W. Holder's *A Dictionary of Euphemisms* (Oxford; $25) offer is a simulacrum of experience in unfamiliar worlds. Raymond Chandler explains where the trouble comes in: "So-called experts in this line have their ear to the library, very seldom to the ground. They do not realize what a large proportion of these [words] is of literary origin." He was talking specifically about underworld slang and went on to charge Eugene O'Neill with mistaking "the big sleep" (Chandler's euphemism for death) for a standard term, and sprinkling it all over *The Iceman Cometh*. *The big sleep* does not appear in Holder's book, but the point is relevant when you come upon *the big prize*—a euphemism, it turns out, for copulation. "With steel-trap relentlessness withholding the big prize," a quotation from Styron, is Holder's example of it in use. Does every Southerner know this one (and every Northerner besides me) or did Styron make it up, and if it's the former, was *the big prize* as commonly used for sex as *the big house* is for prison? The book should anticipate persnicketiness.



"That boy loves words," T. S. Eliot is supposed to have said about R. W. Holder when he was a boy. Compelling him as it does to explain the phrases *nose job* ("denoting surgery mainly for females") and *nouvelle cuisine* ("small portions of food sold at high prices"), Holder's love is unconditional, and not quite sufficient. A disqualified resource, however, is not an uninteresting read.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

■	M	■	H	■	I	■	G	■	D	■	G	■	R	■
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B	A	S	S	E	T	■	S	M	A	R	T	I	N	G
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■	N	■	S	■	G	■	D	■	R	■	H	■	K	■

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Exhibitions

The Avant-Garde Letterhead—3/13–5/8: Letterhead is not (yet) a casualty of progress, but today's formal stationery is memorable generally when someone consequential has scribbled on it. Not so the early-twentieth-century writing paper and ephemera created by modernists such as F. T. Marinetti, Kurt Schwitters, Herbert Bayer, and El Lissitzky. This National Design Museum exhibition is on view at the American Institute of Graphic Arts (*not,* as was indicated last week, at the museum itself, which is temporarily closed) The institute is located at 164 Fifth Avenue. Call 860-6898.

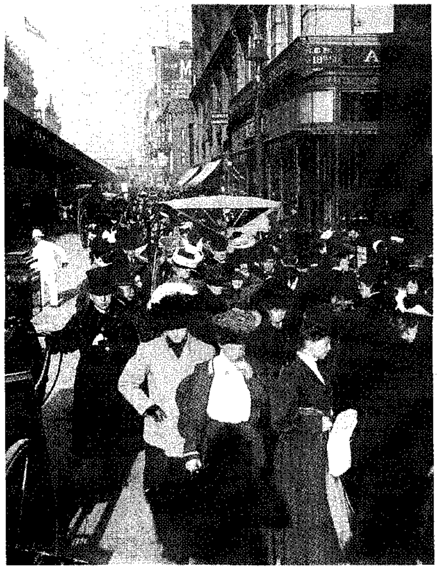
Sprinkled Pictures In Lacquer—3/10 at 2: A demonstration and discussion with lacquer artist Kazumi Morose, who specializes in *maki-e*—"sprinkled picture"—techniques. Reservations should be made by phoning 715-1253. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); $12, $10 members.

Sports

Big East Conference—With as many as six teams headed for the NCAAs, the Beast of the East is back. Madison Square Garden will be rocking with chants of "Ov-er-ra-ted!" (Georgetown fans to UConn) and "Mahoney must go!" (St. John's fans to, well, St. John's). Opening round: 3/6 tripleheader beginning at 11 A.M.; doubleheader beginning at 7 P.M. Quarterfinals: 3/7 doubleheaders beginning at noon and 7 P.M. Semifinals: 3/8 doubleheader beginning at 7 P.M. Championship: 3/9 at 8:30 P.M. Call 465-MSG1.

Nightmare on 33rd Street—So Sir Charles says that in an NBA stocked with AK-47's and Uzis, the Knicks are shooting BB guns. So the team is so decimated its starting lineup has nothing on the Vancouver Grizzlies'. So John Starks describes Don Nelson's not-yet-concluded first season as a "nightmare." Nelson doesn't see any reason to panic. A tell-tale sign: As Nellie was leaving the floor talking to his old chum Del Harris after last week's loss to the Lakers, the rotund one was *smiling.* Smiling that wait-till-next-year smile when that extra $10 million under the salary cap attracts some *real* players, and screw this year. The trouble is, Nelson has practically built his Hall of Fame coaching career out of such dire circumstances. Post-trading deadline, post-co-captain breakdown (and pre-Starks nervous breakdown), these Knicks bear a disturbingly striking resemblance to Nellie's Wounded Warriors. With or without Patrick, the Knicks must win their first three games this week; in the fourth, they'll consider it a moral victory if Rodman grabs fewer than 30 rebounds and Michael and Scottie combine for under 80 points. 3/5 vs. L.A. Clippers at 7:30. 3/6 at Toronto at 7. 3/8 at Philadelphia at 7:30. 3/10 vs. Chicago at 5:30. . . . The Nets have earned the league's respect; *the next step is winning games and* hanging tough despite injuries to key players. In recent years, on-the-cusp teams such as the Mavs and the Nuggets both did the former—and have yet to accomplish the winning part. 3/5 at Dallas at 8:30. 3/8 at San Antonio at 8:30 3/10 at Denver at 9.

Farewell to Dear Old Winnipeg—Mike Richter is no dummy; he spent last summer studying existentialism at Columbia. So when Richter called Mark Messier's injury "a rotator-cuff problem" last week, was he letting a potentially devastating secret out of the bag or was it merely a slip of the tongue? Richter made his diagnosis on the night Messier was hurt, during a between-periods guest appearance as a TV analyst with Al Trautwig. Official Rangers sources keep saying Messier has a "shoulder bruise"; if Richter knows better, the team's Stanley Cup chances just went into intensive care. Rangers, vs. Devils, 3/4, at 7:30; at Tampa Bay, 3/7, at 7:30; at Washington, 3/9, at 1:30. A killer road-trip week for the Devils, who have the sixth-worst road record in the NHL. Be very happy if they get one point out of their weekend in Pennsylvania. Devils at Rangers, 3/4, at 7:30; at Toronto, 3/6, at 7:30; at Pittsburgh, 3/9, at 1:30; at Philadelphia, 3/10, at 8. Will the Isles get choked up about their last-ever visit to Winnipeg? Probably not; next season they'll get to play some golf in the morning and the Phoenix Mustangs at night. But the Jets' abandonment of western Canada for God's waiting room is lousy nonetheless, another victory for airline-sponsored stadiums. Islanders vs. Boston, 3/5, at 7:30; at Boston, 3/7, at 7:30; at Winnipeg, 3/9, at 3.



Happening **Ladies Mile was (retrospectively) named not for the Dreiserian shop girls behind the counters of B. Altman and R. H. Macy and Arnold Constable but for the swish matrons they assisted. On March 10, Radical Walking Tours remembers the working class and the revolutionaries of Chelsea and the Flatiron district (see listings).**

Online

James Carville—This political adviser to President Clinton and author of the recently published *We're Right, They're Wrong: A Handbook for Spirited Progressives* will be the guest in the *Atlantic Monthly* area of America Online: 3/4 at 8 P.M.

Breast Cancer—Dr. Terre Quinn discusses the diseases of the breast, and breast cancer specifically, on America Online: 3/5 at 7 P.M.

Hugh Hefner—Chatting about next month's celebrations to honor *Playboy's* "Women of the Internet" issue. On America Online: 3/5 at 8 P.M.

Jonathan Silverman—The star of NBC's *The Single Guy,* best known for those inane *Weekend at Bernie's* films, will be on Prodigy: 3/6 at 9 P.M.

The Original Mouseketeers—Lonnie, Chubby, Sharon, Bobby, and the rest of the crew will be reminiscing about the Disney they once knew on NetChat: 3/6 at 9 P.M. *http://www.audionet.com*

Mothers and Sons—Anne Puryear, who claims she talks to her son who committed suicide, will take your questions. On CompuServe: 3/6 at 9:30 P.M.

Lindsey Doran—Talk to the producer of *Sense and Sensibility,* which has been nominated for seven Academy Awards, including Best Picture and Best Actress. On Prodigy: 3/7 at 8 P.M.

FUZZY Live—This self-proclaimed "pop"-music group will be cybercast from Boston in RealAudio via SonicNet: 3/8 from 7:30 to 10:30 P.M. *http://www.sonicnet.com*

Classroom Chat From Down Under—Talk to kids from a classroom in Christchurch, New Zealand, on America Online: 3/8 at 1 P.M.

Frank Whaley—Actor and co-founder of the Malaparte Theater Company with Ethan Hawke and Robert Sean Leonard, Whaley is currently in an Off Broadway play entitled *The Size of the World* (previews begin March 6, opens March 20). Chat with him on Prodigy: 3/11 at 9 P.M.

Conferences last about an hour. Send comments to runnette@dti.net

Photograph by Corbis-Bettmann

kids

Maple Sap...Mischief Making

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

All-American—The Brooklyn Youth Chorus joins in a rousing "All-American Jamboree" at **Lincoln Center**'s Merkin Concert Hall. Chorus members will sing in the local premiere of Alvin Singleton's "Sing to the Sun." Bruce Adolphe's "Urban Scenes for String Quartet and Kids" is performed by the Miami String Quartet and selected kids from the audience. 3/10 at 11 and 1. 129 W. 67th St. (875-5788). $12. ◉

Bright Lights, Big Top—A human arrow, tightrope walkers, lions, elephants, and clowns perform in **Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey**'s self-proclaimed and seldom-contested Greatest Show on Earth. Continental Airlines Arena (formerly Brendan Byrne Arena), to 3/10; Nassau Coliseum, 3/13–3/19; and Madison Square Garden, 3/21–4/28. Ticket prices, regardless of location, are $10 to $35 (212-307-7171).

Feet of Clay—Watch a potter making a clay pot in a workshop called "As the Wheel Turns," one of a series of free Saturdays workshops at the **New-York Historical Society** that give families a chance to look around the collection before the museum opens. 3/9 at 11. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Register. ●

Signs of Spring—Appearances by Billy B, a gifted children's entertainer, make a good excuse to visit acres of early blooming snowdrops and crocuses at the **New York Botanical Garden.** The occasion is "Maple Sugar Sunday," where kids can watch sap flowing into buckets, and get a taste of maple-sugar candy in the making. 3/10 from 1 to 4 (performances are at 1:15 and 2:30.) 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700). General admission is $3, $1 for seniors, students, and kids ages 6 to 16. ◉

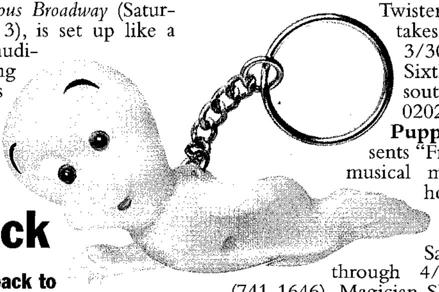
The Barber of Seville—**The Metropolitan Opera Guild** presents the comic opera sung in English with orchestra, full set, and costumes. The production is geared especially to children ages 6 through 12. 3/10 at 2. John Jay Theater, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St. (769-7008); $25. ◉

Youth Movement—Forty exceptional young dancers perform two programs of contemporary dance. (The dancers attend Feld's tuition-free New Ballet School.) Program 1, which includes *Hello Fancy, 3 Commedia Dances* and *Sleep Study* is 3/10 at noon, 3/16 at 2, 3/24 at noon, and 3/30 at 2. Program 2, which includes *The Jig Is Up,* and the premiere of two dances choreographed especially for Kids Dance: Eliot Feld's *Meshugana Dance,* set to klezmer music, and Pilobolus's Alison Chase's new dance, set to Kodo drumming. 3/9 at 2, 3/17 at noon, 3/23 at 2, and 3/31 at noon. **Joyce Theater,** 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800). $18 for adults, $10 for children.

Holy Madras!—Fans of Maira Kalman's sophisticatedly silly books can see the author-illustrator, show slides, read from her books, and tell us how she invented Max, star of four recent books, including her latest, *Swami on Rye: Max in India.* The one-hour multimedia presentation for kids who are 5 and older and their families is at **Symphony Space,** 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). Admission is $5 for adults, $3 for children. Afterwards, kids can stroll down to the **Children's Museum of Manhattan** and do some Kalmanish activities—making hats that Max might wear and quilts that stitch together words and pictures; and enjoying the "Max (A Dog)"an interactive Kalman-inspired exhibit). General admission to CMOM alone is $5, $3 for children. The museum is located at 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Combined admission to Symphony Space and CMOM is $8 for children, $6 for adults. ◉

Theatrical—**Freestyle Repertory Theatre** presents three improvisational formats, not specifically intended for family audiences but suitable into the double-digit age brackets. In *TheatreSports* (Thursdays at 8 and Saturdays at 10:30 P.M.), a panel of judges score performances by two competing teams; *Spontaneous Broadway* (Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 3), is set up like a backer's audition with the audience supplying ideas during the first act for a play that is performed during the second act; *Chameleons,* (Fridays at 8) is about a playwright experiencing writer's block and taking suggestions from the audience. *Innovations* (Mondays at 8), which is free, alternates between a madcap performance of audience members' lives called *Real Life: The Improv* and *Emilio Buckett's Traveling Tarot Revue,* where audience members have their fortunes told and then acted out in front of them. **John Houseman Studio Theatre**, 450 W. 42nd St (642-8202). $15. J. P. Jarrett, billed as a "singer illusionist," gets the audience to help make ghosts float and bunnies appear out of nowhere in a show called "Altered Reality." Sundays at 12:30 and 3 through 5/26. **Theatre East**, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528). $12. An elegant Spanish version of *Cinderella,* replete with bullfights and a prince named Pépino, is at the recently renovated **Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater**, mid-Central Park at 81st St. Performances are Tues. through Fri. at 10:30 and noon, and Sats. at noon and 3. Reserve by calling 988-9093; tickets are $5 for adults, $4 for children. A musical version of the same ever-popular story, performed with rod and hand puppets, is presented by the **Papageno Puppet Theater.** Sats. at noon, through 4/27, at the Brownstone School, 128 W. 80th St. (874-3297). Reservations required; $6, free to children under 2. "Feeble Fables or the Princess and the Rock," in which the audience matches wits with the Terrible Tongue Twister Tangler and worse, takes place Sats. through 3/30 at 1; **Here,** 145 Sixth Ave., one block south of Spring St. (647-0202); tickets are $5. **The Puppet Company** presents "Franklin the Wizard," a musical marionette fairy tale hosted by Al E. Gator; 31 Union Square W., at 16th St., Loft 2B; Sat. and Sun. at 1 and 3, through 4/28; $7.50. Reserve (741-1646). Magician Shawn O'Toole brings his "Amazing Shawnee" dancing birds and bunnies to **Wings Theatre** Suns. at noon through 3/31; 154 Christopher St. (627-2961); $5. *Schoolhouse Rock Live!* is at the **Lamb's Theatre** Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3; 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200); $20 to $25. A musical version of *Gulliver's Travels* is performed for children ages 4 and up, Sat. and Sun. at 2, through 3/31. Queens Children's Theater, 256-21 Union Tpke. (ample free parking) (718-343-1052). General admission is $7, children and seniors $5. **The Moscow Puppet Theatre** are at Asphalt Green's Mazur Theatre performing Bear Cub Capers. 3/9 and 3/10 10:30 and noon. Lenny Suib Playhouse, 555 East 90th St. (369-8890). $4 for adults, $3.50 for kids up to 16. Reserve.

Boxed Set—"Mischief Makers" is the current theme **The Fourth International Children's Television Festival**. Terrific international videos about clever cows and rambunctious schoolchildren are on view weekends through 3/17. (The festival continues through May.) Screenings—on a big screen—of two different programs begin at 12:15 and 3 on weekends. **The Museum of Television and Radio,** 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800). General admission is $6 for adults, $4 for students and seniors, $3 for children. ◉



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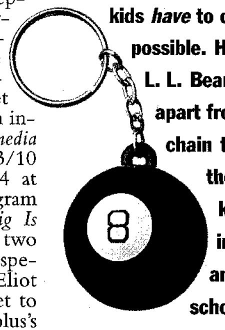
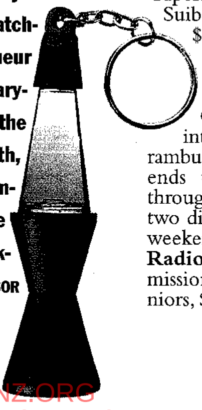
BARBARA ENSOR





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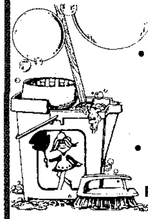

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Jewish Man Seeks Asian Woman—35, successful, bright, funny, unpretentious - seeks *intelligent Asian woman for serious* relationship. 5556 ✉

Life's Passions To Be Shared By Two—Great-looking professional woman, 42, with vibrant red hair and blue eyes, is *looking for a strong, sensitive and secure* man wishing to share life, love and the pursuit of happiness. Single mom by choice, I am warm, sincere, loving, in great shape, creative and very romantic, with a terrific sense of humor. Interests include movies, skiing, rollerblading, photography, exercising, and the search for life's meaning with the belief anything is possible. If you wish to share the above and much more, please respond with photo and personal note. 5513 ✉

Beauty, Brains, Passion—Jewish executive with love for Israel, seeks Jewish, successful man, 39-49, for forever. 5558 ✉

Play With Me—Good-looking 34-year-old man seeks woman ready for fun. No batteries required. Photo. 5571 ✉

Nice Guy—Seeks nice girl for the usual stuff. I am 49, Jewish (not religious), 5'7". Would like to meet a slender, understanding woman who lives in New York City and enjoys movies. Photo preferred. 5485✉

Corporate Girl With Creative Soul—Very attractive blond, 34, 5'6", loves both NYC and mountains. You: 33-39, over 5'9", Jewish, attractive, spirited. I swim in deep water - surfers need not apply. Photo appreciated. 5544 ✉

No Mice Need Apply—Accomplished, attractive, active, alive, tall, slim Manhattan female, big brown eyes, great legs, looking for a home for her heart. Seeks white male, 55-65. 5499 ✉

Children/Marriage-Oriented—37, Christian, 5'10", blond, blue eyes, athletic build, Irish/German, soft-spoken divorced gentleman, traditional Midwestern values. Kids okay. Photo please. 5572 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Tall, Athletic Wasp—Upbeat NJ professional, 41, with traditional values, seeks committed relationship with female, under 37, for marriage/family. Note/photo/phone. 5578 ✉

It's Possible—You could meet an attractive, educated, warm, fit, *down-to-earth woman who enjoys country* walks, picnics in the park, tennis, golf, music, fine dining and movies. If you are a witty, educated mensch (45-55), comfortable whether barefoot on the beach or in black tie, who is seeking love, laughter and forever after...send note/phone/photo. 5487 ✉

Pretty Lady Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman from LI, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 32-42, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 5515✉☎

Commitment-Minded Single White Male—39, 5'10", 160, nice looks, smart, quiet, strong, educated, genuinely nice, good listener - seeks smart, pretty, younger, down-to-earth white or Asian friend for life. Please send note/photo and I will reciprocate. 5563 ✉

Attractive, Accomplished Asian Lady—Seeks a tall, sensitive, educated, intelligent, successful man with fine qualities. 40 plus. Letter/photo/phone. 5535 ✉

Tall, Thin, Attractive Man—45, aspiring writer, warm, witty, soft-spoken, kind... seeks unpretentious woman, 35 plus. LI/Queens/Brooklyn preferred. 5565 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Affectionate Redhead—Enjoys movies, theater, dining in or out, working out. Looking for serious counterpart, 60-70. Photo optional. 5493 ✉

Single Jewish Male—41, business owner - seeks kind, fun, sensitive, romantic, voluptuous, single Jewish female, 21-34, to fall in love with. 5545 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Open-Hearted Woman—Jewish professional, 50, loves classical jazz, cinema, country walks, intimacy...seeks bright warm man to love. Great Neck. 1784 ✉

Quality—39, attractive professional, liberal, eclectic, homeowner, twins, 6, seeks man with/without kids. 5509 ✉

Beautiful Commuter—NYC/CT, blond/green, early 30s, professional, thin, athletic, fun - loves to ski, sail, run. Looking for a special guy, 29-43, tall, fit, successful, intelligent, good-looking, go-getter, to share life's ride with. Note/photo. 5552 ✉

British Single Female, 45—5'7", 132 lbs, bright, attractive, with various interests. Seeking single, exceptional male. Photo/note. 5562 ✉

A 32-Year-Old, White Jewish Male—Is now ready for a committed relationship ending in marriage and family life. Accustomed to an affluent life style and with the financial means to support it. I'm a nonsmoker, 5'5", 135 lbs, and would be uncomfortable with someone taller than I. Please include note/recent photo. 5559✉

Any Place, Any Time—47, 6'2", 225, enjoys travel, history, classic movies, seeks nonsmoking, feminine, monogamous lady. Photo/note/phone. 5582 ✉

Sean Penn Look-Alike—Genuine, sports-loving, seeks sweet, slim Christian gal under 30. Note/photo appreciated. 5540 ✉

Upper East Sider With Downtown Spirit—Beautiful, strawberry blond, blue-eyed female, athletic, stable and hard-working, seeks male, 38-44, who is same and wants a serious relationship, yet having fun is still important. Note/photo/phone. 5396 ✉ ☎

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Man Of Means—Seeks a kind "young" woman, for keeps. PhD, 49, 5'10", slim, nice-looking. Photo. 5489 ✉

Highlander Look-Alike Wanted—By mid 30s, female, red/blond immortal. Let's discuss the world and what we want/have seen in it. Spiritual, powerful...looking for the one who'll show me the side oflife I've not seen yet. Must be able to stand with me and endure the forces of nature, time and change. We are equals - let's become one. 5576 ✉

Friendship And Passion—Are what I seek in a relationship. Beaches, concerts, hiking trails...are things I enjoy. This adventurous, self-aware, divorced Jewish male professional with a warm heart, is seeking a Jewish female, 34-41, to share a life, start a family and laugh a lot. I'm 47, 5'11", fit, attractive and communicative. 5480✉

In Search Of Love—NYC novelist, ex-professor, secure, athletic, called handsome, 60, 5'9" - seeks a cultured, lovely woman, 40-50, for ecstasy, wit and bright skies. Note/phone/recent photo, please. 5486 ✉

You've Got Looks, You've Got Brains—Been there, done that - no more games! Always told you're a catch, 28-38, and we're a match. Send a note and photo, I'll do the same; tell me your story, *I'll tell* you my name. I'm happy, I'm pretty, an entrepreneur; if you're lucky, Jewish male, I could be yours! 5494 ✉

Not Perfect—But warm, sane, Jewish male, late 40s, many interests, sense of humor, comfortable with self, seeks intelligent, positive female who wants romance/commitment, 38-49, cute/pretty/slender. Photo optional. 5580 ✉

Renaissance Man—Virile, 36-year-old, single Jewish male with verve and vitality, looking for versatile, vivacious visionary for (ad)venture. Physically active, intelligent, ridiculous, living on terra firma. No vixens, vamps or vegans. 5524 ✉

Red Roses And More—Bachelor, 6', 30, blue eyes, good looks, fun, slim, seeks lady, 20-34, pretty, witty, slender, for candlelight dinners, exotic travel, walks on the beach, fiery romance. Unless you write, we might never meet. Photo/note/phone for reply, and maybe a bouquet of roses. 5496 ✉

Honest And Sincere—Successful, Ivy-educated CEO, 38, Jewish, 6' and slim. Spontaneous, with good sense of humor. Enjoys most active sports, cultural events and traveling, as well as quiet Sundays in front of the fireplace. Would love to meet sophisticated, attractive Jewish female with big heart, for a sincere, warm relationship. Note/photo/phone, please. 5541 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome—39, fit, sincere, intelligent professional with great sense of humor. Enjoys travel, skiing, rollerblading, scuba, theater and the arts. Seeks attractive female counterpart for meaningful relationship. Note/photo. 5547 ✉

German, 27, MD—Seeks American female to settle in the States. Interests: nature, arts and sports. 5543 ✉

Big Brown Eyes—With a great smile and heart of gold... This single Jewish female (30) is slim, passionate, very pretty and loves to laugh. Seeks professional Jewish male who is handsome, athletic, intelligent, family-minded, down-to-earth, with a good sense of humor. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 5474 ✉

European Flight Attendant—Blond, 5'8 1/2", slim, very attractive, early 50s, seeks successful man over 50. 5538 ✉

Attractive Blond Male—30, 5'10", self-employed and independent, Christian. Seeks fit and affectionate female, commitment-minded only. 5521 ✉ ☎

Shapely, Smart, Sensational—Very attractive, slender, sweet Jewish female exec - looking to share life with a handsome, successful, good-natured Jewish man, 35-45, who is intrigued by an intelligent woman of substance, with good looks to match. 5542 ✉ ☎

Bright Oriental Female—Attractive, well-educated sweetheart, hopes to meet an honest, successful professional male, 40-50, for marriage. 5581 ✉

Pat Buchanan—Is an even bigger fat idiot. I, however, am a sweet, sensitive guy, 45. Note/photo please. 5531 ✉

Small Talk And Awkward Dates!—Youthful 40, attorney/exec, very successful (I'd rather talk about my talents as a blues musician), impeccable character, in excellent shape (athletic 6', 170 lbs). Relocated to northern NJ. Seeks bright (mind and demeanor), very attractive, slim, nonsmoking, romantic woman (30-40). Note/photo. 5511 ✉ ☎

Extraordinary Partner—Searching for an extraordinary person (28-40). While she must be very beautiful, tall and athletic, preferably blond with light eyes, she also should be warm and loving, intelligent, accomplished and articulate, and possess a passion about the things she does. Ready to place this person at the center of my life, to share the very best. I am the male version (38) of the person so described, and guarantee expectations would be achieved. Picture appreciated. 5569 ✉

Good Friend, Great Kisser—Funny, artistic, successful, big beauty, 36, into adventure, film, long walks. Seeks creative man, 30-45, nutty but sane. 5492 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Outdoorsy, Successful—Professional woman, 45, athletic, great shape, romantic - seeks smart, professional male, 49-60, for fun and long-term love. Phone number and best time to reach you. 5570 ✉

High-Energy, Well-Built, Athletic—Down-to-earth, good-looking, Jewish professional male, 35, 5'10", not afraid of commitment, fun-loving - enjoys sports, outdoors and old-fashioned romance. Seeks slim, athletic, attractive, Jewish professional female, 27-32, nonsmoking, with similar interests. Note/photo. 5518 ✉

Warm, Attractive Nurse—5'3", dark brown eyes, dark brown hair, 40, physically fit, rollerblading, health club member, great interest in theater, movies and reading, dog lover. If you desire a meaningful relationship, have a capacity for laughter, and you are a warm, caring man and can be a best friend who wants to share life's experiences with a soul mate, then send note/photo, please. 5534 ✉

Handsome Mensch—35, athletic, warm, sensitive and down-to-earth, a true gentleman in every respect, seeks beautiful, physically fit woman, 23-37, for a lasting relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5526 ✉

My Master Plan:—Meet attractive, slim, nice, 25-33 female. Have fun, consisting of beach, travel, romantic dinners/nights. Get married. Buy house in southern CT. Fix up house. Have children. Have more fun. I'm 33, 6', slim, romantic, successful, handsome and flexible (including master plan). Note/phone/photo. 5519 ✉

Dynamic Male—Age 38, funky, chic, successful, seeker of pleasure, desires adventuresome female to explore life's hidden mysteries and pleasures. 5484 ✉ ☎

Very Gifted Male—Often brilliant, usually modest, easy, playful, healthy, fit, 50s, nationally known designer with high-profile, upscale, cross-country creative business - looking for extremely bright, intuitive, appealing, in-shape, 30s-40s, close female partner, nonsmoker. 5525 ✉

South Beach Doc—Athletic, fit, great-looking, sexy, 42-year-old, witty Jewish MD, very normal and upbeat, who enjoys the sophisticated and the simple, black tie and jeans - seeks very attractive, shapely, exciting, adventuresome and affectionate female. Photo/phone number. 5539 ✉ ☎

Gray Of Winter Getting To You?—Light up your life with a new man. He's funny, affectionate, successful, tall, good-looking, Jewish, 40s. If you are marriage-minded, 30s, respond now. Photo a must. 5520 ✉

A Nice Guy—Loving, handsome, athletic, graduate degree and successful, 5'11", 170, Mexico-born, 41, male - in search of a special, caring, attractive lady for friendship and magic... 5517 ✉

Reality Check—Independent, cynical, sarcastic, white, Catholic female professional, 40, attractive, 5'6", seeks sincere, compassionate male with sense of humor and responsibility. I enjoy the mountains, the movies, the gym and the outdoors. Looking to start over slowly, one day at a time. Photo and note, please. 5585 ✉

Bright, Attractive, Successful—Very athletic 30something, is seeking her gentleman of class. We both enjoy sports (watching and playing), are warmhearted, fun and have a great sense of humor. We are family-oriented, Jewish and nonsmokers. We have a zest for life and all it has to offer. Picture please. 5527 ✉

Sexy Female Dentist—With knockout body and great face, 36, Jewish, seeks extraordinary man, Jewish. Note/photo a must. 5510 ✉

Handsome Jewish Professional—36, 6'1", trim, intelligent, romantic, athletic, spiritual, honest. Enjoys art, music, NYC. Sincere, considerate, concerned... Seeks lovable, honest, attractive, exciting soul mate. Note/photo. 5500 ✉

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Slim, Pretty, Smart—Downtown brunette seeks professional man, 35-45, with brains, heart and class, for committed relationship. Irish a plus. Note/photo. 5536 ✉

Woman To Woman—I'm 40 years old, attractive, feminine, thin, funny, financially independent, Jewish, smart, creative and irreverent, with terrific style. If you're pretty, 35-45, feminine, financially secure, intelligent and passionate, and enjoy great champagne, beaches, tennis, travel and everything life has to offer, please send me your photo, note and phone. 5476 ✉

Attractive Catholic Professional—Female, 36, funny, down-to-earth, with a strong sense of family. I love skiing, tennis and travel. Looking for a Catholic/Christian professional male, 32-40, with sense of humor and similar interests, for serious relationship. 5477 ✉ ☎

Swim, Ski, Blade With Me!—Ad agency owner, 5'11", 39, mensch, seeks petite, creative woman, 26-32. 5560 ✉ ☎

Pretty 60ish Kid—Country house/seeks male pal for weekending. 5584 ✉

Slim, Pretty Lady—Seeks white international career man, 47 plus. Photo. 5495 ✉ ☎

32-Year-Old Professional—Attractive Indian female, 5'3", 120 lbs, looking for a single male Caucasian, 30-40 years, who's warm and caring. No drugs/no smoking. Note/photo/phone. 5579 ✉

Nice, Well-Read, Well-Fed—Socially embryonic guy looking for creative, intense, impulsive woman. I'm 35, thin, average-looking, loud but shy, and enjoy the gym, movies, gardening, plays, my job and really casual but dedicated attitudes. You can be anything you want, my age or younger, but please pay attention to what I've written. It makes sense in an odd way. 5564 ✉

Casting Call—For the role of Mr. Right. Seeking a handsome, established professional, 35-43, who is witty and kind, to co-star with this sexy, adorable and sincere, 35-year-old, nonreligious Jewish woman in happily-ever-after. 5577 ✉ ☎

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Attractive—36, blond, educated, hard-working, fun, seeks a kind, sincere man, to start a family. Photo/phone/note. 5506✉☎

(212) Or (201)—Mentally, physically and financially sound and stable widower, late 60s (5'8", 170 lbs), seeks a Jewish nonsmoker who is intelligent, upbeat, slim and attractive, for enjoying dining, theater, opera, walking, skiing and travel, and most of all, mental stimulation. Note/photo please. 5528 ✉

Pretty, Successful, Sexy—Attractive woman, 40, stylish dresser. I like everything: sports, music, arts, traveling, cooking. Looking for male - tall, handsome, nice hair, successful. Please send your picture and phone number. 5483 ✉ ☎

Rugged Good Looks—White Christian male seeks very fit, athletic, intellectual, independent female, any race, 38-44. Love running, cycling, tennis/squash, skiing, the arts and history. Note/photo. 5523 ✉

Unique—Single white male, 35, loves rock, movies, sports. Unique in not fearing words like marriage and children. Note/photo. 5488 ✉

Here's The Deal—I'm a single white male, 37, 6', 210 lbs, athletic build, easy-going, sense of humor, north Jersey resident. If you're a single female, 30-40, nonsmoker, let's give it a shot. 5561 ✉☎

Denim And Silk—Stoppard and Magritte. Beautiful blond, slim, creative, fun, literate, seeks extremely intelligent, highly educated man, 50-60, for romantic entanglement. 5550 ✉ ☎

Pretty Blond—Slim, 47, no kids, seeks man for romantic duet. 5498 ✉ ☎

Vibrant, Attractive—Single Jewish gal, early 30s, seeks professional Jewish male, 30-40, minimum 5'11", "for all the things in life". Note/recent photo. 5512 ✉ ☎

Heart-To-Heart—Tall (5'10"), slender, pretty, elegant widow seeks sweet guy, tall (about 6'3"), 48-54, fit, romantic, well-educated, easygoing. 5573 ✉ ☎

Passionate, Romantic, Fun-Loving—Easy-to-get-along-with restaurateur/film producer, 34, 5'8", DeNiro type. Has been too busy to meet the right woman: honest, smart, athletic, pretty face, who likes to smile and be treated right. Note and photo. 5478 ✉

Petite Beauty—30, pretty RN, 95 lbs, seeks cute Jewish guy - fit, funny, kind, good cook, movie lover - to live, love and laugh with. Photo please. 5508 ✉

Romantic Partnership—Sought by intelligent, attractive attorney, 45, 6', 190 lbs, emotionally available and looking for loving, forever relationship filled with laughter and romance with warm, sensitive, intelligent and attractive woman, 34 plus. Note/photo/phone. 5502 ✉

Beautiful, Slim Southern Blond—Fashion firm owner, seeks Asian or Caucasian male, 26-34, preferably Christian, Ivy MD, PhD or MBA - for serious relationship. 5566 ✉ ☎

Pretty Without Makeup—Jewish professional, 38, divorced (no kids), Sephardic background, American values, seeks male, 35-45 (kids okay). Willing to relocate for fun/friendship/future. 5481 ✉ ☎

Today Is Your Lucky Day, Catch Of '96—Manhattan. Must be fun, with a sense of humor and great personality, 40-50s. Dinner, dancing, theater, travel, sports. Must be sensual, model-like looks, smart dresser. I'm all the above, plus loving, caring, tall, handsome and in great shape. You'll be more than pleasantly surprised. If you want a response - photo/note/telephone a must. 5529 ✉

Joie De Vivre—Pretty woman, blond, blue eyes, elegant, slim, bright Jewish professional (different religion okay), winning smile. Involved with the arts, skiing, sail, home cooking, sports world (Giants season tickets). Wonderful family (children educated and independent). Wishes to meet extraordinary widower or divorced gentleman, 53-66, who is looking for a life partner. Reside in NYC. Have car, will travel. 5479 ✉ ☎

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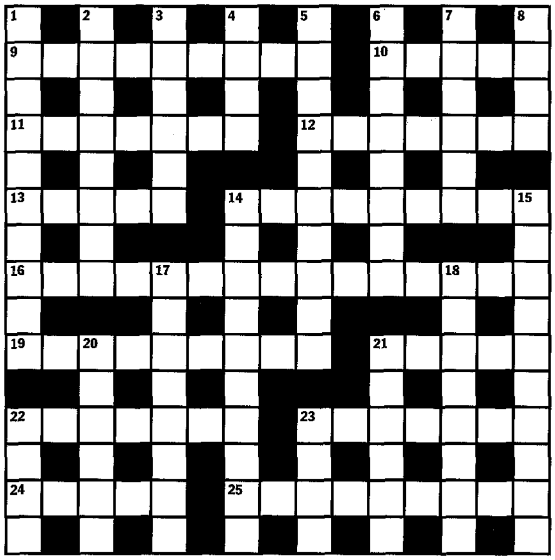
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
9 See female with sign of amusement at the opera. (9)
10 Home Guard depart to strains of Handel? (5)
11 Clothing accounts in red, perhaps. (7)
12 First class tax firm backed by 3's partner. (7)
13 Beam around in day worth saving for? (5)
14 Needlewoman painting a postcard the other way without a sign. (9)
16 Beast that makes us itchy with two horns. (15)
19 Having a lot of energy without fear, I can't wait to see what happens. (3-6)
21 4 is raised among sleuths. (5)
22 Had a feather bed, perhaps, on deposit? (3,4)
23 Whither the lady? Into 13 circle. (7)
24 The lady will go to cover. (5)
25 Mineral complement of gold day, one might say. (9)



DOWN
1 20's version of 3 and 14 across is entirely in favour of 4. (3,3,4)
2 14 across's attendant has attraction for part of 3. (8)
3 14 across's playmate goes at high speed in any case. (6)
4 3's friend formerly very upset. (4)
5 14 across and 12 never are, and would hardly get so if they were! (2,8)
6 Puncture on cycle ride causes dither. (4,4)
7 Old note on model commission. (6)
8 Effect of explosion makes river rise. (4)
14 Dirty pool keeps noisy home in obscurity. (10)
15 Soap I slide out from little round recesses. (10)
17,23,22 Subtitle of 1: "Universal spring mislaid?" (3,5,4,4)
18 Dashed fellow in sleep-inducing surroundings. (8)
20 Uninteresting study of poet. (6)
21 14 across's playmate causes a scare. (6)
22,23 See 17.

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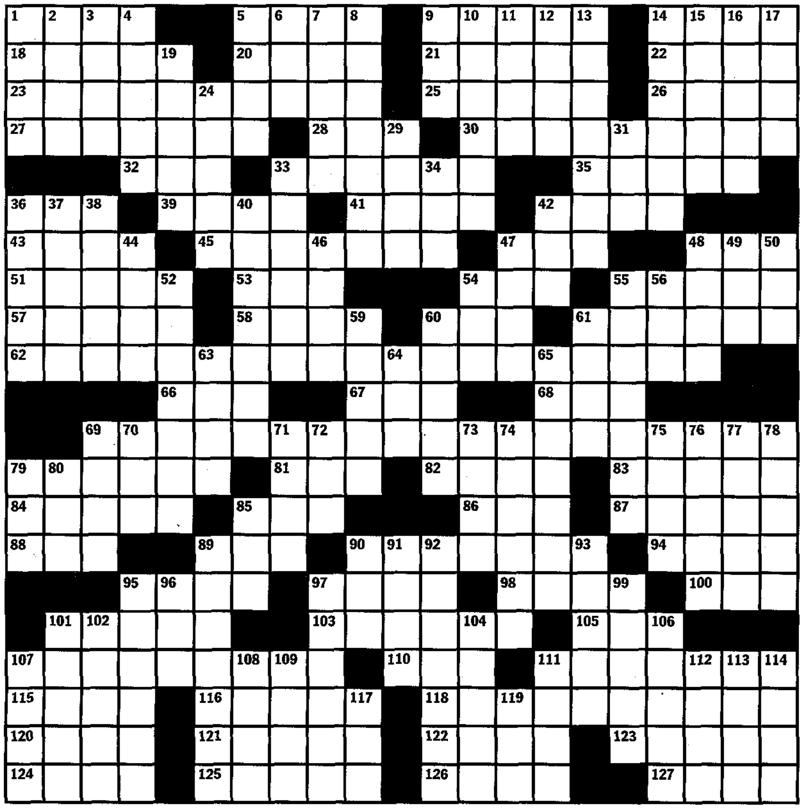
'We Get Together': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Wing it alone
5 Steam-engine pioneer
9 Getz and Kenton
14 Romanov title
18 Gemini rocket stage
20 Jai-——
21 French-style detention
22 Division word
23 Boxing classification
25 Ballerina Shearer
26 Vincent Lopez theme
27 Most cherished
28 Breakfast flake
30 Bridal gown
32 Gal of song
33 Disclaimer
35 Gary Cooper role
36 Chaney of horror flicks
39 Golfer Ballesteros
41 Pubs
42 Raised bruises
43 First Oscar-winner Jannings
45 Sammy Davis book
47 Minstrel's tune
48 "—— Our Part" (NRA slogan)
51 Grand-scale tales
53 Arrange fraudulently
54 Ex-president of Harvard
55 "Puff" snake
57 Theseus's initial
58 Voting coalition
60 Up for payment
61 Orbital high point
62 Overstaying
66 Lettuce variety
67 Puppeteer Baird
68 D.D.E.'s election opponent
69 The teen years
79 Barely heard utterance
81 Outgoing tide
82 Therefore
83 Actress Dana
84 Ancient Troy
85 Bedazzles
86 Opposite of bon
87 Newsman Newman
88 Lapidary's object
89 —— vous plaît
90 Ancient region of France
94 Missing laundry item, often
95 Gloating glance
97 Very much
98 Tolkien tree people
100 Domicile: abbr.
101 Idolize
103 Circumventing road
105 Absorb, with "up"
107 Hippie movement
110 Edwardian, e.g.
111 Legislative bodies
115 Composer Stravinsky
116 Otherwise named
118 Streisand-Redford movie
120 Thorn in the side
121 Braces for action
122 Spend it in Siena
123 Sports palace
124 Plant embryo
125 Bitter-—— (diehard)
126 One of O'Neill's Cabots
127 British carbine

DOWN
1 Made logs
2 Girl-watch
3 "—— Smile Be Your Umbrella"
4 Singletons
5 Hold the phone
6 Kin of trig.
7 Western lake
8 1912 disaster ship
9 America's uncle
10 Garden scoops
11 Not irrigated
12 Dweeb
13 In a sedate way
14 Slight colorations
15 Came down in flakes
16 Geography book
17 Greeting from Leo
19 Sectors
24 Founder of Methodism
29 Singing Turner
31 Kind of profit
33 "I Love Lucy" production company
34 Raggedy doll
36 "—— forget": Kipling
37 City near Boys Town
38 African river
40 Wordy
42 Lacking strength
44 Scale syllables
46 "—— Rhythm"
47 Lerner's partner
48 Pizza slice
49 A Tweedle
50 Lode load
52 Private place
54 Ralph Kramden's vehicle
55 Disciple
56 DeLuise or Perignon
59 Spider's construction
60 Dig into
61 Served a winner
63 Marge Champion's husband
64 Nothing
65 Wool grease
69 Fedora feature
70 Flightless bird
71 Staircase post
72 Ted Turner channel
73 Humor-writer Bombeck
74 Semiprecious stones
75 Lawn undesirables
76 "It's —— never"
77 In a —— (instantly)
78 Doughboys
79 Soviet plane
80 Suffix for glob or mod
85 Part of R.A.F.
89 Osmosis
90 Rita's Khan
91 Bound along
92 Take by surprise
93 Adrift
95 Demoted
96 What humans do, to Pope
97 Use sandpaper
99 "War and Peace" girl
101 Pond growths
102 Fictional Lorna
104 Sir, in India
106 Maulers
107 White lies
108 Lena of films
109 Eerie
111 Ugly Duckling, ultimately
112 Canary's comment
113 River of Ireland
114 Penn name
117 Russ. state, formerly
119 "—— he drove out of sight . . ."



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 92.

MARY ANN MADDEN #847

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

A. OMAR TARIFF.
Q. Who starred in "Doctor Embargo"?
A. SLEEPY, SNEEZY, DOPEY, GRUMPY, BASHFUL, HAPPY, AND DOC.
Q. Can you describe Michael Crichton in seven ways?
A. PAT BUCHANAN.
Q. Can you describe Pat Buchanan in seven ways?

Above, Answers and Questions. One sample, please.

Results of Competition 844, in which you were asked for the concluding *line* of a gothic novel.

Report: I guess you had to be there. And most governesses were. As were beasts of every stripe, noblepersons, twins, servants, serpents, the walled-up, and the restless. Love thwarted, love obsessive, love gone nuts. Murder mostly foul. Thus ran the course of your theme park. Gothic torpor and penny-dreadful romance commingled. And yet, and yet, you managed one endless ending. God bless ye, sir and lady, fer the foine gentlepersons you are.

No individual awards, but many thanks to all:

She struggled out into the crisp dawn air, the House had relinquished its hold: but she was not free, she knew she was carrying his child.
Mike Walker, Cornwall, U.K.

It is spring now and time, time and the new life I am carrying have helped dim the memories of that terrible night to a distant horror; spring and the blackened remains of the old abbey have begun to disappear under a growth of new green grass and bright, buoyant wildflowers.
JoAnn Renfro, Kansas City, Mo.

My life would now be with Jean-Luc, the true lover the gypsy had promised, the husband I had resisted, the father of my unborn child who at last I knew would never inherit the Marwick curse.
James Elward, N.Y.C.

And the twins, I heard, perished in the selfsame fire they had set to destroy their unhappy sister-in-law and her unborn child; so endeth the line of Overmore.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

And as the first triumphant notes of the wedding march sounded through the church, I paused for a heartbeat before I started down the aisle to my beloved Roger, to remember and shed a tear for my dark, tormented, never-to-be-forgot, finally-at-peace twin.
Suzanne Zavrian, N.Y.C.

None of it had been true, of course, as I was all too sadly aware—even now, when the loveliness of the lie lured me still.
Susan Llewellyn, N.Y.C.

As the screams from the bottom of the abandoned well died away into stillness, Eustacia Winston had only to affix the wood cover before going to the great house to assume her twin sister's life as mistress of Tillinghurst and the wife of handsome Lord Trilling.
Teresa Reese, N.Y.C.

"Ghastly," whispered Alfred as the waves fiercely crashed against Theodore's body, drawing him slowly into the ocean to be reclaimed by the lords of the sea.
Jeffrey Enejosa, Farmerville, La.

A tiny trail of bubbles rose to the surface of the Madeira as I nailed the cask shut, and I reflected that my seducer would be able to enjoy through all eternity the very elixir with which he had thought to bring about my ruin.
Patricia Hyland, N.Y.C.

And when the welder was done, and the heavy steel door to the cellar was sealed for good, I had one twinge of regret: that the case of Chateau Lator I'd neglected to rescue would now be enjoyed only by whatever spirits remained locked within.
Jerry Silverman, White Plains, N.Y.

To this day, the Duchess's scapula has never been found.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

There was Danford Hargate, the man who had ravished my sister, stolen our inheritance, destroyed my career, burned our home, lying dead at my feet.
Phyllis Jaffe, Pomona, N.Y.

Our people have finally found salvation from the beast who lies dead at our feet. . . .
Maria Holzer, South Bellmore, N.Y.

Where once stood proud Merrywood, a heap of silent ash, save the sound of a heart, a wolverine's heart, which beats until this day with the constancy of a fine Swiss watch.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

He said he would return, so she waited, summer and winter, as her golden hair turned to grey, never knowing that his body lay not five meters from her steadfastly beating heart.
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

At last Chadwick was mine, I was his, and March manor was ours.
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

Rolf took one more stake and drove it into the fifth head of the serpent: "That should banish it from Forest Aguire forever," he said, and the two turned to leave, not noticing the sixth head, motionless except for its tiny ruby eyes and tongue, darting, and very much alive.
Norman Brookins-Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.

And in a dark corner, Solina, the cat, arched her body into a semicircle, and hissed a piercing screech to remind the remaining guests that she too was still here. . . .
Mark Wolfson, Lauderhill, Fla.

Slowly the old man's hands wiped the excess plaster from the walled-up door, "No more will they call it the House of Murder, now that he's behind there," he said, and left, not noticing the mortar loosened around one of the stones.
Jedd Strate, Eden Prairie, Minn.

Count von Zuckerbrot had long mistaken those fluttering black forms for bats, but he erred: They were crows—carrion crows.
Allyn Freeman, N.Y.C.

As Havisham and Dupuis slowly pulled the sheet over Emily's body, neither seemed to notice the locket in her hand or the ever-so-slight smile across her lips; a smile that spoke the word "Destiny."
Andrew Gordon, West Hollywood, Calif.

The Petherton blood, so long in dispute, pooled beneath the last of its line, but did I not fancy a scornful smile playing upon those stilled lips?
Carol Sontag, Detroit, Mich.

At last, exhausted, Cecilia found the chair in the inky blackness and sat down, resigned that Reginald had indeed walled her up where no one could hear her cries, and the best she could hope for was that for centuries hence her skeleton would provide a challenge to its finders.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Thus did I learn how interchangeable are love and hatred in the human heart.
Virginia Pauker, Washington, D.C.

Crumpling Tom's curt, cruel note in her fist, she looked in the mirror and said, "It's all up to you now."
Dorothea Scher, N.Y.C.

And on that night, I reread the ghastly note, tore it into many pieces and whispered to my darling, "Let us take tea before the comforting fir on this cold, dark evening."
Dolly Hecht, N.Y.C.

She reached inside her cloak for the diary and tossed it quickly into the churning waters below, whispering softly, "Rosabella, from this day forward your secrets will belong only to the gods."
Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richey, Fla.

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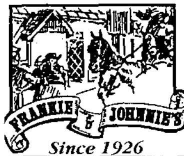

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COMPETITION

They led her away, and my heart sank, then soared as I realized that the Lady Barrows had bartered her freedom from mine.
Bart D'Ambra, Waldwick, N.J.

I would, however, never forget what had been carved on my heart by Lady Marwick and I would carry her colors wherever the battle lines might be drawn.
Rebecca McInoash, Corning, N.Y.

As he rose further from the castle, riding out of my life forever, the old woman who was guardian asked, "May I sew your bodice now?"
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

"Now I shall seek a talented seamstress, for after all a fine bodice is a fine bodice."
Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

And so Gerald and I embarked upon our new, joyous life together, untouched by the past except for the tiny, bat-shaped scar on my upper thigh and Gerald's unfortunate tendency to slaver at the sight of a vicar.
Jeane Pasche, Melrose, Minn.

As the storm raged and roared outside the mullioned window, Geneva bit her lower lip and turned, reluctantly, to embrace her future, lying in the bed beside her.
Norrine Alleva, Voorhees, N.J.

But Marguerite lay athwart him, stroked his brow, and listened to him as he took his last breath.
Richard Penrose, Salt Lake City, Utah

Tonight he could sleep, secure in the knowledge that there would be no more nocturnal visits from the Baron de Charlus.
Gary Krommes, Berwick, Pa.

A gust of wind flew in through the French doors, across the room to that small photograph, crashing it from atop the piano to the hardwood floor, glass flying everywhere, tearing it in two.
Norman H. Levine, Beverly Hills, Calif.

There was still a strange discoloration on the wall where the portrait had hung.
Kenneth Levine, Washington, D.C.

Clutching the key tightly, Eleanor watched as the young governess alighted from the carriage, remembering when she too had been ignorant and innocent, and vowed that the new arrival would never learn the sinister secrets of Streatham Hall.
Karl Levett, N.Y.C.

What the moors had given her, the moors had taken away.
Susan Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

Outside, somewhere, a kangaroo barked.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 847, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by March 15. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the April 15 issue.

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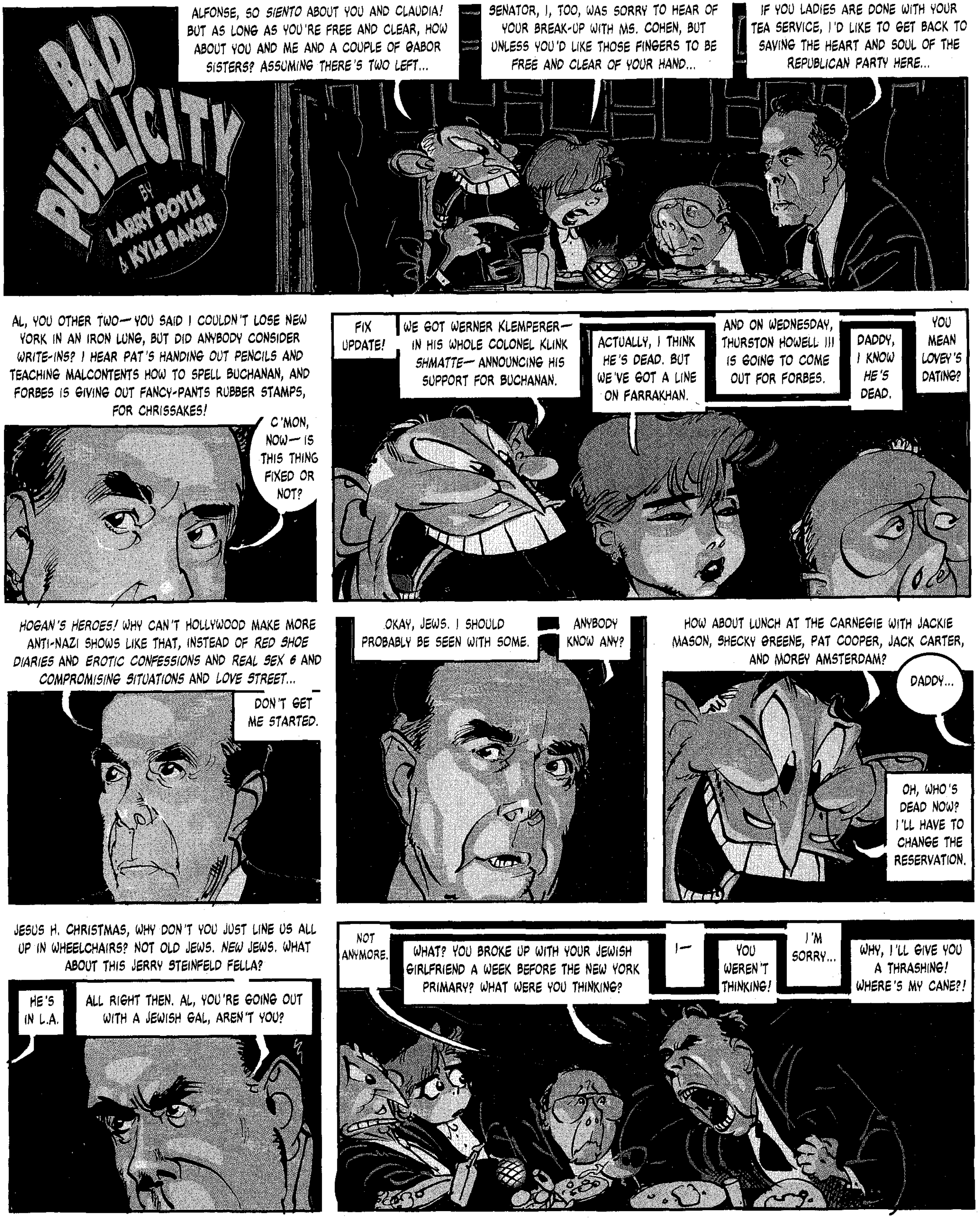
A Close Shoo-in

Bob Dole turns to the Flaccos when he finds himself not in a fix.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
ALFONSE, SO SIENTO ABOUT YOU AND CLAUDIA! BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE FREE AND CLEAR, HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME AND A COUPLE OF GABOR SISTERS? ASSUMING THERE'S TWO LEFT...
SENATOR, I, TOO, WAS SORRY TO HEAR OF YOUR BREAK-UP WITH MS. COHEN, BUT UNLESS YOU'D LIKE THOSE FINGERS TO BE FREE AND CLEAR OF YOUR HAND...
IF YOU LADIES ARE DONE WITH YOUR TEA SERVICE, I'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO SAVING THE HEART AND SOUL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HERE...
AL, YOU OTHER TWO—YOU SAID I COULDN'T LOSE NEW YORK IN AN IRON LUNG, BUT DID ANYBODY CONSIDER WRITE-INS? I HEAR PAT'S HANDING OUT PENCILS AND TEACHING MALCONTENTS HOW TO SPELL BUCHANAN, AND FORBES IS GIVING OUT FANCY-PANTS RUBBER STAMPS, FOR CHRISSAKES!
C'MON, NOW—IS THIS THING FIXED OR NOT?
FIX UPDATE!
WE GOT WERNER KLEMPERER—IN HIS WHOLE COLONEL KLINK SHMATTE—ANNOUNCING HIS SUPPORT FOR BUCHANAN.
ACTUALLY, I THINK HE'S DEAD. BUT WE'VE GOT A LINE ON FARRAKHAN.
AND ON WEDNESDAY, THURSTON HOWELL III IS GOING TO COME OUT FOR FORBES.
DADDY, I KNOW HE'S DEAD.
YOU MEAN LOVEY'S DATING?
HOGAN'S HEROES! WHY CAN'T HOLLYWOOD MAKE MORE ANTI-NAZI SHOWS LIKE THAT, INSTEAD OF RED SHOE DIARIES AND EROTIC CONFESSIONS AND REAL SEX 6 AND COMPROMISING SITUATIONS AND LOVE STREET...
DON'T GET ME STARTED.
OKAY, JEWS. I SHOULD PROBABLY BE SEEN WITH SOME.
ANYBODY KNOW ANY?
HOW ABOUT LUNCH AT THE CARNEGIE WITH JACKIE MASON, SHECKY GREENE, PAT COOPER, JACK CARTER, AND MOREY AMSTERDAM?
DADDY...
OH, WHO'S DEAD NOW? I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THE RESERVATION.
JESUS H. CHRISTMAS, WHY DON'T YOU JUST LINE US ALL UP IN WHEELCHAIRS? NOT OLD JEWS. NEW JEWS. WHAT ABOUT THIS JERRY STEINFELD FELLA?
HE'S IN L.A.
ALL RIGHT THEN. AL, YOU'RE GOING OUT WITH A JEWISH GAL, AREN'T YOU?
NOT ANYMORE.
WHAT? YOU BROKE UP WITH YOUR JEWISH GIRLFRIEND A WEEK BEFORE THE NEW YORK PRIMARY? WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?
I—
YOU WEREN'T THINKING!
I'M SORRY...
WHY, I'LL GIVE YOU A THRASHING! WHERE'S MY CANE?!

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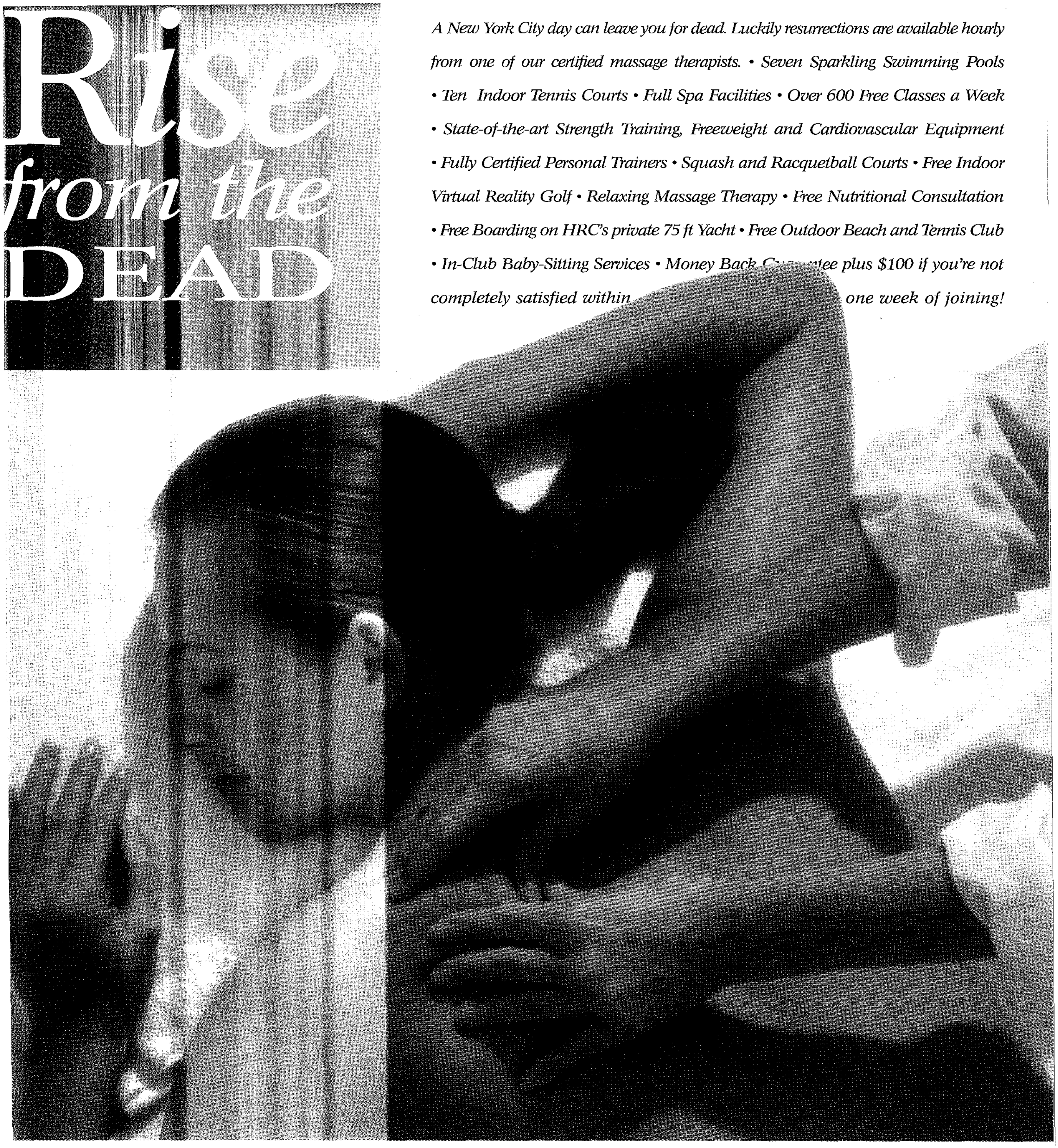

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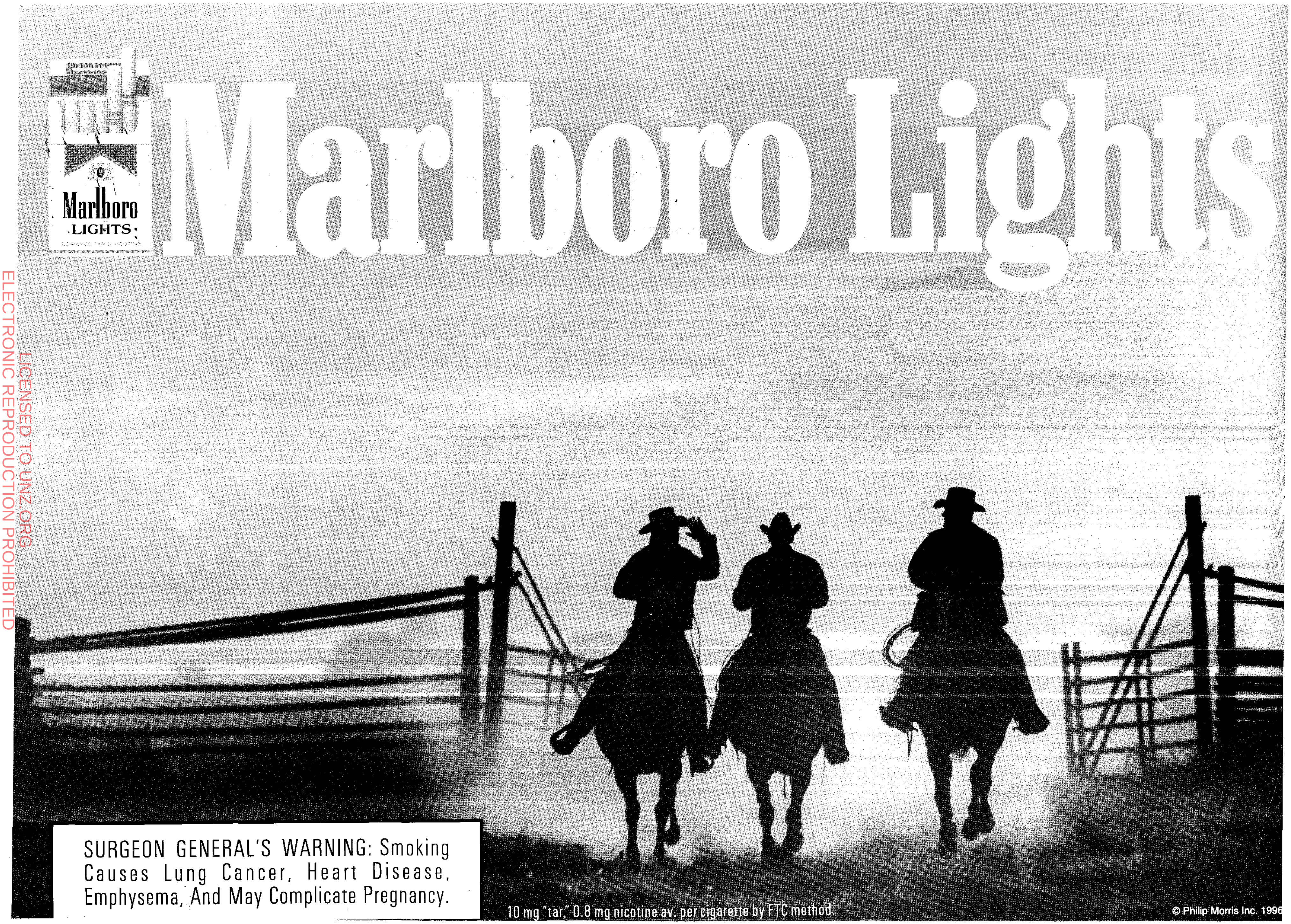

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